

THE MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1835.

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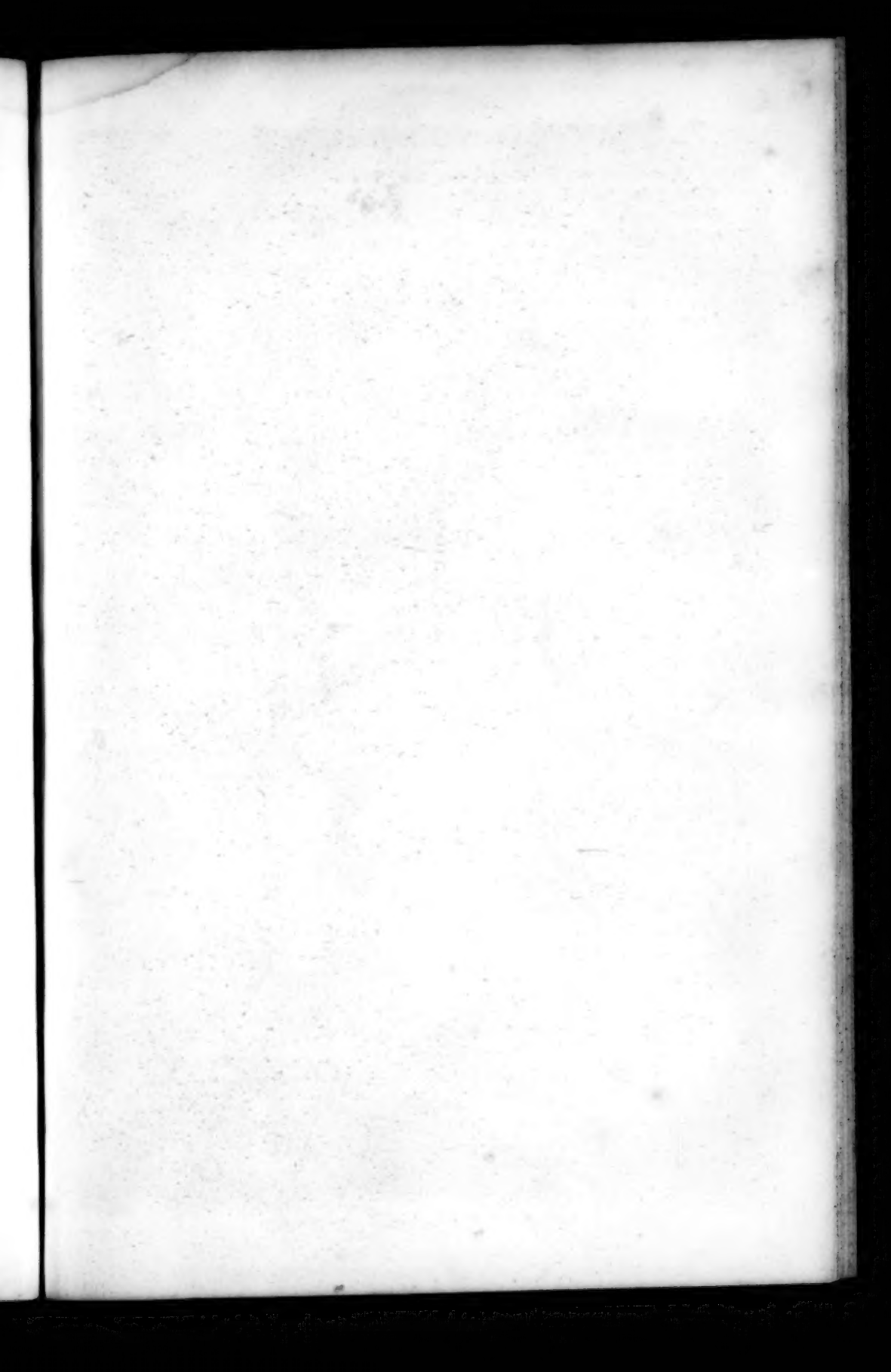
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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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Yours faithfully
James Smith

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF 'REJECTED ADDRESSES'.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

Ay! there's the end of it! We all know what Dr. Radcliffe said to Queen Anne, when she asked him what brought on the gout. There sits James Smith, with his foot pressing a soft cushion, his elbows propped by the arms of an easy chair, his hand resting on a crutch, his hair departed from his head, his nose tinged with the colours of the dawn, and his whole man in a state of that repose which indicates that he has had much work in his way while sojourning in this world, and that, like Falstaff, he is taking his ease in his own inn, the Garrick—a club of gentlemen which in a great measure would answer the description given by that worthy knight of his companions in arms, as being principally composed of “gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus—discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen.” Among them sits James Smith, regaling them with jokes, which, if they are not quite as good as those of Falstaff, have at least the merit of being at least as old.

The name which he bears has excited some rather elaborate wit in *Don Juan*—

“Amongst these were several Englishmen of pith—
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith;”

and so forth. It is, in spite of this and many other jokes of the same kind, one of the most honourable names in the world. It is derived directly from Tubal Cain. As old Verstegan sings, after some far older authority—

“From whence comes Smith, all be he knight or squire,
But from the smith who worked in the fire!”

And what descent can be more noble? The Smith has, however, not been especially famous in our literature; and in the present case is distinguished only by some cleverly hammered out jokes. Whether James or Horace were the principal hammerman, is a question in doubt among the critics who employ themselves in discussing matters of such moment. We incline to those who think that any thing of value in the *Rejected Addresses* is to be attributed to the pen of James. But as Horace (Flaccus, not Smith) remarks, “*grammatici certent*”—we shall not dogmatise on the subject. It is certain that James lays no claim to the novel-writing honours of his brother. With respect to the *Addresses*, he is content to “partake the triumph;” but he has no notion that he is called upon to “pursue the *Gale*”—no, nor the *Reuben*, nor the *Brambletye*, nor any thing that is his—viz. Horace’s.

James Smith was an attorney, and is a pleasant, twaddling, pun-making, epigram-manufacturing, extempore-grinding, and painstaking elderly joker. He made one hit, and that was a good one; on the strength of which he has lived ever since, as indeed he deserved to live. We cannot recollect that he wrote any thing in the book line except his contributions to the *Rejected Addresses*, unless he had a hand in such stuff as *Jokeby*, or *Horace in London*. His magazine papers in the *New Monthly* were rather monotonous; and his con-

tinual quoting of them for years afterwards has contributed in a great measure towards getting him, so generally as he is, considered to be a bore. But let him have his praise. His single talent was a good talent, and there is no reason why he should wrap it up in a napkin. We have already alluded to the universal diffusion of his name among us English folk, and its trite and ordinary sound in our ears. It is perhaps more congruous on that account with the station which he has chosen to hold in our literature. His place there is of the Smiths, Smithish. In his own magazine essays, it was a favourite pastime to represent Mr. Deputy Higgs of Norton Falgate aping the great, and very much disparaged for the parody. To Scott, to Southey, to Wordsworth, to Byron, Smith is what this Norton-Falgatian is to the gentlemen of White’s. He is, therefore, well named; and let him not repine at his “compellation,” as in former days, when, walking in Oxford Street with Wilson Croker, he observed over a shop door “Mortimer Percy, tailor,”—“Is it not too hard,” said James, then fresh from all the honours of the *Rejected Addresses* about him, “that two such grand and aristocratic names should be the lot of a tailor, while two wits and gentlemen are moving about the streets afflicted with the names of Croker and Smith?”

No—the name is right—

And may the Garrick hail with loud acclaims,
For many a year, the gouty jokes of James.

From the Westminster Review.

ALGERINE COMMISSION.

Procès-Verbaux des Rapports de la Commission d'Afrique instituée par Ordonnance du 12 Décembre, 1833. A Paris, de l'Imprimerie royale, 1834. Communicated by the Ministry to the Chamber of Peers, and of the Chamber of Deputies.—4to. pp. 539.

Louis Philippe, on receiving the report of the president of the council of ministers, decided on the 7th of July, 1833, “that a special commission should be appointed to proceed to Africa, to collect any important facts which might tend to the information of government relative to the actual state of the country, or the measures indispensable to its future welfare.” The members of this commission, Lieutenant-General Count Bonnet, peer of France, president; the Count d’Haubersart, peer of France; Messrs. De la Pinsonnière, Laurence, Piscatory, Reynard, members of the chamber of deputies; De Montfort, maréchal de camp and inspector of engineers; Duval d’Ailly, captain in the navy; were, on their return, to join a more numerous commission, which was carefully to examine the information obtained, and make a detailed report thereon to government. The former commission reached Algiers on the 1st of September, and immediately proceeded on the mission confided to them. They not only visited the environs of the town, but traveled as far as Belida at the foot of the Atlas, and from thence by sea to Oran, Arzew, and Bona. They endeavoured, without success, to disembark at Mustaganim; and several of them landed at Bou-

gie, of which a French expedition from Toulon had lately taken possession. The result of their enquiries and observations having been presented to the president of the council of ministers, the second named commission was instituted by proclamation on the 12th December, 1833. Its members are the Duke de Cazes, peer of France, president; Lieutenant-General Count Guilleminot, peer of France; Baron Monnier, peer of France; M. Duchatel, privy counsellor and member of the chamber of deputies; M. Dumont, do. do.; M. Passey, member of the chamber of deputies; the Count de Sade, do.; M. Baude, do.; Lieutenant-General Bernard, aide-de-camp to the king; Vice-Admiral Ducampe de Rosamel; Baron Volland, intendant militaire.

This new commission, composed of nineteen members, began by carefully examining all the documents brought from Africa by the former one. The *procès-verbaux* of all the sittings were read to them; the French and Moors, then in Paris, and many other persons whose evidence was deemed useful and important, as also several other individuals who had volunteered to communicate certain facts, or give certain necessary explanations on various subjects, were severally heard by them. They then discussed all the questions specified in the instructions furnished by the president of the privy council to the first commission at the period of their departure for Africa; and after forty successive sittings, they drew up a report of all their proceedings, which is divided into two distinct parts. The first contains the discussion of the fundamental points, the evacuation or continual occupation of Algiers, the extent to be given to that occupation, and the form of government most proper to be adopted for the French possessions on the coast of Africa. The second part of the report relates to the civil administration, justice, and finances, and contains the decision of the commission relative to several private questions on which they had previously been consulted. The commission, by a majority of seventeen to two, were of opinion that "France ought to retain its possessions on the northern coast of Africa." They were almost unanimous on this fundamental resolution, but differed on the proper system to be adopted for the occupation and government of these possessions. There were various opinions on this subject; the principal maritime places only might be occupied; or the conquest might be extended, and an expedition sent into the interior to subdue the province of Constantina; or an intermediate system might be fixed upon, a kind of medium where equal advantages could be reaped from the two extreme plans; or the towns now occupied might be retained, and the neighbouring territory gradually extended on every favourable opportunity.

After a somewhat lengthened discussion, it was unanimously agreed on, that in its execution, the system was to allow of nothing absolute; that by economising the resources of the present, the access of future prospects must not be debarred. The government must preserve the fortified towns, as also the territory round those towns, which would easily be defended by troops. Government must also endeavour to extend the authority and

influence of France, by combinations in perfect harmony nevertheless with the right of conquest by which the authority of France has been substituted for that of the regency, and guided by the rules of a humane and enlightened policy. The commission having adopted this basis, it remained only to apply it to the different parts of the territory of the regency which are at present in the possession of France. The commission entered into a serious discussion on this important subject, and at length drew up and signed the following resolutions.

"The commission are of opinion:

1. "That, for the honour and interest of France, the possessions on the northern coast of Africa must be retained.

2. "That, in maintaining the right of France to the sovereignty of the entire regency of Algiers, it will be proper for the present to confine the military occupation to the towns of Algiers, Bona, Oran, Bougie, and a certain designated territory in advance of the two former places.

3. "That the territory occupied in front of the town of Algiers, must be protected by a line of military stations, extending from the chain of the Atlas at Belida, or the neighbourhood of that town, to the sea side; on one side in the direction of Cape Matifou, and on the other towards Coleah.

4. "That the territory occupied in front of Bona must also be flanked by a line of military outposts, extending from the extremity of Lake Felzara, passing through Side-Damden to the mouth of the Mafrag.

5. "That the general object of the fortifications to be constructed, is to place the towns and outposts in a state of defence against the attacks of the native hordes; and that works of regular fortification can for the present be dispensed with.

6. "That the effective military force must be reduced on every possible opportunity, and remain limited to 21,000 men, who are to be thus distributed:

For the defence of Algiers and territory.....	12,000
For that of Bona and territory.....	4,000
For that of Oran.....	3,000
For that of Bougie.....	2,000

7. "That it will be necessary also to employ corps of natives as an auxiliary force to the French garrisons, and to compel the native tribes to furnish their share of these troops, which would only be entitled to receive pay during active service.

8. "That all matters which in France are settled by the legislative power, should likewise be so in the French possessions situated on the northern coast of Africa, and in virtue of royal proclamation previously deliberated in the council of ministers; and that, to this effect, a law should be passed to delegate the legislative power in these possessions, to the king in person.

9. "That a governor general, invested with authority and civil power, be appointed to these dominions; that his powers be regulated by royal proclamation sanctioned by the council of ministers, as also by the instructions he will receive relative to the general administration of government.

10. "That the king's orders relative to every part of the service, should be transmitted to him by the secretary of state, president of the council of ministers, only; but in all financial and judicial matters, the governor general should correspond directly with the ministers of those two departments.

11. "That the authority of the governor general, who should reside at Algiers, extending over the whole possession, the commandants of Bona, Oran, and other places,

should be under his immediate orders, and communicate with him alone.

12. "That the civil administration be exercised under the orders of the governor general, and by his administrators residing at Algiers, Bona, Oran, and Bougie, who will severally keep up a correspondence with him.

13. "That the regulations, established in France relative to the division of the civil and military departments, must be observed in fixing the duties of the commandants and their administrators; and that the governor general should have the right of delegating to any of the military commandants of different stations, any portion of his power he may deem requisite.

14. "That the first duty of the governor general should be to guarantee the persons and property of the inhabitants, and liberty of religion; to protect agriculture and commerce; on no account to have recourse to military force, except for defence against the attacks of the natives; but no expedition with intent to extend the occupation beyond the given limits, to be undertaken without a previous order from the king.

15. "That, nevertheless, the governor general should seek by all other possible means to extend the dominion of France over all the parts of the country which are yet unsubdued.

16. "That it will be desirable that the governor general be assisted by a council consisting of the general commandant of the garrison of Algiers, a judicial functionary appointed by the king, the military intendant, and the director of finances.

17. "That a special budget for the government of Algiers should be voted; this budget to detail the total amount of expenditure for the French possessions on the northern coast of Africa."

The foregoing are the official resolutions definitively agreed upon, and fully detailed in the general report of 10th March, 1834.

The next object is to examine the important discussions which have taken place in the numerous sittings.

The first sittings, namely those from 22nd December, 1833, to 23d January, 1834, M. Pichon was introduced, and made the following statement in reply to various questions put to him by the president.

"I resided five months at Algiers. All that I saw of the country and inhabitants during that period has fully convinced me that the word 'colonisation,' at least in the sense given to it in France, is erroneous as far as relates to the French possessions in Africa, inasmuch as the settling of a colony of cultivators in that country is impossible. I am of opinion that for the present it will be better only to persist in the occupation of Algiers, Bona, and Oran, as the most important maritime positions on the coast of Africa. We can try cultivation in a range of country near these points; but, above all, let us not attempt colonising on the plan of the settlements in America. The two countries cannot be assimilated, not only on account of the different nature of the soil, but also the difference of manners and customs of the inhabitants. Any attempt to settle beyond the territories defended by the three places mentioned, would prove fruitless to the inhabitants, and ruinous to France. The surest means of destroying the future prospects of Algiers, would be to attempt to over-extend the territory already in the possession of France, and to continue on the same plan as at present. I will ask one question;—What benefit has been derived from the works executed, and the money employed to colonise those possessions, for these four years past?

"I certainly conceive that our possessions at Algiers will hereafter enable us to command the whole of Africa;

but then it must be on the same system that the English govern in India, where they wisely rejected any attempt at colonising, which measure would have finally driven them from that important country. For a century and a half that they have retained possession of that part of the world, they have never suffered their countrymen to settle within the boundaries of the twenty-four districts given up to them. This system is in no way similar to that adopted for settlements in America, and still the analogy is continually insisted on. In Africa you will find warriors accustomed and well trained to war, and who will seek every opportunity of satisfying their propensity, but are naturally uncontrollable. In America the invaders found wandering tribes settled here and there over a vast territory, flying, or submitting to their arms and their civilisation, naturally of a pacific disposition, and willingly submitting to their demands. In Africa the inhabitants are all cultivators or graziers; they occupy and possess small portions of the territory; for instance, the Kabails live in the mountains which they inhabit, in huts surrounded by a small spot of cultivated ground. The American natives were all hunters, and willingly gave up the land."

In the sitting of 25th January, 1834, M. de Damrémont was examined before the commission. The substance of his evidence was as follows:—

"I am of opinion that government ought not to interfere in the colonising of the country further than to afford every encouragement to persons who may wish to risk their capital in the propagation of industry, or to protect any works executed on the territory of Algiers. The country is too populous to depend on the natives to cultivate the land, and the neighbouring tribes will never contribute to the cultivation of those districts they do not inhabit, unless by sending occasionally a few hands to assist. But when once confidence is fully established, colonists will flock to the country in abundance; and the land owners will be glad to have them settle on their property, or even have no objection to make over certain portions of their property to them on fair terms. To support my opinion, I will state to the commission some information which I collected while at Marseilles, and which may be considered authentic. Several opulent Swiss merchants, established in that city, often intimated to me that if they were certain that these possessions would not be given up, they would purchase land for those of their countrymen, who, finding no means of existence at home, are obliged to quit their native land, and would prefer Algiers to America, on account of the immense distance of the latter country. I will add, as my firm belief, that the commercial portion of the community at Marseilles, who are exceedingly prudent, and very rarely speculate on matters of chance, would become purchasers of portions of the territory of Algiers and Bona the very day that an official communication from government should make known the positive intention of the king's ministers relative to the French possessions on the coast of Africa."

The President.—"What effective force do you conceive would be necessary to keep Algiers and the neighbouring possessions within the limits you have designated?"

M. de Damrémont.—"I think that fourteen thousand men would be sufficient to protect the colonists, afford them complete security, and execute the necessary sanitary works."

In these first sittings, the debates of the commission were frequently interrupted by the necessity of referring to the means which had been employed to obtain power in Africa, which

means were, on several occasions, highly censured, and severe measures adopted to prevent further abuse. M. Pichon is again called to give information on this subject. Interrogated by one of the members as to what he knew relative to the military execution of the tribe of El-Ouffia and their Sheik, by order of the Duke of Rovigo, M. Pichon made the following reply.

"You there remind me of a most unfortunate event which it was totally out of my power to prevent, in spite of my utmost endeavours to that effect. The following were the motives of the Duke of Rovigo's extreme severity on that occasion. Our most distant military post on the left of Algiers, is that called the Maison Carrée. Part of a small tribe called El-Ouffia had settled within cannon range of this fort; but the greater part had remained in the mountains. On the 5th of April, 1832, the Duke of Rovigo granted an audience to several Arabs, who stated themselves to be deputed by the tribes of the desert to establish a friendly intercourse with us. The general received them with kindness, and made them a present each of a red mantle and fifty francs in specie. They departed satisfied; but on their arrival on the evening of the 6th at the Maison Carrée, they were attacked by some wandering Arabs, who, calling them cowards and traitors to their country, plundered them, and drove them back to Algiers. On hearing this, General Rovigo secretly ordered out 800 men, who proceeded in the night of the 7th to the Maison Carrée. The troops surprised and massacred all they met of the unfortunate tribe, and seized their cattle and the whole of the plundered property in their possession. Several soldiers, I am told, on their return, carried on their bayonets a number of women's ears with jewellery hanging in them.

"Eighteen were made prisoners; and among these was the chief of the tribe, a Marabout; he was tried by a court-martial and condemned, and his appeal was rejected by the *Conseil de révision*. On the eve of the day of execution, which took place on the 19th of April, twelve days after the expedition, several of the neighbouring tribes deputed messengers to solicit the pardon of their countrymen. All the stolen property had been brought back to the general. But in spite of their entreaties, my own, and General Frezel's, and the supplications of the tribe of Krachmas, where the offenders had taken refuge, the pardon was refused, and the unfortunate men executed. In this expedition, neither men, women, nor children, were spared."

These are the kind of things which make the name of Frenchmen hated throughout Europe; and all that their friends in more civilised countries can do to hinder it, is utterly thrown down. Every one of these women's ears was worth a regiment to Wellington; and the murders in the Rue Transnonain were better to the holy alliance than a hundred thousand men. Every man and officer concerned in them ought to go to Gratz and ask for the order of the Holy Ghost. It would be all in the fitness of things.

One of the members of the commission having enquired of M. Pichon if there had not been public rejoicings at Algiers, after the attack on the tribe of El-Ouffia, that gentleman replied that the commissary of police had ordered illuminations to celebrate the victory.

The commission, in its sitting of 24th January, 1834, acknowledged that it would be an act of strict justice to grant an indemnity to all proprietors of land or buildings taken for the public ser-

vice, and that a similar indemnity should be granted over the whole of the possessions occupied by the French; and that it would be bad policy and unfair to grant it to French claimants and not to natives.

The sanitary measures to be adopted also occupied the commissioners in their early sittings. M. Maurice, proprietor and colonist of Algiers, declared that the German workmen had, as yet, been unable to stand the climate, and whether from intemperance or other causes, mortality had been greater among them than those of any other nations. M. de Damrémont is of opinion that the decrease of the garrison of Bona, in 1832 and 1833, by malady, must not be solely attributed to the climate. In the action between the Turks and the inhabitants, the town was almost totally destroyed, and when the French took possession they were unable to find shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The soldiers were lodged in damp houses, and there was no time to cleanse the town, and empty the cisterns and wells of the dead bodies which had been thrown there by the Turks. A few troops being sufficient to guard this position, it would perhaps have been prudent to have stationed only two battalions there in the first instance; these would have prepared for the reception of others, who then could have been lodged in healthy and dry quarters. A foraging expedition, made at an unsuitable time of the year, with the bad management and insufficiency of hospitals, no doubt greatly contributed to disease among the military; to prevent which, sure means will no doubt be resorted to this year, owing to the experience which has been acquired, and the amelioration effected in the condition of the troops. From the extensive operations of the staff and engineers, it may be inferred that the cleansing of the vast plains around Bona may be effected with little trouble or expense. This measure is of the most urgent necessity.

From the 27th January, 1834, the debates of the commission become animated, and relate more particularly to the colonising question, and without being interrupted by so many unimportant incidents as before. One of the members, in a most vehement discourse, makes the following observations on the policy of Europe with respect to Algiers.

"In France we have nothing to fear. The present state of our finances alone give us cause of uneasiness. Is it at a period when we can with difficulty establish an equilibrium between our receipts and expenditure, when it is impossible to foresee when we shall be able to attain this object, that we ought to think of such exorbitant extraordinary expenses? Take care that an annual deficit be not the most likely produce of our boasted colony. Fortunately we have peace abroad, and have no reason to fear that it will be interrupted for some time to come. But the two hostile principles which divide Europe cannot fail sooner or later to cause a general war. If we persist in retaining our colony, we must make up our minds to be deprived of the aid of 40 millions of francs, and 40,000 men. We must ultimately be obliged to abandon it, and shall not be able to do so without its being attended with serious disadvantage or perhaps opprobrium.

"Have we not fresh in our memory our former foolish

expedition to Egypt? At that period, France was with- in a hand's breadth of her downfall, through having been deprived of her best general and her best army. The circumstances are not exactly similar, but are of striking analogy. It is evident that the very limited plan of colonising which has been proposed to you, will take more men and money to execute than the author flattered himself in his calculation; but, should it even prove more advantageous than anticipated, it will always be impracticable. The change of system of a minister, the ambition or even interest of a governor, the local influence and the combined efforts of the interested parties, who will not fail to be incessant in urging us to go forward, will, in the end, force our colonising measures beyond the boundary which we would in vain seek to oppose to their further progress."

Another member vehemently opposes these arguments.

"The retaining our sovereignty over Algiers," he says, "according to the person who preceded him, offers neither political, commercial, nor military advantages, or if any, by no means proportionate to the sacrifices they will require. I am on this question of a directly opposite opinion. In sending an expedition to Algiers there were several objects in view. The first was to abolish piracy, and so far the expedition has succeeded to the utmost; but then the future prospects must be insured, there must be the same guarantees then as at present. France has already felt the immense advantages of the stimulus given to trade by the newly acquired security of the Mediterranean. The tonnage of our vessels in 1825, the year which preceded the blockade, amounted to 1,323,179, and in 1832 had increased to 1,796,885; this immense difference must be attributed in part to the general progress of the several branches of commerce, but this progress has been equally important in the Atlantic, and perhaps ought even to have been still more so. Our principal rivers, our richest provinces, join it, and it is through its medium that the trade of our capital is carried on. But the tonnage of the Atlantic in 1825 was 4,370,342, and in 1832, 5,021,284; therefore it increased in the proportion of 1000 to 1149, while that of the Mediterranean increased in the proportion of 1000 to 1357; certainly it must be allowed that the destruction of piracy contributed in part to this advantageous result in the latter. It is very probable that Spain, Italy, and the other states which border on the Mediterranean, have profited still more by the security afforded to trade. In this respect they have infinitely more to gain, for their traders were much more harassed by the pirates than ours; but the prosperity for which they are indebted to us, is refelt on the coasts of France. In 1833, at least according to the official returns of the first quarters, the above mentioned benefit will be still greater. Now, if I am not greatly mistaken, the consequences of the Algerine expedition will not place us in that awkward situation, with regard to the other powers interested in the security of the Mediterranean, which persons would insinuate. The very great extension given to the commercial intercourse of those powers among themselves or with us, will give them fresh reason to desire a continuation of peace. Spain, Italy, Russia, and Austria, will be glad to see a new civilised power established on the northern coast of Africa; new and important interests connected with their own, in the navigation of the Mediterranean and our sovereignty at Algiers, will constitute one of those questions which diplomatists call separate, and which, for the very reason that we perfectly agree with respect to them, although we are at variance with respect to other matters, will be as it were placed in reserve to await a final settlement. I allow that we shall not derive any military advantage from

our Algerine possessions, unless our colony be founded on the remodeling or total destruction of the native tribes; or, to be more explicit, be in a continual state of open hostility; and this state of things would necessarily employ a considerable body of troops which might be indispensable in other parts; and this, according to my ideas, is sufficient to determine me to give my assent to no other system of colonising than that founded on a state of peace. But be it as it may, the possession of Oran alone affords military advantages far superior to what it costs us.

The disposition of Spain towards us has always given cause of uneasiness whenever we have been threatened upon our northern frontiers, or upon that of the Rhine. This latter power, after the revolution of July, showed very hostile intentions towards us. Oran and the road of Mers-el-Kebir would be a point well adapted to annoy Spain towards her southern frontier, which would have the effect of drawing from the Pyrenees troops which she might wish to send to attack us in that quarter. If on the contrary we are at peace with Spain, ships of war or privateers might on occasion pass into the roads of Mers-el-Kebir or Carthage, and cut off our enemies from all communication with the Atlantic and the exterior basin of the Mediterranean. Certainly the expense incurred in the occupation of Oran, does not exceed the value of the guarantees it affords us against Spain in the event of any attempt on the part of that country to molest us. It is impossible to speak of our policy abroad without referring to the state of our affairs at home. Our influence abroad depends solely on the union of the government with the nation. It is in the southern provinces that the revolution of July has the fewest partisans, it is there also that the restoration had the deepest roots. What would not be the effect on the population of these provinces, if the present government were to abandon a country conquered by that we have overturned? The opinion of Marseilles, that metropolis of our Mediterranean coast, possesses vast influence in the south; and on the tranquillity of that city depends that of several whole departments. Marseilles has grown less exasperated, since its speculative views have been directed to the coast of Africa. You cannot expect that a population which is yet but very indifferently inclined towards the present dynasty, will renounce interests and prospects of which they hold exaggerated anticipations. All other considerations apart, this single one, according to my views, ought to be sufficient to induce the government to maintain our sovereignty."

The president then called the minister of marine; the commissioners felt anxious to learn from him the means of communication between the possessions at Algiers and the metropolis, that they might be able to form some idea, from his information, of the expenses likely to be incurred by these communications, and in general of those the occupation of the country would cause to the marine department. The minister replied,—

"That, whatever system be adopted, it will be absolutely necessary to establish regular and frequent communications between the different stations of the French troops. If the restricted system which has been proposed, be finally adopted, and if we be confined to the occupation of the towns we are already in possession of on the northern coast of Africa, the means of communication ought to be as extensive as the restriction is great; for must we not apprehend that, in the event of that moral disease *nostalgia* gaining ground among such of the troops as may be deprived of news from their native land for some time, we should be compelled to frequent changes in our garrisons, which would necessarily involve

immense expense. This remark is particularly applicable to Bona, Oran, and Bougie; Algiers is excepted, for this town, in consequence of its abundant means of communication and extensive resources, may be classed by itself. The minister conceives that Algiers alone will require a frigate and four light vessels, one of them a transport, to carry assistance in case of emergency to any threatened point. At Oran, one stationary vessel, and another to serve as a transport for troops and despatches, besides a third vessel to guard the coasting trade. At Bona, the same as at Oran. At Bougie, one stationary vessel only. The communications with France ought to be established on one point only of the coast of Africa, with which all the lateral stations should communicate; but then each of the above-mentioned places must have the means of communicating directly with France if required. Between Algiers and Toulon, for a garrison of 3,000 men, four steam-vessels ought to ply regularly. Between Bona and Oran, there ought also to be a direct but lateral communication. Steam-vessels will leave Toulon for Algiers and return once in eight days, in order to establish a regular post once a week. The lateral communication will require two steam-boats for each side, one of which to be at the disposal of the governor for particular service. The lateral communication will then require in the whole eight steam-vessels, but will only be kept up eight months in the year, owing to the boisterous weather off the coast of Africa during the other four. These eighteen vessels, the frigate included, carrying in all 2,000 men, at 1,008 francs per man, every article of equipment included, will cost 2,000,000 francs. The expense of the marines for the service of Africa, every item included, will amount to 2,500,000 francs per annum."

The committee then resumed the general question on the subject of colonising.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed a member, "Russia has long been seeking to extend her maritime possessions. The Black Sea is already under her dominion, and she will soon carry her power into the Mediterranean. England possesses almost all the principal maritime points in the world. Several of the states of Germany, Austria, in fact all nations in Europe, are anxious to extend their dominions and form new settlements. Will France alone neglect so favourable an opportunity of increasing her power in foreign parts, to form a colony, which ultimately cannot fail to flourish? What extraordinary change has of late taken place in her policy? Only a few years back if France had been told that for a few millions of francs she could obtain possession on the coast of Africa of several maritime and military points, with the faculty of extending her power through the interior of the country,—which, gentlemen, among you, would have advised to refuse such advantages? Who even would have hesitated to vote a sufficient sum to endow the country with the very same establishments which we have now the means of obtaining for nothing? Now, we are in possession of some of the most important parts of Africa, and must endeavour to keep them, not by timid or retrograding measures, but by decidedly progressive means. We must advance and extend our possessions, and then colonise them; in so doing we shall gain ascendancy in the country, and the natives will no longer attribute to motives opprobrious to France, the little care we take of our military occupation. In the present state of things in Africa, and by the plans which were submitted to you in a former sitting, there is in my opinion an absolute impossibility of obtaining any real advantages; and if six millions are thus expended annually it will be six millions thrown away. The financial situation of France is perhaps not altogether favourable to the expenses our colonies are at present in need of; but our African possessions will fully compensate for

this by the great advantages which there is no doubt they will ultimately produce. The European powers, by their efforts to extend their maritime possessions, set an example which we cannot do better than follow. A member has expressed his desire that the colonising should be limited and almost reduced to the occupation of a few military stations, leaving to time and private speculation to extend the settlements, without the previous assistance of an adequate force. No colony can be established in this manner, and cultivators will never risk their labour beyond the territories protected by the troops."

Another member was altogether of a different opinion.

"We have already," he said, "a sufficient number of maritime stations in the Mediterranean; Toulon, Marseilles, and the different ports in the island of Corsica. Colonies are not indispensable to the prosperity of nations; and in England several statesmen are of opinion that colonies are a burden to the mother country, and if there were a possibility of getting rid of some of them, it would be of the greatest benefit. This member considers definitive occupation prejudicial to the country; and would desire the possession of Algiers only to secure the Mediterranean against the depredations of pirates. He concludes by expressing to the commissioners his full conviction of the non-utility of the expenses at present incurred by our African possessions."

"Another member of the commissioners inclines, and for other motives, to the military side of the question. He does not seem to appreciate the importance of the political side of the question so closely connected with the possessions at Algiers; though he is aware that spreading the military force over the country, far from increasing power, on the contrary weakens it; but this is only the case when largely extended. History informs us that it is useful to a large and powerful nation to be well supported abroad. Without going farther than the Mediterranean, which there is every reason to believe will hereafter become the theatre of most important events, do you think that Malta and Corfu are not of the greatest importance to England; or that the English government are at all disposed just now to relinquish those possessions, although the cost greatly exceeds the profit? Passing events seem to announce a vast ruin at hand, of which the spoils will be eagerly fought for by many contending powers: it may not, perhaps, be impossible for France to obtain on the southern shores of the Mediterranean some particle of the Turkish empire, if it be destined to fall. Spain likewise, in her regeneration and the changes which may accompany it, will perhaps be obliged to make some slight sacrifice to obtain protection and security. Why should not the Balearic Islands be the concession for fresh succours, or the payment of an old standing debt? Well, if we were once in possession of an insular settlement nearer Constantinople, either the Balearic Islands or any other point within the African range, who then would dare contest the equality, perhaps the superiority, of our power in the Mediterranean, even with a force comparatively less? Our ships would find a friendly harbour and well supplied arsenals on almost every point, and within a few hours' sail; with these a check in our naval operations would be very improbable, and at all events of less disastrous nature. I believe that we must not think of keeping Algiers, without carrying our influence into the interior of that country; we must remain, gentlemen, but endeavour to provide some compensation. We can purchase hope, perhaps pay for it in advance on advantageous terms; but we cannot make sacrifices manifestly useless, the inevitable consequence of an occupation restrained as to territory."

The foregoing are the most striking passages of the great work published by the government. From February, 1834, the commission were occupied with very interesting details. It was decided that 3,000 men are necessary for the occupation of Oran; 300,000 francs are awarded for the works of every description to be executed at Bougie in the course of the year 1834; 500,000 francs for those at Bona; the commissioners were of opinion, by a majority of sixteen to eleven, that a military force of 12,000 men of all arms would be necessary for the military occupation of Algiers, with the territories as far as Mount Atlas. In their sitting of the 12th of February, the commissioners heard a very remarkable report on the civil administration of the regency. They were of opinion, that public functionaries in Africa ought not to be allowed to purchase landed property on the territory in the French possession. No functionary should, either by himself or through the medium of a third party, have any commercial transactions, under penalty of being superseded. The commission calls the attention of government to the manœuvres which might be resorted to, to elude these dispositions. In the sitting of 17th February, the Duke de Cazes transmitted some information relative to the formation of the direction of Algiers, which the then president of the council, M. Casimir Perrier, had included in his department. M. Casimir Perrier, absorbed by the multiplicity of affairs, and by occupations of higher importance, greatly neglected this direction; despatches were accumulated in his bureau, and remained unanswered. At his death, the direction of the colony was made over to the minister of war, who in the absence of the president of the council had continued to manage the affairs of the regency; and they finally remained in his department, either as president of the council or minister of war. On the 10th of March 1834, M. Laurence presented a report on the legislation and administration of justice in the regency. In the sitting of 26th March, the commissioners were informed that a national guard actually existed at Algiers consisting of 600 individuals. On one occasion, the entire garrison of Algiers was obliged to quit the boundaries of the city; the national guard was called out, and 400 answered to the call and occupied all the military posts. Here a member made a very curious observation; he wanted the national guard to be content with the title of *Civic Militia*. This suggestion was adopted by the commissioners, who it appears do not love *National Guards*.

The light in which the occupation of Algiers is viewed in England, would perhaps not be very popular in France. The liberal party considers the occupation, as being from the beginning a Bourbon plot to carry 40,000 of the best troops of France to a distant point, and so far help to lay her at the mercy of the foreigner; and it sees with astonishment, that the extreme liberals of France should be the foremost to throw themselves into such a shallow snare. Many religious and chivalrous recollections were also to make part of the war against the misbeliever, and all hostile to the interests of liberty at home. But the great

reason for sending the French army to Algiers, was lest it should be found upon the Niemen. The absolutist party in England see all the difficulty that France is involved in; and have much too little regard for her to disturb her in her position. It is generally understood that the tory government had assurances, which would be available for pressing the evacuation; but it will be seen they know better than to claim the bond. The first great man that gets to the head of affairs in France, will probably relieve the *nostalgia* of the army of Algiers, by posting it upon the Rhine.

From Fraser's Magazine.

COLERIDGEIANA.

Subsequently to the printing off our paper containing certain reminiscences of Coleridge,* which belonged both to our personal experience of the man and our perusal of his writings, we were favoured with some documental evidences, every way proper to be made public, to which we are desirous of adding some fuller particulars, by way of annotated detail, touching some things therein merely hinted and suggested, but deserving to be set forth more at large. One document has already surprised the general reader, having gone the round of the papers: it is the poet's will. What had he to leave? a man living, according to all accounts, on benevolence. Verily, his friends did well by him, and nursed his incomings and controlled his outgoings to good uses. By means of an assurance in the Equitable (effected by himself in early life), the widow and children of Coleridge will come in for the interest of 2665*l*. The means by which this was rendered possible were highly honourable, both to his friends and himself. So far from being the victim of indolence, we have Mr. Gillman's own authority for saying, that Mr. Coleridge was ready to make money in any way through which his talents could be rendered available. We also understand, from a friend of ours, that a relation of his, desirous of taking a course of logic under this great philosopher's direction, found the urbane sage quite willing to undergo the toil of privately instructing him. The task was undertaken without any agreement as to compensation; but, as highly honourable to the young man alluded to, it may be mentioned that, upon his coming into the receipt of fifty pounds unexpectedly, he, without loss of time, and immediately (so as to prevent any other disposition of the money, his means being at that time restricted,) made the best of his way to Highgate, and safely lodged the whole amount in the hands of his instructor, as a free-will offering of love. This was doing the right thing; and it is to be hoped, nay, we believe that, in many instances, they who occupied his private time (we mean, other than his Thursday evening colloquies) gave the teacher such recompense of reward as they were able to render. It is also

* See vol. x. pp. 379—403.

† The reader may judge from this fact of the exaggerations abroad about Coleridge's imprudence. He was as prudent as his circumstances and the high task he had set himself permitted.

probable, though no stipulation was ever made before hand, that Coleridge expected (as he might justly) not to be forgotten by his intellectual debtors.

Assuredly, he was the most benevolent of creditors; but that he felt he had a right to payment is evident from a certain aphorism in the *Aids to Reflection*, concerning the duty which disciples ought to observe toward teachers. With these few preliminary remarks we present to our readers the last will and testament of the poet and sage, which they will find no ordinary composition; but a thing, as it were, of life and love, breathing eloquence and truth.

Highgate, Sept. 17th, 1829.

"This is the last will of me, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I hereby give and bequeath to Joseph Henry Green, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, surgeon, all my books, manuscripts, and personal estates and effects whatsoever (except the pictures and engravings hereinafter bequeathed), upon trust, to sell and dispose of all such part thereof as shall not consist of money, according to his discretion; and to invest the produce thereof, and also all money which I may leave at my death, and that shall be due to me from the Equitable Assurance Office or elsewhere, in the public funds, in the name of the said Joseph Henry Green; and he shall pay the dividends of the stock to be purchased therewith to my wife, Sarah Coleridge, during her life, and after her death pay the same dividend to my daughter, Sara Coleridge, she being unmarried, and as long as she shall remain single. But if my daughter, Sara Coleridge, shall before or at the time of my death have married (unless, indeed, she—which may the Almighty in his mercy defend!—should be left a widow, wholly unprovided for by her husband's will and property, or otherwise, in which case the former disposition of this testament is to revive and take place,) I then give the dividends of the stock purchased to be equally divided between my three children, Hartley Coleridge, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and the aforesaid Sara Coleridge; or if one of these my three children should die, then to be equally divided between the two survivors; and the whole dividend of the stock to be paid to the last survivor. Still, however, it is my will that each of the three, namely, Hartley, and Derwent, and my daughter Sara, should retain the right and power each of bequeathing the third part of the principal, after the death of the last surviving, according to his or her pleasure. And my will is, that notwithstanding any thing herein and before contained, and it is my desire that my friend, Mr. Joseph Henry Green, shall, in lieu of selling my books, have the option of purchasing the same, at such price as he shall himself determine, inasmuch as their chief value will be dependent on his possession of them. Nevertheless it is my will, that in case the said Joseph Henry Green should think it expedient to publish any of the notes or writing made by me in the same books, or any of them, or to publish any other writings of mine, or any letters of mine, which, should any be hereafter collected from or supplied by my friends and correspondents, then my will is, that the proceeds and all benefit accruing therefrom shall be subject to the same trusts, and to be paid to or amongst such persons as shall be entitled to my said personal estate hereinbefore bequeathed. The pictures and engravings belonging to me in the house of my dear friends, James and Ann Gillman—my more than friends, the guardians of my health, happiness, and interests, during the fourteen years of my life that I have enjoyed the proofs of their constant, zealous, and disinterested affection, as an inmate and member of their family—I give and bequeath to Ann Gillman, the wife of my dear friend; my love for

whom, and my sense of her unremitted goodness, tenderness, and never-wearied kindness to me, I hope and humbly trust will follow me, as a part of my being, into that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power of the Son of God incarnate in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been the Way and the Truth, and to have become man, that for fallen and sinful men he might be the resurrection and the life. And further, I hereby tell my children, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara, that I have but little to leave them; but I hope, and indeed confidently believe, that they will regard it as a part of their inheritance, when I thus bequeath to them my affection and gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, and to the dear friend, the companion, partner, and helpmate of my worthiest studies, Mr. Joseph Henry Green. Further, to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive way in which I can mark my relation to him, and in remembrance of a great and good man revered by us both, I leave the manuscript volume lettered "Artist. Manuscript. Birds (Acharnians, Knights)," presented to me by my dear friend and patron, the honourable John Hookham Frere; who, of all the men that I have had the means of knowing during my life, appears to me eminently to deserve to be characterized as "Ὁμὰ πῶς ἀγαθὸς ὁ φιλόκαλος." To Mr. Frere himself I can only bequeath my assurance, grounded on a faith equally precious to him as to me, of a continuance of those prayers which I have for many years offered for his temporal and spiritual well-being. And further, in remembrance that it was under his (Mr. Gillman's) roof I enjoyed so many hours of delightful and profitable communion with Mr. J. H. Frere, it is my wish that this volume should, after the demise of James Gillman, senior, belong, and I do hereby bequeath the same to, James Gillman, junior, in the hope that it will remain as an heir-loom in the Gillman family.

"On reviewing this my will, there seemed at first some reason to apprehend that in the disposition of my books, as above determined, I might have imposed on my executor a too delicate office; but on the other hand the motive, from the peculiar character of the books, is so evident, that the reverential sense which all my children entertain of Mr. Green's character, both as the personal friend of their father, and as the man most intimate with their father's intellectual labours, purposes, and aspirations, I believe to be such as will, I trust, be sufficient to preclude any delicacy that might result from the said disposition.

"To my daughter, Sara Coleridge, exemplary in all the relations of life in which she hath been placed—a blessing to both her parents—and to her mother the rich reward which the anxious fulfilment of her maternal duties had, humanly speaking, merited—I bequeath the presentation-copy of the *Georgica Heptaglotta*, given me by my highly respected friend, William Sotheby, Esq. And it is my wish that Sara should never part with this volume, but that if she marry, and should have a daughter, it should descend to her; or, if daughters, to her eldest daughter; as a memento that her mother's accomplishments, and her unusual attainments in ancient and modern languages, were not so much nor so justly the object of admiration, as their co-existence with piety, simplicity, and a characteristic meekness; in short, with mind, manners, and character so perfectly feminine. And for this purpose I have recorded this my wish in the same, or equivalent words, on the first title-page of this splendid work.

"To my daughter-in-law, Mary Coleridge, the wife of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, whom I bless God that I have been permitted to see, and to have so seen as to esteem and love on my own judgment, and to be grateful for her on my account, as well as in behalf of my dear son, I give the interleaved copy of the *Friend*, corrected

by myself, and with sundry notes and additions in my own handwriting, in trust for my grandson, Derwent Coleridge; that, if it should please God to preserve his life, he may possess some memento of the paternal grandfather, who blesses him unseen, and fervently commends him to the great Father in Heaven, whose face his angels evermore behold.—Matthew xviii. v. 10.

"And further, as a relief to my own feelings by the opportunity of mentioning their names, that I request of my executor that a small, plain gold mourning-ring, with my hair, may be presented to the following persons: namely, to my oldest friend, and ever-beloved school-fellow, Charles Lamb; and in the deep and almost life-long affection, of which this is the slender record, his equally beloved sister, Mary Lamb, will know herself to be included. 2. To my old and very kind friend, Basil Montague, Esq. 3. To Thomas Poole, Esq., of Nether Stowey;—the Dedicatory Poem to my Juvenile Poems, and my Tears in Solitude, render it unnecessary to say more than that, what I then, in my early manhood, thought and felt, I now, a gray-haired man, still think and feel. 4. To Mr. Josiah Wade, whose zealous friendship and important services during my residences at Bristol I never have forgotten, or, while reason and memory remain, can I forget. 5. To my filial friend, dear to me by a double bond in his father's right and in his own, Lancelot Wade. 6. To Miss Sarah Hutchinson.

"To Robert Southey and to William Wordsworth my children have a debt of gratitude and reverential affection, on their own account; and the sentiments I have left on record in my literary life, and in my poems, and which are the convictions of the present moment, supersede the necessity of any other memorial of my regard and respect.

"There is one thing yet on my heart to say, as far as it may consist with entire submission to the Divine Will, namely, that I have too little proposed to myself any temporal interests, either of fortune or literary reputation, and that the sole regret I now feel at the scantiness of my means arises out of my inability to make such present provision for my dear Hartley, my first born, as might set his feelings at ease, and his mind at liberty, from the depressing anxieties of to-day, and exempt him from the necessity of diverting the talents with which it hath pleased God to entrust him to subjects of temporary interests; knowing that it is with him, as it ever has been with myself, that his powers, and the ability and disposition to exert them, are greatest when the motives from without are least, or of least urgency. But with earnest prayer, and through faith in Jesus the Mediator, I commit him, with his dear brother and sister, to the care and providence of the Father in Heaven, and affectionately leave this my last injunction—'My dear children, love one another!'

"Lastly, with awe and thankfulness I acknowledge, that from God, who has graciously endowed me, a creature of the dust and the indistinction, with the glorious capability of knowing Him, the Eternal, as the author of my being, and of desiring and seeking Him as its ultimate end, I have received all good, and good alone. Yea, the evils from my own corrupt yet responsible will He hath converted into mercies, sanctifying them as instruments of fatherly chastisement for instruction, prevention, and restraint. Praise in the highest, and thanksgiving and adoring love to the I AM, with the co-eternal Word and the Spirit proceeding, one God from everlasting to everlasting; his staff and his rod alike comfort me!"

The original revised, interlined, and corrected by his own hand, signed by himself, and witnessed by Ann Gillman and Henry Langley Porter.

"Grove, Highgate, 2 July, 1830.

"This is a codicil to my last will and testament.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

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"Most desirous to secure, as far as in me lies, for my dear son, Hartley Coleridge, the tranquillity indispensable to any continued and successful exertion of his literary talents, and which, from the like character of our minds in this respect, I know to be especially requisite for his happiness; and persuaded that he will recognise in this provision that anxious affection by which it is dictated, I affix this codicil to my last will and testament.

"And I hereby give and bequeath to Joseph Henry Green, Esq., to Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esquire, and to James Gillman, Esq., and the survivor of them, and the executor and assigns of such survivor, the sum (whatever it may be) which, in the will aforesaid, I bequeathed to my son, Hartley Coleridge, after the decease of his mother, Sarah Coleridge, upon trust. And I hereby request them, the said Joseph Henry Green, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and James Gillman, Esquires, to hold the sum accruing to Hartley Coleridge, from the equal division of my total bequest between him, his brother Derwent, and his sister, Sara Coleridge, after their mother's decease; to dispose of the interest or proceeds of the same portion to or for the use of my dear son, Hartley Coleridge, at such time or times, in such manner, and under such conditions, as they, the trustees above named, know to be my wish, and shall deem conclusive to the attainment of my object in adding this codicil; namely, the anxious wish to insure for my son the continued means of a home: in which I comprise board, lodging, and raiment. Providing that nothing in this codicil shall be so interpreted as to interfere with my son Hartley Coleridge's freedom of choice respecting his place of residence, or with his power of disposing of his portion by will, after his decease, according as his own judgment and affections may decide.

"S. T. COLERIDGE. 2d July, 1830.

"Witnesses,

ANN GILLMAN,
JAMES GILLMAN, JUN."

The solicitude which Coleridge here expresses for his son Hartley is deeply touching; and we turn again with considerable interest to this young man's poetical volume, in which so much of his father's peculiar spirit yet breathes and lives. The preface to this book is marked with a spirit of humility which ought to excite interest in favour of the author. The sentiments on poverty, feelingly expressed in some of the sonnets, are exceedingly honourable to him. But how is it that the best poetical productions of late years have met with least success, while volumes of *mediocre* verse have sold by thousands? To his father the book is dedicated in the following sonnet:—

"Father and Bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers;
Thou in thy night-watch o'er my cradled slumbers
Didst meditate the verse that lives to show
(And long shall live when we alike are low)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong!
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which none but Nature's pupils know.
Thy prayer was heard. I wandered like a breeze
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gathered there the shapes and fantasies
Which, mixed with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee."

Connected with the name of his son, we are thrown back to that period in the history of Coleridge's intellect when David Hartley was to him the "wisest of mortal kind." Sir James Mackin-

tosh, in his celebrated lectures, affirmed that Hobbes was the original discoverer of the law of association, while its full application to the whole intellectual system is owing to David Hartley. Coleridge, however, has shown historically that, long before either Hobbes or Descartes, the law of association had been defined, and its important functions set forth, by Melancthon, Ammerbach, and Ludovicus Vives. But the first and fullest enunciation of the associative principle is to be found in the writings of Aristotle, whose positions on this subject are unmixed with fiction. Aristotle delivers a just *theory*, without pretending to an *hypothesis*. He excludes place and motion from all the operations of thought, whether representations or volitions, as attributes utterly and absurdly heterogeneous. His theory is this, *i. e.* every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part. In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents, or occasional causes: 1st, connection in time, whether simultaneous, preceding, or successive; 2d, vicinity, or connection in space; 3d, interdependence, or necessary connection, as cause and effect; 4th, likeness; and 5th, contrast.

These few explanations we thought necessary to premise, as introductory to the following sportive verses from the pen of Coleridge, here printed for the first time. They were written in pencil on the blank leaf of a book of lectures delivered at the London University, in which the Hartleyan doctrine of association was assumed as a true basis.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

1.—By Likeness.

"Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?
O guard your tempers! hedge your tongues about!
This empty head should warn you on that point—
The teeth were quarrelsome, and so fell out.—S. T. C.

2.—Association by Contrast.

"Phidias changed marble into feet and legs.
Disease! vile anti-Phidias! thou, i'fegs!
Hast turned my live limbs into marble pegs.

3.—Association by Time.

SIMPLICIUS SNIPKIN *loquitur*.

"I touch this sear upon my skull behind,
And instantly there rises in my mind
Napoleon's mighty hosts, from Moscow lost,
Driven forth to perish in the fangs of Frost.
For on that self-same month, and self-same day,
Down Skinner Street I took my hasty way—
Mischievous and Frost had set the boys at play;
I stept upon a slide—oh, treacherous tread!
Fell smash, with bottom bruised, and brake my head!
Thus Time's co-presence links the great and small,
Napoleon's overthrow, and Snipkin's fall."

It is proper to state in conclusion, Mr. Coleridge's ultimate opinion, that Hartley's system, as far as it differed from that of Aristotle, is neither tenable in theory, nor founded in fact. Hartley's hypothetical vibrations, in his hypothetical oscillating ether of the nerves, outrages the very axioms of mechanics in a scheme the merit of which consists in its being mechanical. Granting the possibility of a certain disposition in a material nerve; either every idea has its

own nerve and correspondent oscillation, or it has not. If the latter be the truth; every nerve having several dispositions, when the motion of any other nerve is propagated into it, there will be no cause or ground present why exactly the oscillation *m* should arise, rather than any other to which it was equally predisposed. But let every idea have a nerve of its own, then every nerve must be capable of propagating its motion into many other nerves; and, again, there is no reason assignable why the vibration *m* should not arise rather than any other *ad libitum*.

But to quit the thorny paths of metaphysics—which we find it possible to do by an easy transition—and by quoting another scrap of Coleridge's playful wit, never before published.

The Three Sorts of Friends.

"Though friendships differ endless in degree,
The sorts, methinks, may be reduced to three.
Acquaintance many, and Conquaintance few;
But for Inquaintance I know only two—
The friend I've mourned with, and the maid I woo!

"MY DEAR GILLMAN,

"The ground and *materiel* of this division of one's friends into *ac, con,* and *inquaintance*, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old. On some one asking him if Anny Sealy (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, very fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, 'No, she is an inacquaintance!' 'Well! 'tis a father's tale; and the recollection soothes your old friend and inacquaintance.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

And now for the mysterious conclusion of *Christobell*. Doubtless, what we wrote on this subject in our late number has excited great curiosity. We do now what we had not room to do then—give it entire, as it was originally published in the *European Magazine*. It will, of course, be henceforth a matter of grave dispute whether it is or not the production of Coleridge's pen. Upon this subject we have already said our say; and shall be willing to await the judgment of wiser heads.

"Christobell.* A Gothic Tale.

"Whence comes the wavering light which falls
On Langdale's lonely chapel walls?
The noble mother of Christobell
Lies in that lone and drear chapel;
And every dawn, ere the sun has shown,
And a tear and a flower are on that stone;
But the tear is dry, the flower is dead,
And the night-wind blows on her silent bed.

A stranger treads o'er the holy mound:
Thrice it hath breathed a moaning sound!
He has lifted thrice his mighty wand;
He has touched the stone with his red right hand;
The light which round the chapel streams,
Bright on his beard of silver gleams;
But shines not on his muffled brow,
Which mortal eye must never know!

The noble mother of Christobell
Is waken'd by the mighty spell;
She seems but as if a wizard's arms

* Written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter."

Awhile had wrapp'd her in his cell;
As if his cold and earthy touch
Had blighted her beauteous lips too much.
But now returning beauty warms
Her lips and her kindling cheek so well,
She looks like the lovely Christobell.

'Lady, lady, who! who was she,
That met thy child by the old oak-tree?
When not a breeze was heard to sigh,
And the yellow leaf waved not which hung so high?
She who told that men of blood
Lured her to the lonely wood?
She who slept by thy daughter's side,
While the grey dog moan'd and the owlet cried?
Is that lady, of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's true daughter Geraldine?'

The noble mother of Christobell
Has open'd her dim and hollow eye,
And spirits are thronging from cave and dell
To listen to her lips' reply:

'Merlin, Merlin! I know thee well!
Though a minstrel's cloak is around thee flung,
And a holy hood on thy brow is hung,
The dead and living obey thy spell.
But not till the moon has passed away,
And the bell has toll'd on her bridal day,
Thou wilt know the foe of Christobell.'

The grey dog howls though the moon is bright—
Why sits the lady alone to-night?
Why comes she not at her father's call,
While the noble stranger is in his hall?
That stranger of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's fair daughter Geraldine.

But Christobell's brow is cold and damp
As she sits alone by her silver lamp—
That lamp for a maiden's spousal meet,
Which hangs from a smiling angel's feet:
But who comes near with steps so light!
And why is her cheek so lily-white?
For, glist'ring in his mail of gold,
His azure scarf around him roll'd,
She sees her own true knight.

'Christobell, my task is done!

Christobell, my prize is won!

The stars are smiling, the moon is bright,
The bell of our spousal shall toll to-night!

She does not smile, she does not weep;
Her cheek is like the parting snow
When early roses bud below,

But scarce a blush of crimson keep:
Yet she has taken her lover's kiss,
And the touch of her melting hand is his.

But another eye is on her face,
Another form beside her stands—
That form so ghostly, lean, and tall,
Is it Bracy, the bard of Langdale Hall?

He has touch'd the lamp in its silver vase,
And it brighter burns than a thousand brands;
He calls on saints in their holy place
The spousal of Christobell to grace,
Then joins the plighted lovers' hands.

'Now follow me, Christobell, with speed!

I go at thy lordly father's call,
To strike the harp in his ancient hall,
But thou the mirthful dance shall lead:
Thy own true knight shall be near thy side,
And the matin-bell shall proclaim a bride.'

They follow: but whence is the taper's glare,
That leads them down the lonely stair?

They look his shadowy face upon—
They look, but his silver beard is gone:
His cloak is changed to an azure dye,
And a mirthful gleam is in his eye.
But Christobell's cheek is cold and pale,
For she sees not her lover's shining mail;
He seems but a stripling soft and young,
With a minstrel's harp behind him slung.

With muttered words of grammarfe
The bard stalks foremost of the three:
At ev'ry soundless stride he takes,
The base of Langdale's mountain shakes:
The elf-dog starts as he passes by,
But closes again his shrinking eye;
The banner falls from the castle wall
As he strikes the porch of its blazing hall!

Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side—
O bright was the glance she gave to view.
When back her amaranth locks she threw!
It was like the moon's on the fountain's brim,
When the amber clouds around her skim;
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seem'd of her richer lips ashamed:
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine!

'Now welcome, welcome Bracy the bard!
Welcome the rites of song to guard!
Sit and waken thy warbling string,
The legend of love and beauty sing.
Well hast thou sped since noontide's hour,
If thou comest from good Sir Roland's tower.'

'Sir Roland greets thee, Lord Leoline!
He greets thee first for his Geraldine;
His heart thy bounty and love receives,
Like dew that drops upon wither'd leaves.
But he asks one pledge thy faith to prove,
He asks for his son thy daughter's love;
And he sends this goblet of crysolite
To grace their feast on the bridal night.'

Lord Leoline from his feast rose up,
And fill'd to the brim the shining cup:
He waved it high with gesture bland,
Then gave it to Geraldine's lily hand;
But the crysolite changed as she touch'd its brim,
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim—
The lamps are quench'd in their sockets of gold,
The hour is past, and the bell has toll'd.

Lord Leoline's hall again is bright
With a thousand lamps of golden light;
And roses, by fairy fingers tied,
The banners and shields of knighthood hide;
While over the roof and over the walls
A curtain of painted vapour falls:
Now pillars of jasper seem to grow
From the green bright emerald floor below,
With garlands of rubies bound.

The sky is purple with meteor fires—
A thousand tongues, and a thousand lyres,
Through the lone chapel resound.
Where is the white-hair'd bard who spoke
With voice so meek, in his azure cloak?
The sage of eternal might is there,
A meteor wreath'd in his ebon hair;
And there, in his youthful beauty's pride,
The heir of Sir Roland is by his side.

Where is she, with eyes so fair,
Who sat and smiled by the baron's chair?
There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green;

The eider-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies,
Are shrunk to the rings of a serpent's eyes.

' Witch of the lake ! I know thee now.

Thrice three hundred years are gone

Since beneath my cave,

In the western wave,

I doom'd thee to rue and weep alone,

And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow.

' But thou and thy envious friends in vain

Have risen to mock my power again :

The spell which in thy bosom worketh

No holy virgin's lip can stain ;

The spell that in thy false eye lurketh,

But for an hour can truth enchain.

Not ev'n thy serpent eye could keep

Its ire near guiltless Beauty's sleep ;

The Spirit of Evil could not dare

To look on heav'n—for heav'n is there.

Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever ;

Witch of the lake, descend for ever !

" March, 1815,

" V."

In regard to Coleridge's alleged imprudence, we have already done something towards correcting the misapprehensions of the public. The following extracts from a letter to Mr. Pringle will show that our opinion is in harmony with the facts as stated by Mr. Coleridge himself.

" At no period of my life have I ever belonged to any party, religious or political ; never laboured for any lower purpose than the establishment or maintenance of principles ; but though neither Whig nor Tory, I am enough of the latter, I trust, sincerely and habitually to fear God, and to honour the king as ordained of God ! as no reflection or derivation from the sovereignty of the people, but as the lawful and consecrated symbol and representative of the unity and majesty of the nation.

" At my first introduction to the R. S. L., I stated that I received the appointment with glad and grateful feeling, as tending powerfully to confirm me in the hope, that I had not mistaken my vocation,—retrospectively, and prospectively, as a means of enabling me to devote my whole time and strength to the completion of the more important works, for which I regarded all I had hitherto published, *visæ vocæ*, or by the press, but as preparatory discipline.

" Grievously have I been misunderstood, if I have been supposed to plead that poverty of itself, and independent of its causes, as the ground of my application. I avowed it because I know it not only to be a blameless but an honourable poverty ; not the consequence and penance of vice, improvidence, or idleness, but the effect of an entire and faithful dedication of myself to ends and objects, to the attainment of which I was bound to believe myself peculiarly fitted, and therefore called, in open-eyed and voluntary dereliction of those more lucrative employments equally and at many periods of my life in my power, but in which hundreds of my contemporaries could engage with equal or perhaps greater probability of success."

Equal misrepresentations have got abroad in regard to the poet's occasional use of opium. The origin of this habit he has described himself, in a document which we have now before us. After his return from Germany he had an attack of acute rheumatism ; on which occasion he was attended by a Mr. Edmondson, from whom he borrowed a load of medical books, in one of

which he found a case similar to his own where a marvellous cure had been performed by rubbing in laudanum—at the same time that a dose was administered inwardly. He tried it, and finding it answer was induced to continue it medicinally from time to time, as he found occasion. " Wretched delusion !" he concludes ; " but I owe it in justice to myself to declare, before God, that this, the curse and slavery of my life, did not commence in any low craving for sensation, in any desire or wish to stimulate or exhilarate myself,—in fact my nervous spirits and my mental activity were such as never required it,—but wholly in rashness, and delusion, and presumptuous quackery, and afterwards in pure terror."

Subsequently he laboured under disease of the heart, which was of slow growth, with feeble circulation and oppressed breathing, for which he was compelled at times to take stimulants, *but always under medical direction*. In his general habits he was exemplarily temperate, restricting himself to a bottle of wine in two days.

Coleridge wrote his own epitaph ; it is, however, inapplicable to the place in which he was buried : a handsome tablet, erected in Highgate New Church to his memory, bears the following inscription :

" Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.

This truly great and good man resided for

The last nineteen years of his life

In this Hamlet.

He quitted ' the body of this death '

July 25th, 1834,

In the sixty-second year of his age.

Of his profound learning and discursive genius,

His literary works are an imperishable record.

To his private worth,

His social and Christian virtues,

James and Ann Gillman,

The friends with whom he resided

During the above period, dedicate this tablet.

Under the pressure of a long

And most painful disease,

His disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.

He was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend,

The gentlest and kindest teacher,

The most engaging home-companion.

' O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts !

O studious poet, eloquent for truth !

Philosopher contemning wealth and death,

Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love !

Here, on this monumental stone, thy friends inscribe

Thy worth.

Reader ! for the world mourn.

A light has passed away from the earth.

But for this pious and exalted Christian

' Rejoice ! and again I say unto you rejoice !'

Ubi

Thesaurus

ibi

Cor.

S. T. C."

This inscription has great merit, and does justice to the memory of the illustrious dead, and to the feelings of the affectionate survivors. An ode on the death of the poet, quite Coleridgean in the cast of its sentiments and con-

struction, written by Mr. Heraud, has also been put into our hands. We close our paper of notes and documents with this elegiac production.

Ode on the death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Fair as the Sabbath morn,
In the seventh heaven's beatitude,
The Eternal Throne before,
A Seraph-Angel stood—
The Angel of a Child new-born,
To whom 'tis given, for evermore,
To see the Father's face;
Then, bowing to adore,
Prayed for his Charge a grace.
"From the highest heaven,
Throughout the seven,
Descend; and, in mysterious wise,
Prepare him through the seven to rise.
Give him will and give him wing,
Give him withal a voice to sing,

And him through each and all up-bring,
Into my presence, triumphing."

Glad heard the Seraph in that realm of Being,
Where every being seeth the All-seeing,
The Sabbath of the Worlds; then down descending
On the next orb, where Will with Will is blending,
Made for the sphere of Consciousness his way,
And gave his plumes free motion and full play.
Three heavens are passed—remain but four—
God speed thee, Seraph, evermore!

And now he meets, in happy season
Meeting him, the seraph Reason;
And soon his cherub-twin embraces,
And both dominions eager traces—
And now upon the world of Knowledge lands,
And his dropt wings hides with his arms and hands.

Six heavens are passed—remains but one—
God speed thee, Seraph, thy flight is done.
And now thy toilsome task commences—
To walk, not fly, befits the Senses;
And there, in swaddling bands embraced,

The Infant in his cradle lies:
Small the room where he is placed,
Small circle for his energies.

But the Seraph-Angel on his eyes
Sheds euphrasy and rue;
Sets wide the portals of his ears,
And makes him feel in every nerve,
Of touch and taste too exquisite;
And from all odours win delight.

But each predestined to subserve
What the poetic mind reverses,
The holy Muses' due.

The Seraph now, one gorgeous eve,
The boy-bard teaches to perceive,
How differed from all other plants
One sacred, though not such to see,
Divine and sovereign for all wants,
And bade him name it Harmony.
Thus taught to judge, full soon he might
Essay to speculate aright,
And thence, in Contemplation's car,
Seek worlds beyond the furthest star;
Self-conscious still, however far
He soared, and feeling in his heart
No impulse but of his own will;
Yet framing all his travels' chart
By heavenly observations still.
For there was heaven, and there he well
Aye listened to heaven's oracle;
And therefrom he responses gave,

Of power to slay and power to save.
Thus he, while dwelt his body here,
Was versant with another sphere.
What, though the world might do him wrong?
He turned him to the angels' song.
What though the earth consumed in strife?
He lived and loved—all love, all life;
A seraph, like his seraph guard,
Earth might not merit nor reward.
The Seraph stood again before
The throne, and bowed him to adore.
"My task is done; both will and wing
I gave him, and a voice to sing;
And hither, Father, him I bring
Into thy presence triumphing."
And thereupon a chorus blended
Of sacred harps, a Sabbath hymn,
To hail the Poet-Sage attended,
Borne on the plumes of cherubim.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

ST. JOHN OF THE ISLAND.

The monks were cunning caterers. The monastic estate appears to have originally taken for its emblem the green olive of the Scriptures, "planted by the running waters," and to have been bent on accomplishing among the Gentiles the promises spoken to the Jews, by framing a Canaan for itself wherever milk and honey abounded in the land. The progress of unreformed Christianity through heathen Europe was, in fact, marked by the erection of certain caravansaries, wherein the wanderers, its disciples, might set up their rest: judiciously selected in spots where corn, wine, and oil were of almost spontaneous growth—where clear streams supplied the requisite material for their luxurious abstinence—where green pastures afforded herbage for their flocks and herds—where, in short, they were enabled to approximate themselves with ease to heaven, by creating temporal existence where "paradise was opened in the wild!"

In how many lands of wide-spreading Europe do we find the ruined arch and crumbling altar-stone of by-gone conventual splendour, sheltered by lofty groups of forest trees, and scattered upon green and mossy turf, in the heart of some sequestered valley, through whose glossy stream the speckled trout dart gaily beneath the overhanging hazels, and where the remnants of the once fertile orchard lie basking in the sun, the musky fruit still sending forth from its moss-grown stumps an occasional sample of luscious quality. In such retreats, nature still proudly displays her warrant of abundance, till we cease to wonder at the extent of the ruined granaries, threshing-floors, cider-presses, wine-presses, and other offices connected with the extinct establishment. Plenty, as well as peace, seem to have abided with the chartered ascetics of ancient Christendom; and such places as Val-y-Crucis Abbey, in the Vale of Llangollen—Fountains and Furness, in green England—the convents of Laach, in Rhenish Prussia—La Trappe, La Chartreuse, and fifty others in France, are mani-

festly calculated to "draw an angel down" to share their

"Populous solitude of beds and birds,
And fairy-formed, and many-coloured things!"

Among the fifty let us, however, especially distinguish a favourite spot—the convent of St. John of the Island. About a stone's throw from the Seine, just where the double branches of the river Juigné pour their abounding waters into the metropolitan stream,—circumscribed by their fantastic course, so as to form a distant land of verdure,—lie a series of beautiful water-meadows, enamelled by an infinite variety of wild flowers, and in part entangled by thickets of underwood, bequeathed to the land by many a stately stem, which had fallen under the axe of the destroyer. On the extreme verge of these, so that the toppling wall of its watch-tower overhangs the sedgy channel of the Juigné, stand the ruins of St. John of the Island,—an ancient Augustine monastery, converted to the service of the Order of Malta, and founded during her mysterious life of repudiation by Isemburge, the Danish wife so unceremoniously ejected from the bosom of Philip Augustus, to make way for fair Agnes of Merania!

And well and wisely did that royal devotee select the site of the dwelling she chose as the refuge of her earthly sorrows—her eternal rest. The monastery which for so many years concealed the tears of Isemburge, and subsequently, for so many centuries, her majestic tomb, lies niched within a verdant solitude, at that period uninvaded by the busy industry of the town of Esonne, or the rival prosperity of Corbeil. The stream which now imparts vitality to so many mills and engines (for the production of flour, floor-cloth, cotton, printed calicoes, and as many and as various items as might figure advantageously in a Liverpool or a Bristol invoice), was then the lonely haunt of the king-fisher, and the abiding place of the red-tit. The neighbouring groves of *Chantemerle* (dating their insignificant antiquity from the reign of the chevalier king, the chivalrous Francis I.) had not arisen to overtop the rustling abele-trees and flowering limes of St. John of the Island. The monastery stood alone in its glory, listening to the ripple of its circumfluent waters as they hurried in busy self-importance, to lose their identity in the Seine. At that period, the harmonious chants rising at day-dawn from its altars, were heard only by the vintagers as they plied their light labours along the *côte*, in the vineyards belonging to the neighbouring religious houses of St. Guénault and St. Exupère: and even when the Grand Master of the Order of St. John held his chapter, three ages later in the monastery, it was still secluded—still intimately linked with the beauty and the solitude of nature.

Even now though surrounded by human habitation, and invaded by commercial industry, how singularly does the place maintain that aspect of loneliness! Overgrown as it is with trees and luxuriant aquatic plants, silent, sad, secluded, the stranger wanders fast beside the ruined church, without dreaming of its vicinage. Hav-

ing crossed the ruined bridge under which the stream has been widened into a modern canal, the banks of which are adorned with weeping-willows, dahlia beds, and summer-houses such as Batavia herself might envy, we saunter down a sombre avenue of limes, and behold only an ancient portal serving the daily use of an ordinary farm; nor is it till, attracted by shoals of fish, and thickets of alder overgrown by the wild hop, we follow the discursive channel of the brook into the fertile meadows, that we descry, between the lofty trees, the granite skeletons of monastic pomp—the ruined church and monastery of St. John of the Island.

Following the mossy bank, till the waters of the Juigné can be crossed by a plank dedicated to the temporary use of a mill recently erected at one of the extremities of the island, let us now step cautiously among the brambles and elder-bushes springing forth from heaps of rubbish, where strange rustlings and hissings apprise us that we startle some obscene reptiles from a long unmolested retreat, till, entering the *enceinte* of the deserted burying-ground, we look with reverence to the monastic roof; or down, with solemn contemplation, upon the broken grave-stones—some inscribed with quaint German devices—some with abbatial and even episcopal emblems—some uniting with the mitre, crosier, and hour-glass, the ghastly impress of a human skeleton, surrounded by the symbolic insignia of ecclesiastical dignity. At length, having moralised our fill over the site wherein queen, monks, knights—nay, even the memory of its dead, has disappeared—let us learn to invest those desecrated ruins with a new interest, derived from the following record of their modern fortunes.

Previous to the revolution of '89, one of the finest aristocratic residences on the banks of the Seine was the *château de Mousseaux*, situated some five miles from the confluence of the Juigné, and inhabited by the Duchess of Cossé-Brissac. Of the Duc de Cossé too much is known to posterity, as the lover who succeeded Louis XV. in the arms of the infamous De Barri—as the victim whose gory head was thrown by the triumphant populace at the feet of the royal concubine, as she paraded the terrace of her pavilion at Luciennes; but of the duchess—the serene, the suffering, the solitary, duchess—something remains to be edited. Deserted by a worthless libertine, Madame de Brissac, instead of plunging into the dissipations of the capital, retreated with decent self-respect to her palace on the Seine; finding, or seeking, happiness in the cultivation of its beautiful gardens, and creating those lordly *charmilles* and proud arcades, which, even now, divided and apportioned as they are, create an interest for the adjoining plain—whence labyrinth and quincunx have disappeared, and where the colossal statue of Atlas, once forming the central point of their entanglement, stands in ludicrous isolation in the midst of a homely corn field.

The Duchess de Brissac, although deeply wounded by the neglect of her husband, was not in a position of life to fly to utter solitude. She had too many noble relatives, too many admiring friends, to be left alone; and the humility of true

affection suggested that it were better to adorn her residence and enliven her society, in hopes to win back the truant to her presence—to perfect, with his approving suffrage, the charms of her favourite retreat. The best society of the capital was accordingly invited to grace her coterie. At Mousseaux, Boufflers, Arguillons, Choiseuls, Biron, and Grammonts, forgetting their political animosities, daily abounded; all that was fair, young, gay, and graceful, of the court of Marie Antoinette was to be found in the circle of the Duchess de Cossé-Brissac.

But there was one, unhappily, to be found there, whose presence was unconnected with court or courtier—one fair, even among its fairest—one graceful, even among its most accomplished—one ill-fated, even among the most unfortunate of its fore-doomed associates. CLARICE (what other name she had is too ignoble to be recorded), Clarice, the hazel-eyed Clarice, was one of those victims of conventional tyranny, called *demoiselles de compagnie*. Her beauty had proved her bane; for her beauty was the means of making her the inmate of the Château de Mousseaux. Twelve years before, the attention of Madame de Brissac had been attracted, while rolling in her stately coach and six, on a visit to the Countess de la Tour d'Aubray, at St. Germain en Corbeil, by the loveliness of a little dirty, curly-haired brat, hanging to the apron of a woman, who bore on her back a vintage-hod, and with her brown right hand bestowed a sufficiency of cuffs and thumps upon the child, who was too much struck by the fine equipage of the duchess to get out of the way of the trampling horses. Clarice, in short, was slightly injured by the carriage-wheel; and the duchess, having ordered her servants to stop and bestow a small gratuity upon the little sufferer, was eventually so captivated by her artless graces, as to resolve upon her permanent adoption. Regarding her as no higher in the scale of creation than the animals of her menagerie, Madame de Brissac conditioned for, and ordered home, the child, as she would have done a clever monkey, or a parrot of handsome plumage, to increase the *agrémens* of the château.

But poor Clarice was unhappily organised for such a position. In defiance of Madame de Brissac's calculations, she had a heart to feel, a soul to reflect, as well as a sweet smile and graceful air, to captivate the admiration of beholders. The first of these superfluous faculties soon made itself apparent in the adoration with which she regarded her benefactress; the second, as she grew in girlhood, developed itself, only too acutely for her happiness, in her mode of contemplating the false position in which destiny had placed her. Admitted, in the loveliness and playful peremptoriness of childhood, to climb the knees and court the caresses of the illustrious visitors of the duchess, she found, as she advanced towards maturity, that every additional day of her life drew her nearer to the menial degree. She was gradually recurring to her real situation in life; and the haughty servants of the condescending aristocrat, indignant at having been obliged to bestow their services on one

whose birth was so inferior even to their own, took every occasion to mortify the village *parvenue*. Clarice found she must no longer aspire to the society of the great—that she was not allowed to descend to the society of the little—that she was alone in the world.

Her uneducated mother, with whom, once or twice a year, Clarice was allowed an interview, considered, and assured her, that she was the most fortunate of human beings; inasmuch as “Madame la Duchesse had promised to marry her, and give her a *dotation*.” But although this absolute mode of settlement in life was the one in use throughout all degrees of French society, from the duke to the artisan, the feelings of Clarice rebelled against being “married” after the fashion so satisfactory to her mother.

“They will give me to the steward’s son, or some clerk of Madame la Duchesse’s notary,” said the high-minded girl, whose notions of independence and refinement had been fostered in the society of lords, ladies, and ministers of state. “And even these half-educated men will be aware that they are doing an honour to the peasant’s child, who has been bought upon their acceptance with a dowry. Their friends, their relatives, will receive with scorn the village-girl, whom chance has raised out of the dust; and there, no less than here, I shall be alone against the contempt of those around me. Why have I not strength of mind to lay aside these fine clothes, and return to the humble station in which I was born? Why cannot I reduce my desires to nature’s level? Alas! alas! why, rather, did Madame la Duchesse raise me from my apportioned sphere? Unfitted by my birth for my present situation—unfitted by my present station for the sphere of my birth, the purposes of my Almighty Creator seem to have been wantonly frustrated. Yet, since it is his will to humiliate and chastise me, let me pray, at least, for a more Christian spirit of resignation, to reconcile me to my appointed trials.”

But this spirit came not at her call. The rebellious tone of the supplicant who sought, as for her own merits, obtained no favour in the sight of Heaven; while, as she grew in years, Clarice became only more susceptible to the irritations of her situation. At length, a bitter source of evil mingled with the current of her destinies.

Among the habitual and most favoured guests of the château, was a nephew of Madame de Brissac, a younger and orphan son of a sister to whom she had been tenderly attached. The Vicomte d’Arnonville was a model of the best order of the ancient nobility of the unregenerated court of the Bourbons. Young, handsome, brilliant, ignorant, idle, vain, self-complacent, and egotistical, Adolphe possessed the redeeming qualifications of courage, a high sense of honour, and a chivalrous courtesy of demeanour, which became almost a virtue in one so selfish and so indolent. He was in every way endowed to fascinate the admiration of an inexperienced woman; and few were the women of the Court of Versailles whose attention he had not attracted. The young viscount was not, however (for the times), a determined libertine. He was neither a Fronsac nor

a Lauzun; perhaps because his self-love inspired him with a distaste for the incessant embarrassments and annoyances entailed upon the vocation of *un homme à bonnes fortunes*. He allowed himself to be wooed, but was not *always* won; even his gallantry was tinctured with the listless but not uncalculating egotism of his mode of life. It sufficed, therefore, when, shortly after his return from a tour in Italy with his elder brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, he presented himself at Mousseaux, and first beheld the interesting *protégée* of the duchess—it sufficed for his aunt to recommend Clarice to his forbearance, as a young person whom it was her intention to settle respectably in life, for Adolphe to limit his attentions within the bounds of common courtesy. He was more kind, indeed—more considerate—than the generality of those by whom the château was frequented; for the viscount, naturally good-natured, was not in the habit of inflicting pain upon others, unless where his own interests or convenience especially demanded the effort; and he was often at the trouble of opening a door, closing a window, picking up a book, or even going in search of the duchess's white spaniel, for the sake of receiving from Mademoiselle Clarice one of those bright sunshiny smiles with which she involuntarily recompensed his magnanimity.

It was not, however, these commonplace civilities which blinded the eyes of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* to his defects, or induced her to "fancy merit where she saw it not." But the lowly-born was, as we have already noticed, highly and finely organised. She possessed all the instincts of a pure and delicate taste; and the graceful manners of Adolphe d'Arnonville—his refinement of voice and conversation—the playfulness of his wit—his sprightly mode of relating and commenting on the anecdote of the day, rendered his arrival at the château as much a holiday to herself as to Madame de Brissac. In pursuance of the custom of disposing of the unportioned younger sons of the nobility, he had been engaged from his childhood in the Order of Malta, with a view to obtaining the Commandery of St. John of the Island, which, in former days, had been the appanage of his house. But he was not yet received a knight. Certain irregularities of conduct were supposed to have placed a serious obstacle to his preferment; and it was rumoured in the household of Madame de Brissac, that the object of her nephew's deference and assiduity was to cause himself to be nominated heir to her estates, and thus obtain a remission from his uncompleted vows. He was even said to have formed an attachment, rendering the prospects of a life of celibacy insupportable to his feelings.

All this did but augment the interest he had excited in the heart of Clarice. She now saw in him a victim—a victim like herself; and her whole sympathy connected itself with his fortunes. She had good reason to know that Madame de Brissac meditated no such disposal of her property as he was said to anticipate; and from the moment the tale of his passion, and its projects, reached her ear, she could scarce refrain, while she noted the patient devotion of his time to the caprices and exactions of her benefactress,

to whisper, "Seek some other mode of exemption from the restraints that await you. Exert yourself elsewhere to secure your happiness. The inheritance of the duchess will never, never afford you a pretext of release from your vows as a knight of St. John."

Clarice had, however, sufficient delicacy to feel that it was not for *her* to seek the confidence of a man of the age and condition of the viscount. He returned, therefore, a frequent guest to the château, still to be the companion of her rides and walks with the duchess. On the river, in the beautiful forest of Lénart, among the lofty groves and *charmilles*, he was constantly by her side. He sang with elegance, talked with brilliancy; the very tone of his voice, and idiom of his discourse, betrayed the man of refinement. If Clarice might be termed a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, Adolphe d'Arnonville exhibited the utmost perfection of art. The commonplaces of life derived a tone of originality from his mode of utterance; the most ordinary actions appeared embellished by his sprightliness; and Clarice fancied she had formed as intimate an acquaintance with the court and courtiers of Versailles, from his frequent descriptions, as if she had passed her life in that region of splendour and futility.

With these sketches, there now began to intermix a thousand details which must have excited strong indignation in the mind of the duchess, even had they not been related with the glowing energy characteristic of the political opinions of her nephew. The fermentation of the revolutionary leaven was beginning to be perceptible even at Versailles. The murmurs of the people had reached even unto the king's chamber; the eloquence of Mirabeau had roused the echoes of respondent Europe; and man was beginning to feel and assert himself man, whether festooned with a blue riband, or with the rags of humiliating penury. All this the viscount related to admiration; sometimes with the bitter sneer of a courtier—sometimes with the angry eloquence of wounded pride. In all cases, the duchess applauded with enthusiasm; and Clarice, though she did not applaud, was approvingly silent; for though her inborn soul was with the triumphs of the people, her heart was with the "*homme de qualité*" by whom those triumphs were held up to hatred or derision.

Meanwhile, the stir and tumult of the kingdom hourly increased; the emigration of the nobility commenced; and the king and queen were held prisoners in their palace of the Tuilleries. But the greater the danger incurred by the intemperate line of conduct pursued by young d'Arnonville, the more obstinate, the more chivalrous grew his adherence to the royal cause. He adopted loyalty as a religion; and probably without anticipating (for who did—who could anticipate) the fearful outrages consequent on the intoxication of freedom among the emancipated helots of the realm, already he denounced the liberal party as plunderers and assassins. In vain did Clarice, by a few incidental words of remonstrance, attempt to moderate the rash fervour of his zeal. To tell him that he was incurring personal hazard to no good end was but to inflame his anti-revolutionary

ardour; and though she implored him to be prudent for the sake of those who loved him, if not for his own, the terms of the adjuration did not so much as excite his notice.

One circumstance, in all this, afforded some consolation to the *demoiselle de compagnie*. In the general disorganisation which was beginning to confuse and confound all ranks of society, Adolphe was already brought nearer to her. The approximation was scarcely perceptible to any but herself. But *she* felt that he was now glad to secure a submissive companion—a patient auditor of his diatribes; *she* felt that his arm was now offered as her support during their prolonged promenades; since his favourite coteries had been broken up, and his idols dispersed, he was moved to perceive, for the first time, that the large hazel eyes which fixed themselves so sympathisingly upon his own while he related to the Duchesse de Brissac the humiliations of Marie Antoinette, and the afflictions of Madame Elizabeth, were far more expressive than those of the most fashionable beauty of the noble Faubourg. He had not, in fact, conceived that a *roturière* could be so graceful; and began to enquire within himself whether noble blood might not, by some indirect means, flow in the veins of the *Paysanne parvenue*.

At last came the trial of the king; and foremost among those imprudent partisans, whose vehemence endangered his cause, was the Vicomte d'Arnonville. But he endangered not alone the royal cause; his own life was now in imminent peril, and his name on the lists of proscription. His only chance of safety remained in flight. A prudent, or, perhaps, a generous inspiration arrested his steps. The Duc de Brissac was already a captive in the clutch of the Jacobins; as the nearest kinsman of the duchess, as her heretofore assiduous cavalier, he felt, therefore, that he could not do less than offer his services to her protection. Already Adolphe had been compelled to desert his habitation in the now spoliated and confiscated hotel of his brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, in the Rue de Lille. The very atmosphere of the Faubourg St. Germain, where his person was as well known as the towers of St. Sulpice, would have been fatal to him; and he had even some apprehension of making his appearance overtly in the quarter where he might procure a conveyance to Mousseaux. It occurred to him, however, since disguise was now his only resource against detection, to make his way on foot to the village of Berey, under cover of night; and there, having procured the dress of a waterman, to seek a passage in the first return stone-barge or wood-raft making its way up the Seine towards Burgundy; whence it would be easy to gain the shore, at the ferry of Ris or Evry.

The autumn was already far advanced, and Clarice, dispirited alike by the fearful aspect of public affairs, and the impaired health of her protectress, which rendered all agitation perilous, and a long journey impossible, began to shudder as she listened to every shrill blast whistling along the lofty arcades of Mousseaux. The lime-trees were already divested of their leaves; and the

reddened foliage of the cloistral-looking avenues of chestnuts fell to the ground in crisp showers with every fresh eddy of the wind. Even the blue waters of the Seine bore against the opposite embankment of Soisy, in curling waves that imparted a chilly, comfortless aspect to the autumnal landscape. Three times since the commencement of the king's trial had the mansion of the duchess been subjected to domiciliary visits on the part of the heads of the revolutionary committee sitting at Corbeil; and, at the first of these, the beauty of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* had attracted the favourable notice of a certain citizen, Marc Antoine Delamarre, the son of an ex-steward of an ex-nobleman of the province of Champagne; who, perceiving that the denunciation of the marquis, his seigneur, might afford a more lucrative return, than even the habitual malversations of his stewardship, had sent his master to the scaffold, and his son into the fiercest ranks of republican convention. But Marc Antoine, though sanguinary and unprincipled, had a heart open as day, or, as his classic namesake, to the influence of the fairer sex. For the sake of the pleading words of Clarice, accordingly, and still more for the sake of her hazel eyes, he had rendered his interrogation of the "aristocrate" of Mousseaux more forbearing than altogether became his functions; on the second visit he had openly avowed to the lovely mediatrix the motive of his unwonted humanity, inviting her to desert the cause of the titled fools, who despised her, and become the companion of an honest *sans-culotte*; and, on the third, finding his proposition treated with silent contempt, had burst into a tirade of injurious invective, which unluckily had the effect of rousing all the hitherto repressed energies of his Cleopatra. It was not what he said of herself, or to herself, that she resented; but his menaces against Madame de Brissac were accompanied by so gross and groundless a vilification of her character, that the grateful Clarice could no longer subdue her indignation. She knew that whatever might be the corruptions of the court, the life of her benefactress was blameless; and boldly challenging the insolent accuser, excited against herself such a complication of rage and passion, that her danger was now equally urgent, from the love and hatred of her adversary. For that time, however, she was safe. The instructions of Delamarre were not such as to authorise him in the arrest of Madame de Brissac, or her *protégée*. He therefore contented himself with uttering threats for the future.

It was on the day following this frightful scene that Clarice, having escaped from the heated atmosphere of the *boudoir* of Madame de Brissac, to refresh herself with momentary aspiration of purer air, and to collect her thoughts in solitary self-communion, was pacing, with agitated steps, the labyrinth adjoining the river, when she perceived one of the rush-rafts, so common at that place and season, suddenly pause opposite the gardens, and steer towards the shore. A minute afterwards, a man, habited in the vest and broad straw-hat of a fisher of the Seine, leaped on shore; and while the raft was pointed

back towards the current of the stream, she saw him descend into the fosse of the *saut-de-loup* surrounding the park, and having, with great agility, ascended the opposite wall, make his way towards the terrace. Clarice stopped short, and trembled. It was not that for a moment she dreaded to discover Marc Antoine in the person of this mysterious intruder. The eyes of affection have a searching glance; and, in a moment, she had detected the gallant, gay Adolphe, under the sordid weeds of his disguise. When, therefore, he advanced familiarly towards her, and, trusting to the high espaliers of the labyrinth to screen them from observation, drew her arm under his, pressed the trembling hand that lay upon his sleeve, and whispered the tale of his danger—the tale of his devotion—in a tone very different from that of his usual sprightly impertinence, Clarice could scarcely refrain from blessing the misfortunes which seemed to have extinguished the painful inequality between them.

Dear as was young Arnonville to his noble kinswoman, his arrival, though prompted by such generous motives, seemed but to add to her perplexities. An ancient *maître d'hôtel* of her neighbour the Duchess de Bourbon had been despatched back to Petit Bourg by that considerate friend, to be the guide of her projected flight to the frontier; and she foresaw that a guardian so impetuous as Adolphe would but augment the perils of the journey. Nevertheless she could but gratefully thank his intended services, more particularly when they were again and again pointed out by Clarice to her admiration; and it was finally agreed among them that, on the following evening, the duchess and Clarice, with the viscount disguised as a postilion, should quit the château, *en calèche*, as if for an ordinary excursion; proceed with their own horses as far as Etampes, where their persons were unknown, obtain relays of post-horses, and proceed onward to the coast. This plan satisfactorily arranged, Madame de Brissac related to her nephew the eventful history of the insults they had recently undergone; enlarging with much eloquence upon the passion kindled by Clarice in the susceptible breast of Monsieur Marc Antoine Delamarre; and the burst of rage with which the announcement of his pretensions was received by Adolphe might almost seem to justify the flush of delight and triumph with which every flattering word that fell from his lips was treasured up by his devoted votress. Mistaking the excitement with which the eventfulness of the times had animated his listless demeanour, for the first expansion of a more liberal frame of mind, she fancied herself becoming dear to him; she fancied that when the deluge of the revolution should subside, all things on earth would be found reduced to the level of nature, and that the frame of society in France could not again renew its artificial distinctions. Never had poor Clarice been so happy as on that evening of consternation; when, seated beside the sofa of Madame de Brissac, with Adolphe at her feet, they formed wild projects for the future, as if their destinies were inextricably interwoven.

But, at a very early hour on the following morning, a new alarm spread through the château. A

young man employed in the *octroi* of Corbeil, whose appointment had originated in the interest of Madame de Brissac, had been moved by feelings of gratitude to give them furtive information that they were about to be subjected to a fourth domiciliary visit; and that Delamarre, forewarned of their flight, had determined to arrest them. The first idea of Clarice, on obtaining this painful intelligence, was the concealment of Adolphe d'Arnonville; for *his* name was actually on the lists of proscription;—*him* Delamarre would be amply justified in consigning to the hands of the law. Five minutes, however, sufficed to immure him in one of the vaults of the château, originally destined to receive the produce of the extensive vineyards formerly attached to the domain; and when at midday Marc Antoine actually made his appearance at the head of his detachment, the poor girl felt satisfied that, whatever calamities might befall herself, the object of her affections was secure.

"Look you, *citoyenne* would-be-aristocrat!" cried Delamarre, seizing the arm of Clarice as she was about to take her station beside the duchess, while the château was submitted to the ordinary search for arms and suspected persons, "I have obtained due warning of your projected emigration. If the examination now instituting by my people should afford any shadow of grounds for your arrest,—nay, should it not, but at my own hazard and instigation,—I will consign both you and your mistress to the revolutionary tribunal of Corbeil, which has already sent the decapitated carcasses of so many titled traitors floating yonder into Paris, to rejoice the sight of the good patriots of the Grève. In pity, however, to your youth and folly, I first offer you once more the means of redemption. Be mine, and the old woman yonder may make her way towards her kindred in emigration, without obstruction or hindrance. You call yourself grateful, *Citoyenne* Clarice. I give you an occasion to save the life of her who from your childhood has fed you, clothed you, loved you,—and yet you hesitate!"

"My poor Clarice!" faltered the duchess, casting a wistful eye upon the young girl, whom she affectioned as a pet and companion, but by no means so dearly as to overcome the selfish terrors of her own heart.

"Decide, young woman," cried Delamarre; "the alternative will not long exist to perplex you;" and, taking a roll of papers from his vest, he proceeded to fill up a blank warrant of arrest with her own name and that of the ex-duchess.

"Grant me but till this hour to-morrow for decision!" cried Clarice, with a look of wan despair, and having already taken a desperate resolution. "Since I must needs part from my generous benefactress, afford me at least one day to gain courage for our eternal separation."

And Marc Antoine, better informed perhaps than she imagined, as to her motives for the request, jerked his papers back into his pocket with a significant smile; and after a moment's communication with the serjeant of the municipal guard, sneeringly announced his acquiescence in the demand of Clarice. He informed her,

with an air half-tender, half-contemptuous, that at the meridian hour of the following day he should return to seek his bride,—or his victim;—and straightway departed, not judging it necessary to acquaint her that three of his men were posted in the premises, to keep due watch over the movements of the chateau.

At nightfall, accordingly, Clarice, satisfied that they were once more secure from observation, ventured forth into the corridors, and, escorted by the old steward, descended the concealed staircase to liberate her beloved prisoner. But, lo! a rude hand was laid upon her shoulder as she placed her key in the stone door of the vault, and a gruff voice thanked her for having yielded a clue to the secret which the citizen Delamarre was so intent on discovering.

Having summoned, by a shrill whistle, his brethren in authority, the serjeant, whose *ruse* was now successful, had little difficulty in forcing the door against the resistance of Adolphe; and the promiscuous discharge of the pistols with which the prisoner had been provided by the care of Clarice, unfortunately produced no other effect than that of inflicting a severe wound upon that generous protectress! The poor girl stood leaning against the wall of the vault, bathed in her blood, and half fainting from weakness, while Adolphe, overpowered by numbers, was captured and heavily ironed. The aid of the servants of the house was requisite indeed to remove her from the fatal spot,—not yet, however, so insensible to all that was passing around her as not to hear with distinctness the parting apostrophe of Arnonville,—“Clarice, dearest Clarice! make no sacrifice you are likely to repent. Let not the danger of your friends impel you into a rash and miserable marriage!”

“He is not indifferent, then, to my fate!” murmured she, as she lay writhing on the bed of pain, awaiting the arrival of the surgeon, who had been summoned to her assistance. “Ah! when I thought he cared no more for me than for the spaniel sporting at his feet, even then I would not for a moment have placed my own happiness in competition with his safety; but now, what would I not do, what suffer for his sake!”

A few hours afterwards, and while yet labouring under the harassing effects of her wound, the immolation of Clarice was completed. She had signed an engagement with Marc Antoine Delamarre to become his wife so soon as her restoration to health might admit; and to accompany him to St. John of the Island, the ruins of which were converted by the Conventional Government into a *poudrière*, or powder-mill, under the direction of their good and faithful servant the Citoyen Delamarre, to whose domicile was assigned the adjoining mansion of the Knight Commander of the Order. Clarice scarcely shuddered when she reflected on the signature to this fatal promise; for, thanks to the promptitude of her self-sacrifice, Madame de Brissac and her nephew were already safe, on their road to the frontier, with the connivance of Delamarre. There had been no farewell interview between Adolphe and his kinswoman and the generous Clarice. The duchess protested that she had not courage to witness the

agony which was the price of her redemption from bondage; and Clarice scarcely desired to augment her own misery by the pangs of parting.

A year from that afflicting moment had passed away. Arnonville was fighting with the armies of Condé, Madame de Brissac telling her beads in the gloomy walls of Holyrood; the Château de Mousseaux leveled with the ground; its gardens devastated; its fine woods sold for the benefit of the nation. Blood had been poured forth like water from one end of revolutionised France to the other; whole families were swept away; and the grave-yards of the *Madelaine* and *Les Innocens* of Paris were fattened with the multitudes of dead.

But Clarice still lived,—if life that could be termed which was estrangement from herself. From the day of the duchess's departure, her mind had been never wholly coherent. She was aware, indeed, of the sufferings that had befallen her; but sometimes she appeared to know more, sometimes less than the truth. Yet, by some strange perversity, the passion of Delamarre seemed only to increase with her infirmity. He had consulted the best physicians in her behalf; and received an assurance that the mind disordered in its faculties by the strong emotions of some great crisis, is often, by a second crisis, restored to tranquillity. Clarice was about to become a mother; and it was augured that the strong excitement of her new position might suddenly recall her scattered wits. She was what is termed “harmless;” betrayed her aberration of intellect only by an unmeaning, ill-timed laugh, or some disjointed apostrophe; and Delamarre, still cherishing a hope that she might one day recover and reward his forbearance and assiduity by becoming an affectionate and complacent wife, was too well satisfied to retain the power of gazing upon her delicate and now almost ethereal loveliness, to suffer her to be removed to a place of confinement. Two rooms, overlooking the gardens of the abbey, were devoted to her use; and a nurse appointed to watch over her movements.

The time for her deliverance approached, and at length a fair girl nestled in the unconscious bosom of the lunatic. But reason returned not with the formation of this new and potent tie to life and happiness. Clarice laughed as wildly and strangely as ever, when the innocent creature was tendered to her embraces; and when consulted what name should be enregistered as that of her daughter, she answered, with a vacant smile, “Call her Adolphe,—call her Adolphe!”

Delamarre was fortunately not present to witness this disappointment of his expectations with respect to the influence of the birth of his child upon his wife's recovery. For some previous weeks, indeed, he had been compelled to leave the direction of the *poudrière* almost entirely in the hands of his foreman, and absent himself from the island for the execution of other official duties. The Reign of Terror was at its climax; and every day he received rebukes from those in authority, for the mildness with which his crusade against the aristocrats was prosecuted. The names of Brissac and Arnonville were specially enumerat-

ed in the charges brought against his zeal in the good cause; and it appeared that his own sole chance of escape from denunciation lay in increased severity of creed and action. He began to foresee the probability of falling under a sentence such as he had often been the means of fulfilling towards others; and scarcely dared to return to the lofty shades and green meadows of the island-convent. He had seen Clarice indeed but once since the birth of their child.

It was remarkable that, although the invalid by a vague air of restlessness and enquiry demonstrated her consciousness of his absence, she never enquired into the cause. For many months past she had ceased to betray impatience of his attentions, and was evidently imperfectly aware of his identity. She knew him not as the enemy of her benefactress, the captor of her lover,—the husband of her sorrow;—she saw in him only an assiduous friend, ever at hand to obey her summons and assuage her sufferings. She bore with him,—she almost loved him; not, it is true, as Marc Antoine Delamarre, but as the being kindest among those by whose kindness she was now surrounded. Yet among them there was one whose devotion was of no common kind, for the woman selected by Delamarre to watch over his afflicted Clarice—was her mother.

Ten days had elapsed since the birth of the infant, and Clarice was just able to totter round her apartment and look forth anew upon the face of nature. The summer was nearly at an end; but there was still perfume enough in the atmosphere of the gardens, and freshness enough in the foliage of the groves, to gratify her languid eyes. She began to miss something from her accustomed companionship.

"He is not here!" faltered she, gazing mournfully in the face of her mother. "It is not long since he was here. When will he come again?"

"Of whom are you speaking, *ma chérie*?" enquired the old woman.

"Of him—of Adolphe!" replied Clarice (for she had acquired a habit of calling every thing and every one that pleased her by the name of Arnonville). "Doubtless they have discovered him—arrested him. He is in the dungeons of Mousseaux; mother, let us go in search of him."

Aware that the poor maniac adverted to her husband, and expecting, from hour to hour, the return of Delamarre, the old woman contrived to pacify her for a time; but towards evening, as she was sitting musing beside the open window, the bells of St. Spire and St. Leonard of Corbeil—then converted into infantry barracks—suddenly rang out, as if in proclamation of some occasion of public rejoicing.

"Something great and good has happened!" cried Clarice, starting up; "I hear at a distance the acclamations of the people! Adolphe has escaped."

"What can have occurred?" ejaculated the old woman; and, putting forth her head from the window, she called aloud to the workmen, who, although the powder-mill was closed at dusk, often loitered about the premises on errands of their own. But no answer! not a soul was stirring!

Again the bells struck up a merry peal; and, excited as she was by the joyous sound, the infirm mother of Delamarre's wife little suspected how glorious were the tidings which produced these public demonstrations. Robespierre was no more—the reign of terror was at an end. The intelligence had just reached Corbeil, and young and old were pouring forth into the streets and market-place, with mutual congratulations.

"She is quiet enough to-night; I will just step down to the offices and enquire the meaning of all this joy and tumult," muttered the old woman to herself, when even her imperfect hearing was startled by the shouts of the distant multitude; and, having uttered an imperative injunction to Clarice not to attempt to quit the apartment during her absence, (the surest mode by which she could have pointed out to the maniac that she was accidentally at liberty), the old woman locked the door and stole down stairs, promising to return in a moment. But the offices to which she repaired were solitary—there was not a single soul on the premises; and having left Clarice musing and melancholy, safe in her nursing chair, the inquisitive old lady assured herself that no harm could arise from her hastening through the cemetery towards the mill at the extremity of the island, to prosecute her enquiries. "The poor child wants so sadly to know the cause of all this bell-ringing," was her apology to herself for her indiscretion; and away she scudded under the trees, enchanted at the prospect of a moment's gossip with *la mère Pinson*, at the mill.

The first object that struck her on arriving there (revealed by the light streaming from the windows, upon the little wooden bridge crossing the Juigné), was the person of her son-in-law.

"*Que diable fais-tu ici?*" was his instant salutation—an invocation which, but for her terror of the violence of her son-in-law, she might have been content to reiterate. "What was he, so long absent, doing there at last?"

"I came, at the request of Clarice, to ascertain what was going on," said she, checking herself, "and now let us return to the house."

"At the request of Clarice? Heaven be thanked! She is then sufficiently restored to feel an interest in what is going on around her! For once the doctors were right."

"Not altogether, I fear," faltered the old woman in reply; "our poor child can scarcely yet be said to enjoy the right use of her senses. Yet on such topics—"

"You have not surely left her *alone*?" cried Delamarre, as they were traversing the young plantation of poplars leading to the boundary wall of the cemetery.

"She was so calm, so tranquil, this evening, that I considered—"

"*Did you leave her alone?*" persisted Delamarre, in a voice of thunder. "Speak out!"

"I did then; but—"

"Infernal fool!" ejaculated the agonised husband, hastening his steps; "how dared you neglect my orders?"

But on reaching the wall of the churchyard leading to the commander's house, a spectacle

was before him that suspended the words of imprecation on his lips.

Extending from the second story of his house to a range of offices—formerly the farm-sheds of the convent, but for some time past serving as a temporary powder-magazine—was a massive but ruinous wall, part of that portion of the Abbey of St. John which was demolished on the ejection of the monks. At the farther extremity was a tower, partly standing at the present day, and said to have been originally used as a prison for recalcitrant brethren of the order; and on the summit of this wall, bending, or rather climbing, her way towards the dilapidated turret, stood Clarice, holding a lighted taper in one hand, and with the other folding closely around her the white draperies of her night-dress. On discovering herself alone, engrossed as she was by the fixed idea of going to deliver Adolphe from his imprisonment, she had escaped by a window, leading to the wall; and, thanks to the aerial lightness of her attenuated figure, and the rash security of her unshrinking steps, had hitherto escaped destruction.

Delamarre perceiving in a moment that a miracle alone could save her, felt, with a sad and sudden conviction, that of such a miracle he was wholly undeserving. He dared not even raise his voice to heaven to sue for its mercy in the preservation of his wife. All he could do was to seize the old woman with imperious violence, and clasp his hands over her mouth, to prevent the utterance of a single outcry, which might be fatal to her child.

The night was dark; and the taper, burning in the hands of Clarice, derived a sort of unnatural brilliancy from the contrast of its gloom; it was still, too, as it was obscure—scarcely a breath of air was stirring among the lime-trees; and Delamarre could distinctly hear the bricks of the ruined wall displaced and falling to the earth at every step hazarded by the poor lunatic. Never had her sweet countenance appeared more lovely to him than now, when irradiated by the strong light of that solitary taper; for her looks were brightened by the sweetest of smiles—she was happy—she fancied herself once more in pursuit of Adolphe.

So entrancing was the perturbation of Delamarre, as he stood with his eyes fixed on that appalling apparition, that even had he not known that the preservation of Clarice depended upon her not being startled, he was incapable of the utterance of a single syllable. His heart was swelling with hope almost to suffocation, for already Clarice had attained more than midway of her hazardous career; and she was now passing over the sheds serving as magazines; which, were she to fall, must necessarily break her descent and diminish her peril. But, mercy of mercies, a new danger now presented itself. The lighted taper! The powder!

Scarcely had this fearful notion occurred to Delamarre, when a shock as of an earthquake laid him and his companion prostrate on the earth; while high in air—so high as to be perceptible as far as Choisy on one side and Melun on the other,—rose a burst of impetuous flame,

reddening the heavens as with an announcement of the wrath of God,—an announcement spoken in thunders, even as when the Almighty communed on Mount Sinai with the rulers of his people!

Just as poor Clarice attained that portion of the ruins overhanging the magazine, the bells of St. Spire had unfortunately renewed their joyous peals, and her irrepressible start at the sound had proved fatal! Falling upon the very spot used by the workmen for packing canisters of powder, the overthrow of her taper among the particles had ignited them, and the ignition communicated itself to the vast store of barrels in the shed beyond; and, in an instant, the roar of the detonation announced that all was over.

* * * * *

The blackened and defaced walls of the Church of St. John of the Island still announce the dread event by which their ruin was completed; and, in a gloomy corner of the old cemetery, overshadowed by the drooping boughs of an ancient chesnut-tree, is a small mound—greener than the rest of its turf—which covers the fair corpse rescued by Delamarre, after many days' exertion, from the ruins. Horror-struck by the miseries provoked by his own ungovernable passions, Delamarre, immediately after the interment, sent in his resignation of the post of director of the republican powder-mill of St. John of the Island, and departed, with his infant child, to a distant part of the country. When next he was heard of at Corbeil, he was married again—prudently—wisely—and the father of two sons.

And now that the events of the first revolution are forgotten in the hopes and promises of a second, those sons, redeemed from their father's ignominy by the purchase of a *sarzonnette à vilain*, enjoy titles, wealth, distinction, in the gay circles of the French metropolis. They know nothing of the young sister, who lived not to share with them their father's inheritance; still less of the beautiful—the gifted—the sacrificed Clarice Delamarre—who sleeps in the secluded cemetery beside the waters of the Juigné. In the brilliant coteries of the Faubourg St. Honoré—in the *foyer* of the Italians—at Tortoni's—at the Salon—they sometimes meet the infirm Duc d'Arnonville, who, by the death of his brother, acceded some years ago to that title. Surprised by the eagerness with which the antediluvian libertine fixes his gaze upon them, they naturally attribute his inquisitorial glances to the excellence of their tailors, and of their own taste.

How could it occur to such men, that their importance in the eyes of the favourite of Charles X. might be traced to a little heap of mouldering dust in the cemetery of St. JOHN OF THE ISLAND?

PRESS IN SWITZERLAND.—In 1817 there were in all Switzerland no more than 54 printing offices and 16 journals; in 1830, there were 71 printing offices and 29 journals; and at present, there are 93 of the former and 54 of the latter.

From the London Athenæum.

Nautical and Hydraulic Experiments, with numerous Scientific Miscellanies. By Col. Mark Beaufoy, F.R.S. &c. Vol. I. royal 4to. Printed at the private press of Col. Beaufoy.

It is now some three or four months since certain gentlemen, known as connected with science in the two universities, and in the metropolis, found themselves each in possession of a goodly quarto volume of 700 and odd pages, superbly printed, illustrated by twenty plates—(among the finest specimens of machine engraving ever executed), and wood-cuts *passim*, and bearing the above title. As he opened this magnificent volume, each read upon the first page of it the following epistle dedicatory—his own name filling up the blank space in it.

* * * * *

"The acceptance of a copy of
Colonel Beaufoy's
Nautical and Hydraulic Experiments,
is most respectfully solicited by the Publisher.

For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.—SHAKESPEARE.

The second and third volumes will be duly forwarded as soon as printed.

"South Lambeth. HENRY BEAUFOY."

Of the munificence of the gift, some idea will be formed when we have described it. The following is the history of the work.

It appears that the attention of Col. M. Beaufoy, the author, and the father of the gentleman who, at his own great cost and charge, has published it—

... "had made his first experiments upon the resistance of solids moving through water, before he was fifteen years of age; and he pursued the subject, with unabated zeal, until within a few months of his death. His attention was first drawn to the subject in consequence of his hearing stated one evening by an eminent mathematician, as an axiom generally received by naval mechanics, that '*a cone drawn through the water with its base foremost, experienced less resistance from the fluid than with its apex foremost.*'

"This paradoxical assertion excited young Beaufoy's curiosity, and before bed-time, with the assistance of a neighbouring turner, he ascertained the fallacy of the alleged opinion, by making the experiment in one of the coolers in his father's brew-house, the large bunch of counting-house keys being put in requisition for a motive power."

The impetus was thus given, and the prevailing tendency of the man's thoughts seems strangely enough to have been fixed by it *for his life*;—of that life, so far as it was connected with science, the experiments and calculations recorded in the work before us are the result, and the work itself an appropriate monument erected at the hands of his son. The first experiments of Col. Beaufoy, on the resistance of fluids, were made by attaching different solid bodies to a pendulum suspended over a kind of trough containing water; the pendulum was inclined in each case at the same angle, and loaded, so as to have the same weight, and then being allowed to descend by this

weight through the fluid, the angle through which its first oscillation took place, was observed, and this angle was taken as a measure of the greater or less degree of resistance opposed by the fluid to its motion. There are numerous objections to this method of experimenting on fluid resistance; it is very possible that the body best calculated to move through fluid occupying the confined space of the trough, and revolving in a circular arc,* may not be that best calculated to move in a straight line, and through a mass of fluid of unlimited dimensions. And, moreover, the different solids used would have different momenta of inertia, of which their velocities at any instant in free space—and, therefore, their resistances in a resisting space,—would necessarily be functions. Thus, the correct interpretation of experiments on resistance made with the pendulum, would necessarily be very complicated and difficult; and, indeed, in the existing state of science, it would be impracticable. It was probably for these reasons that Col. Beaufoy held none of his pendulum experiments in any estimation; although he seems to have considered them sufficient for showing the comparative resistances of the solids tried under similar circumstances. On these experiments we shall make no further remark than this, that they indicate the singular fact, confirmed by other experiments of a far more accurate nature, that increasing the length of a solid of almost any form, by the addition of a cylinder in the middle, exceedingly diminishes the resistance with which it moves, provided the weight in water remain the same; also, that the greatest width of a body moving in a fluid, should not lie in the middle, but nearer to its anterior extremity.

Impressed with the insufficiency of these experiments, and viewing the subject, with justice, as one of national importance, Col. Beaufoy appears to have been the founder of a society calling itself 'A Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture.'

"A meeting, in consequence of a public advertisement for that purpose, was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, on Thursday, the 14th of April, 1791, to take into consideration the expediency of instituting 'A Society for the improvement of Naval Architecture.' It was attended by a numerous company of noblemen and gentlemen, when it was unanimously agreed:—

"That the theory and art of ship-building being objects of the first magnitude and importance to these kingdoms, and not so well understood in this country as matters of so much consequence deserve, a remedy for this radical deficiency merited the attention of every well-wisher to the true interests of Great Britain.

"That the most effectual remedy for this deficiency would be, to concentrate the theoretical and practical wisdom of this country, by the institution of a Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture.

"That such a society be instituted, under the direction of a president, vice-presidents, and other officers, and that his royal highness the Duke of Clarence be requested to accept the office of president, and to lay the plan of it before his majesty."

"This society resolved, by the assistance of their own

* The arcs described varied from 15° to 27°.

members, and other gentlemen properly qualified, to make a series of experiments on the resistance of water, upon a much more extensive scale than any which had yet been made in this or any other country.

"A committee of gentlemen was chosen for the purpose of conducting the experiments.

"The Greenland Dock was fixed upon as the largest and most convenient piece of still water for the purpose near London, and they chose the upper end, as there they would be less liable to be disturbed by the general business of the dock; and conceived that the 400 feet run, and 11 feet depth of water, obtained at that part of the dock, were amply sufficient to answer the views of the society.

"Though a committee of gentlemen was chosen, all of whom entertained the most ardent desire to render themselves useful in the business, yet from their professional and other individual concerns, few of them were able to bestow more than their occasional assistance; the whole onus, therefore, of regular attendance, from first to last, and of conducting the process, (for he never absented himself for a single day,) was borne by Colonel Beaufoy; the assistant secretary to the society, Mr. James Scott; and by Captain John Leard, as often as his nautical duties would permit him to attend.

"For some years the calculations were made at Colonel Beaufoy's residence at Hackney Wick, by himself, assisted by his wife, who contributed no inconsiderable share to the progress and success of the experiments; for, favoured alike in person and in mind, being a woman of considerable talent and scientific attainments, besides the usual female accomplishments in which she excelled, she was a good mathematician and practical astronomer, familiar with all the details of the observatory, the calculation of eclipses, &c.; and by method and strict economy of her time, while the domestic arrangements proceeded with perfect regularity, she was never at a loss for leisure in the furtherance of her husband's pursuits. But,

*'Pauca decet. rosâque tabellâ
Ut bene depictâ floris odore caret.'*

"She died in the year 1800, at an early age, after a few hours' illness; an irreparable loss to her husband. He survived her twenty-seven years, and proved the sincerity of his attachment to her memory by not marrying again. A few hours before he died, he spoke of her with emotion, which showed that time had not caused the smallest diminution in his affection for this estimable woman.

"After her decease the calculations were continued by Colonel Beaufoy, in association with the assistant secretary, Mr. James Scott. These calculations were attended with great labour and trouble, and occupied more than ten years subsequent to the final close of the experiments, at Greenland Dock. Colonel Beaufoy verified them for the fifth time shortly before his death.

"That a society, with objects so important, and commenced under such favourable auspices, should have sunk into decay for want of funds, is deeply to be regretted. In consequence of this event the experiments were, for a considerable period, conducted and brought to a conclusion solely at the expense of Colonel Beaufoy.

"At length, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing a perfect copy of the whole of the experiments, with appropriate drawings of the apparatus and solids employed, comprised in two folio volumes. To the first volume of which he appended a notice, that 'this was the only complete copy of the experiments in existence.' It is from this copy that the present publication is taken, without alteration or addition."

Whilst the experiments of the society were thus in the hands of Col. Beaufoy, and under-

going through a long course of years that process of careful verification, and were made the subject of those elaborate calculations, without which he appears to have resolved not to give them to the world, a set of experiments was undertaken in Sweden, having for their object the solution of the same question. These Swedish experiments were conducted under the sanction and at the expense of the society of ironmasters at Stockholm, by Messrs. Lagerhjelm, Farrelles, and Kalestenius, and were tried at Fahl mine in the years 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. Copies of the Swedish experiments were sent to Col. Beaufoy, and he made two ineffectual attempts to obtain, at his own expense, an English translation of them. In the meanwhile his scientific labours terminated. In the year 1827 this public-spirited man descended to the grave, where there is "no work, nor device, nor knowledge." The experiments and calculations to which he had dedicated, with a skill, industry, and perseverance, unparalleled in the history of science, more than thirty years of his life, were not, however, to be lost. His manuscripts were bequeathed to his eldest son, who determined to fulfil his father's wishes, by publishing the whole of them, together with the Swedish experiments, "for the benefit of those who might feel disposed to prosecute the investigation hereafter." In carrying this purpose into effect, he has spared neither labour nor money.*

"The Swedish language is rarely cultivated in England, and consequently it became extremely difficult to meet with a person who could combine the capabilities for translating a mathematical and abstruse work from Swedish into English, with a disposition to undergo the labour of arranging papers,—of superintending the press,—and of preparing, by way of preliminary, exact copies of the original manuscripts for the printer.

"After many fruitless enquiries, and when there appeared no chance of the work being published agreeable to the colonel's intentions, a lucky incident occurred which removed every difficulty."

Difficulties vanish before the energy and perseverance of the Beaufoys. This lucky expedient was no other than the *engaging of a gentleman of university education to learn the Swedish language*, and thus qualify himself for the duties of a translator. In the spring of 1832, when he had succeeded in translating the first volume, this gentleman was sent over to Stockholm to lay the translation before the learned author, Assessor Lagerhjelm—

.. "who, being an excellent English scholar, could satisfy himself that the translator had rendered the Swedish

* Some idea of the expense of the work and the dereliction of the publisher, may be formed from the following passage in a note which has reference to some trifling errors which he had detected in the work. "At one time the publisher felt disposed to have cancelled the whole edition (1550 copies), and to have reprinted the work; but seeing that he had already paid more than three thousand pounds for what had been done (i. e. to the first volume), he thought it more advisable to adopt the plan of inserting the Table of Corrected Reading—a decision which, under all circumstances, he trusts will meet with the approbation of the reader."

into English according to the true spirit and meaning of the author.

"The assessor was pleased to express himself in terms of warm commendation of his performance, and zealously afforded him every assistance towards the perfection of the undertaking. Not content with lending his English visitor with personal kindness and attention, he interested himself in bringing the object of the reverend gentleman's voyage to Stockholm before the Society of Iron Masters, who, doubtless at Assessor Lagerhjelm's suggestion, most liberally and considerably offered the use of the copper-plates belonging to the original Swedish work, in order to facilitate and diminish the expense of the publication. * * *

"The work will consist of three volumes.

"The first volume will contain Colonel Beaufoy's experiments upon the Resistance of Solids moving through Water, made at Greenland Dock, divided into the First and Second Series, containing the whole of Vols. I. and II. of the original MS.

"The second volume will contain the translation of the first and second volumes of the Swedish Hydraulic Experiments, and also that of the '*Tentamen Theoria Resistentie Fluidorum constituenda*.'

"The third volume will contain Colonel Beaufoy's Miscellaneous Papers, chiefly reprinted from Thompson's Annals of Philosophy. These papers are numerous, and treat on astronomy, naval architecture, air, magnetism, meteorology, tides, trigonometry, sound, and other scientific subjects.

"It is possible that these miscellanies may require a fourth volume; but, be that as it may, the second volume will include the translation of the first and second volumes of the Swedish Experiments upon Hydraulics, and will close with Assessor Lagerhjelm's '*Tentamen Theoria Resistentie Fluidorum constituenda*.' If Providence permits, such is the course of publication intended to be pursued. The uncertainty of human life, and the vicissitudes of health and circumstances, may not suffer the fulfilment of the entire work. The object must be, therefore, to make each volume complete in itself.

"The united experiments made by the English and Swedish philosophers have not cost so little as 50,000*l.* sterling; and it would be a melancholy event should fire or accident deprive the world of a body of experiments, which are believed to be unparalleled in extent and accuracy, by any that have been made heretofore upon this particular branch of hydrostatics.

"The number of copies (1500), multiplied as they now will be through the medium of the press, may possibly match the labours of these disinterested men from oblivion.

"The whole course of Colonel Beaufoy's life was devoted to the cultivation of science, and spent in the advancement of useful knowledge; yet, in no one instance, did he seek (much less derive) the smallest personal advantage from his scientific occupations. His aim was to be useful in his station,—his ambition was to contribute his mite to the aggregate of human improvement,—and, with the exception of the commencement of the Greenland Dock experiments, the whole of his researches were conducted by himself, and at his sole expense.

"As Colonel Beaufoy's scientific labours were given to the public gratuitously, so, likewise, are these volumes intended for the honour of gratuitous distribution."

Some alteration has taken place in the order of the volumes. The translator engaged by Mr. Beaufoy has gone to Archangel, having become the chaplain of the Russian (British) factory there; and he has thus been prevented from making a second journey to Stockholm, which Mr. Beaufoy considers necessary, to verify his translation of the second volume of the Swedish

Experiments. This second volume of the Swedish Experiments is therefore reserved for the third volume of Mr. Beaufoy's work; and his second volume will contain the remainder of his father's experiments on nautical subjects, and the first volume only of the Swedish Experiments.

Of the experiments (many thousands in number), which are registered in this volume, only a slight notice can here be given. They were made at the Greenland dock, in the years 1793, 1794, 1796, 1797, 1798; and the object of them was to ascertain the actual amount of resistance opposed to the motion of bodies of different dimensions moving in a fluid; one set of experiments being made near the surface, and the other at a mean depth of six feet.

A body floating at rest sustains on all sides of it certain pressures, which may be resolved into horizontal and vertical: the vertical pressures are all neutralised by the weight of the body, and are together equal to that weight. The horizontal pressures neutralise one another: those on any portion of one side of the body being exactly balanced by others on a corresponding portion of the other side. If the body be put in motion in any direction (say horizontally), the equilibrium of both these sets of forces is destroyed—the horizontal pressure on that side towards which the body is moving is increased, and that on the side from which it is moving is diminished: the resistance is the difference of the head and stern pressures; and for both these causes it is increased. Also it appears by recent experiments, that not only is the equilibrium of the horizontal forces thus destroyed; but that although the disturbing force is applied wholly in a horizontal direction, the equilibrium of the vertical forces is destroyed by it, so that the sum of the vertical pressures is no longer equal to the weight, but is made to exceed it, and cause the floating body to rise out of the fluid. It is remarkable, that in the numerous and varied experiments of Colonel Beaufoy, made as well at the surface as below it, this fact, of which such advantage has since been taken in canal navigation,* did not occur to him; we cannot help viewing this as a great misfortune; the opportunities he had of ascertaining, in the course of his experiments, the nature and law of this vertical disturbance, and his admirable skill, perseverance, and accuracy, as an experimenter, render it a real loss to science, that his attention should not have been directed to this point; and it is more particularly

* It has been ascertained, that when floating bodies are put in motion, by means of a horizontal force, with more than a certain velocity, they rise out of the water so as materially to diminish the resisting surface, and, of course, the resistance. Advantage has been taken of this fact in canal navigation; and a barge, which will contain somewhere about 100 passengers, is now actually dragged along a part of the Forth and Clyde canal, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The Edinburgh and Glasgow passage boats commonly travel at the rate of nine miles an hour. Mr. Challis has, in the last number of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions, endeavoured to account for the elevation of a sphere drawn horizontally through a fluid, by investigations derived from the general equations of fluid motion.

to be regretted, because the question is one affecting, in some degree, the valuable results contained in the volume before us, especially those made near the surface in the years 1793, 1794, 1795. Of the effects of this vertical disturbance several instances are mentioned. We are told, that where the heads were obtuse, and the velocities considerable, the water would not unfrequently rise so as to flow over the top of the body; and that, in some cases, "the water thus collecting on its fore part, must displace it vertically; the resistance in these cases is essentially different, as may be seen by comparing the experiments in pages 139 and 155. The experiments made in 1796, 1797, 1798, were principally at a considerable depth beneath the surface, and here (except in respect to the conductor,) the same source of error could not exist; these experiments constitute, by far, the most valuable part of the work. It is impossible, within our limits, to give any thing like an accurate notion of the important practical results deducible from these experiments. The following are, nevertheless, some of them:—When a floating body passes from a state of rest to a state of horizontal motion, there results evidently, as we have before stated, an increase of the pressure upon its head, and a diminution of that on the stern. The sum of increase, and this diminution, constitute the whole resistances. Now, in the work before us, there is detailed a very ingenious method by which these two pressures have been (we believe for the first time,) separated, and their amount separately measured. The bodies experimented upon were each composed of three pieces, a head-piece, a body, and a tail-piece, capable of being separately attached to one another, or varied in any way, so that to the same head-piece and body might be attached a different tail-piece, &c. Attaching in this manner to the same head-piece and body triangular tail-pieces of different lengths, it was found, that the whole resistance diminished as the length of the tail-piece increased, until it exceeded a certain length, or the angle, which terminated it, was less than a certain angle, then (the effect of friction being deducted) any farther increase of length or acuteness of the tail-piece produced no alteration in the resistance. Now, since, before this limit was attained, an increase in the length of the tail-piece—the head, &c. remaining the same—diminished* the resistance, it was concluded, that the stern pressure upon the body was less diminished by its motion, as its tail-piece was longer; and since, beyond a certain limit, this effect ceased, it was concluded, that there this diminution of the

stern pressure by the motion did not take place at all, and that the stern pressure was the same as though the body were at rest. Thus, a body with such a stern end as this would have no resistance offered to it, but that upon its head; and, the head resistance being thus ascertained, if this head-piece be combined with any other stern, and, from the whole observed resistance, that ascertained to be due to the head be subtracted, the remainder will be the stern resistance. Thus, the amounts of the two resistances may, in any case, be correctly ascertained, and the result admits of easy verification by joining a head and stern, whose respective resistances have been determined *independently*. Verifications of this kind established the truth of the method; and, for every experiment, we have the head and stern pressures given us in the tables *separately*.

It was found that the head resistance varied according to a law which was somewhat less than that of the square of the distance, deviating more as the velocity was greater, also, that the stern pressure follows nearly the same law—a fact which remarkably verifies the theorem so recently introduced into the theory of fluid motion by Professor Moseley, and first, we believe, demonstrated by him as a *general* principle of hydrodynamics. Among the most remarkable results of these experiments, and one of great practical importance, is this, it is proved incontestibly that the resistance upon a body is diminished, *ceteris paribus*, by increasing its length. Thus, if a sphere be cut into hemispheres, and then separated by a cylinder, the solid thus formed will move through a fluid with greatly less resistance than the sphere itself would. It required, for instance, a weight of 6285 pounds to move a sphere at the rate of 13.527 feet per second through the water, and only 4971 to move, with the same velocity, a body compounded of its two hemispheres and an intervening cylinder. It may be presumed, that in both these cases the head resistance was the same, and that the cylinder produced its effects by diminishing the stern resistance—and probably, by allowing time for the first deflexion of the fluid at the head to be overcome, and thus facilitating the influx into the space which the moving body, as it advances, continually leaves behind it. On the same principle, a cube was found to move with less resistance than a square plain, having the same area with one of its sides, and a cylinder with less resistance than a circular area of the same dimensions with one of its sections.

Some of the experiments we have before stated to have been made at the surface, and others at different depths beneath it. Now, in reference to these, it was observed, that, deducting the effects of friction, there was, in all cases, more resistance to a body moving at the surface than to the same body immersed. This remarkable fact is probably to be assigned to the same cause—the greater facility of influx behind—the moving fluid now pouring into the space left by the body as it advances from above as well as from below and sideways, and its influx being accelerated by the superincumbent weight.

To ascertain the effect of curved lines on the

* We see here a reason for the elongated forms of fishes.

resistance, two bodies were formed precisely of the same dimensions and form, except that the head of one was triangular and the other elliptical, the extremities of both being at the same distances from the thickest part; the body with the elliptical head was found to move with greatly less resistance than the other.

Friction on the same body was found to vary according to a law somewhat less than that of the square of the velocity; in different bodies it was found to depend very greatly upon the *nature* of the surfaces used—a fact to which sufficient attention does not appear to be paid: even the slime which collects in a very short time on the surface of a body floating at rest, is sufficient to produce a very sensible alteration in this respect; and for the amount of friction on perfectly smooth surfaces, by no means a sufficient allowance appears to be commonly made. These experiments clearly show it to be quite possible that ships built in every other respect alike, may differ very greatly in their rates of sailing, by reason only of a slight difference in the smoothness of their bottoms.

In concluding the lengthened notice which we have thought due to this important work, we have only to express our obligations to the publisher for the munificent gift he has laid on the altar of science. By the time his work is completed, it will, it is reported, have cost, together with the experiments it records, a sum of 60,000*l.*, the value of thirty years of assiduous labour not being counted in this estimate. There is a munificence and devotion about this gift which have, we believe, no parallel in the history of science. Experiments and calculations, equally laborious and expensive, may have been made elsewhere, but they have been made by societies of men, and at the national expense. We believe it to be characteristic of the wealth, the genius, and the enterprise of the British nation, that so noble, so national a work has here sprung from the patriotism, the scientific ardour, and the private resources of an individual.

THE SULTAN.—The learned and enlightened Sultan of Turkey has presented to the widowed mother of the late gifted and lamented Mr. Arthur Lumley Davids a splendid diamond ring, by the hands of J. H. Mandeville, Esq. (recently Minister of Legation at Constantinople), in return for a copy of the English grammar, presented to his highness by the author (Mr. Davids), and dedicated to him by special permission. In forwarding the ring to Mr. Mandeville by his Reis Effendi, the sultan requested it might be delivered to Mrs. Davids, as a testimonial of his approbation of the immense labour and great research exhibited in her son's extraordinary work, and of his regret at the too early loss of such a genius, who died of spasmodic cholera three weeks after the publication, and within the same time of the completion of his majority. From an immense mass of manuscripts left behind him, his mother intends selecting many for the press, to which she has already written the preface. He was her only son.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON NATIONALITIES.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"I hate the French," says the one-legged sailor of Goldsmith, "because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes." This sentiment is not extravagantly portrayed, for there are a great many people whose patriotism is a horse of the same colour; and in these individuals I dare affirm the wooden shoes come in for a greater share of hatred than the slavery: such a perversity governs the passions of men, that they seldom love or hate one another for the right reason. I know not whether Beranger had the above expression in view when he penned his ironical *Anglomane*, but the introductory couplet furnishes quite a pendant to Jack's unsophisticated antigallican speech—

"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,
G—d dam moi ! j'aime les Anglais."

Which I propose to translate—

John Bull you wear a shocking bad hat,
But, sacre ! I don't dislike you for that.

Leaving it very plain that he thinks it fair not to like a man who ensconces his caput in a felt of outlandish proportions. Some of these antipathies have been conquered on both sides, but the two nations have their own modes of thinking still. All men were sent into the world for the same end, yet it seems they will think differently on points where one would suppose they were made to agree. We know that mankind differ, and we have a thousand ingenious reasons to account for these differences, but I am not aware that I recollect a satisfactory one.

Human nature, according to the oft-repeated maxim, is the same every where. Now general maxims I hold to be worth very little: they are commonly either false or insignificant. It is true that all men have the same passions, but it is not true that they universally assume the same modes of operation, or lead to the same results, or exhibit the same moral phenomena in their progress and effects. It is a dangerous error to trust altogether to this crude principle in our calculations upon the conduct of men. When Augustine Iturbide returned to Mexico from his banishment, doubtless he expected the result would be an exact copy of Napoleon's return from Elba, on the strength of the popular maxim; but what was the consequence? Napoleon regained a throne, and Iturbide was shot for a runaway. Such are the miscalculations of those who confide in general maxims, and do not make proper distinctions.

Leaving this, however, for the moralist or the metaphysician to explain, I will only remark further, that let men differ as they will in their modes of thinking, they appear to be aiming at the same point,—they all wish to think right. All nations, however rude or savage, have some idea of a quality which they praise under the name of virtue, goodness, justice, or the like, although their habits may exhibit some points which strike our eyes as contradictions to such an idea. The South African who lives by plundering the flocks and herds of his neighbour, has certain notions of property

which do not precisely tally with the code of laws in which we glory. A Caffre chief was once put to his catechism by one of the missionaries. "What is the chief end of man?" asked the divine. "To steal cattle," was the ingenious reply.

Now the honest missionary, who looked, I dare say, for some refined theological subtlety in answer to his query, was much shocked at this strange answer, and fell straightway into some very dismal surmises as to the morals of a people who made such an open profession of thieving; yet do you think the Caffre might not be an upright man after his own fashion? In the matter of quadrupeds, to be sure, he is not a text for our handling, but in other respects he might be just, and veracious, and beneficent,—in short, an honest man, in spite of his kill-cow principles.

It is equally clear that the French may be a good sort of people in spite of their wooden shoes. The anecdote perhaps is yet remembered of the Englishman in a coffee-house who refused to sit at the same table with his neighbour because he never ate mustard with his beef. This difference alone completely occupied his mind, and under the impression thus created, he looked upon the mustard-avoider as a being of a distinct species. The thing was natural: in comparing other people with ourselves, we are struck vastly more by the differences than by the resemblances. How many there still remain among us, who in imagining a Frenchman, do not consider the thousand characteristics which he has in common with themselves, but think only of fiddling, frog-eating, and *parley voo*!

But let all that pass; my purpose is to specify a few national peculiarities rather than to account for them. Are the English more humane than the French, or the reverse? The French are allowed to be the more polite, and as politeness is the outward expression of good feeling, it follows that the French exhibit more external evidence of humanity. This, however, is not the question, as it is possible to do the most disagreeable things in the politest manner in the world. The French avoid sanguinary punishments, and their juries have the greatest aversion to convict capitally. The disregard of human life in street accidents seems to be vastly greater in London than in Paris, or indeed than in any other city. Not even in the Toledo of Naples, where the whole city is out of doors, and horses and carriages are perpetually driving through the dense mass of population, is it possible to witness the hundredth part of those occurrences which meet the eye in the London journals under the title of "Cab and Omnibus Nuisance," or "Accident from furious driving."

A Frenchman is more cheerful than an Englishman—that is, in company, for a Frenchman appears to be miserable when left alone. On this point the Englishman has certainly the advantage, as he is not dependent upon others for enjoyment. Nevertheless, the sociability of the Frenchman appears the more amiable: give him salad, soup, and chatter, and he wants nothing more to fill up the day. The Frenchman makes a parade of his feelings: the Englishman studies

to conceal them. The one affects the enthusiast, and the other the stoic. A Frenchman does not forget that the world is looking on him even at *l'article de mort*. How many smart sayings were prepared for utterance at the last moment by those who fell by the guillotine during the reign of terror! The *perruquier* who, a few weeks since, committed suicide, because, according to his own account, he had calculated all his chances, and found he could never be so great a man as Napoleon, was perhaps quite sincere in his grief; but was it not genuine French vanity, the ostentation of feeling, that induced him to make this display? The grief alone did not cause the suicide, but the opportunity of making it known to the world in this very striking and theatrical style was so tempting.

Another incident of a kindred complexion is still more recent. A little girl kills herself in the regular charcoal way, because she feared her parents did not love her! But mark the desire for exhibition and effect even in a child. This little creature had taken the pains to learn to write, solely for the purpose of leaving behind her a letter explaining her motives! She might have done this orally to her parents, her relatives, and acquaintance; but this was not sufficient, the world must know it, and a suicide would not be regularly sentimental without a letter. Here again we have the *coup de théâtre*.

Are mankind ever likely to lose their national characteristics? New systems of policy reconcile those who have been accustomed to regard each other as hereditary enemies. The intercourse of travelling and trade, a more liberal interchange of thought by literary intercourse, the reciprocal adoption of foreign customs, and other similar causes, are in action, and not without effect. The Italians drink beer, the French are convinced that the *trottoir* may have its advantages over the *totalité de la rue*; yet is there any disappearance of what constitutes the real distinctions? Are not our neighbours the same in substance that they ever were? The age of chivalry is past among them, and a little alteration in outward behaviour may be remarked, yet they are in substance the men of the *fronde*, of Louis XIV., of the revolution, and of the empire. Political circumstances have brought in the dynasty of the grocers; yet a Frenchman is a Frenchman still.

It has been remarked that, in times of great political excitement, the French theatres are the most crowded, while the reverse is true in the case of the English. A Frenchman is every thing in a crowd, he is nothing alone: only persuade him that *tout le monde* will do this or that, and he is ripe for it at once. Under this excitement there is no excess, good or bad, of which he is not capable. But *saurez qui peut* is a sound that puts his self-possession to flight. Look at a French crew in a shipwreck; what panic, insubordination, blind precipitancy, confusion, and despair! How different from the cool presence of mind which an English sailor preserves in the same circumstances! It is here that the individual is every thing. How many a British ship has foundered at sea, and gone down with every man at his post!

Why is John Bull so notorious a grumbler? Why does he grumble at home and grumble abroad?—grumble at his meat, and grumble at his drink?—grumble at sunshine, and grumble at rain?—grumble at Hardy's dishes, and at the vintage of Ai?—and at roast beef and heavy wet?—grumble at the fog and smoke of London, and at the sky and landscape of the Campagna Fellece?—grumble at a quick time, grumble at common time, and grumble against time?—for he confesses to all this, honest man! Is it that John cares more for his personal comfort than other people, or that he only wishes to make a show of this super-serviceable egotism?

Fogs, rain, and raw winds, keep the English within doors: hence their occupations and amusements have a fire-side character: but the French and Italians are an out-of-door people; they are of the air, airy. An Italian must have sunshine as a fish must have water; his nature must be changed ere he can live without it. Yet there are strange contradictions here. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," appears to be the motto of the Italians, yet this sensual people produced Dante and Galileo, Tasso and Buonarrotti.

A little girl of my acquaintance at Florence surprised me one day in a pensive mood.

"What are you doing here all alone?"

"I was thinking of something."

"Think! Holy Virgin! you think! a *giovannotto* without wife or child! What can you have to think about?"

Now there spoke the true Italian, for without wife or child, which, according to Corporal Trim, are the only things that can make a man sorrowful, one may sit in the sunshine all day, and practise that "sweet do-nothing," which is the *summum bonum* with these people; and while he can do this, no Italian it seems can imagine an inducement to subject himself to the labour of thinking.

Englishmen are proud, Frenchmen are proud, but the Italians are not proud. I must make an exception in the case of the Romans. "*Sono Romano Io*" is an expression that comes forth as majestically as "*Je suis Français moi*," or "Do you know, sir, I am an Englishman?" But the Roman pride is different from that of the two others: an Englishman's or a Frenchman's pride rests quite as much upon what his nation *is*, as on what it *has been*, but a Roman is proud only of the past, for how can a Roman be proud of any thing present except the *matériel* of which his city is composed, and which of course is not the work of his hands? The populace, however, may still believe, for aught I know to the contrary, that the eternal city yet gives laws and legions to the world, since the regular clap-trap at the theatre is the expression, "*Roma invincibile sempre sarà*."

The old caricatures of meagre, starveling Frenchmen are, after all, not without truth. It is impossible to mistake their faces for English—there is a thin, unsubstantial, soup-and-salad appearance about them, which contrasts strikingly with the roast-beef robustness of the sturdy *insulaires*. Any one who has seen a French regiment under arms must have been surprised too at the diminutive stature of the soldiery; they

are mere boys in height. The newspapers recently furnished us with an account of a decently tall recruit being sent home as unfit for a soldier on account of his height. Some ingenious reason was invented for this, but the true cause was, his comrades could not bear to be reminded of their diminutive looks by comparison with him. If you ask a French officer, he will endeavour to persuade you that short men are selected from choice, because they move quicker, and every thing with the French soldiery depends on celerity of movement!—so reluctant is a Frenchman to allow his inferiority in any thing. Napoleon's victories have cost the male population three quarters of an inch of their altitude. The English are an inch taller than the French, but the Yankees are taller still, for they are on an average nearly an inch taller than the English.

The politeness of the Parisians is less the expression of any real amiability of feeling, than a consciousness that it behoves them not to lose sight of the fact that *Paris est le centre du bon goût*. In truth, they are for ever obtruding upon your notice the substance of the old inscription in front of the Louvre—

"Earth no such folks, no folks e'er such a town
As Paris is—sing derry derry down."

One is surprised to remark the interest which old people among the French retain to the last for the amusements and pursuits of their youth. It is common to see aged and gray headed men as hotly engaged in discussing theatrical affairs as the most hair-brained youngsters of seventeen; and it is quite amusing to note the nicety of their criticisms upon the coiffure of Mademoiselle Mars, or the twirls of Taglioni's toe, when, from the marks of time upon their visages, you would imagine they had little to think of but to make up their accounts for the other world. In scientific pursuits it is the same; the chemist, the geologist, the naturalist, will debate with one foot in the grave, about acids, and strata, and genera, and species, with all the ambitious heat and dogmatism of youth. The Italians have much the same characteristic. Canova, in his last sickness, was told by his physician that he could live but two or three months longer—"*Dunque non farò più Venere*" was his reply. What a sad reflection, that he should "make no more Venuses!"

What is the main object in life of a Frenchman?—*Faire claquer son fouet*. Of an Italian?—*Dolce far niente*. Of an Englishman?—To be comfortable. The others know not what manner of thing comfort is; they have no word for it, as they have no word for home. What is comfort? It is not pleasure, though it is pleasant—all languages have a word for that. It is the agreeable sensation we have of the absence of some particular distress, or annoyance, or incommodity. A fire in cold weather is comfortable; dry clothes, after we have been wet to the skin are comfortable; sunshine, after fog or rain, is comfortable—in short, all comforts, properly so called, seem to belong to the ungenial climate of the north, because the discomforts are sufficiently numerous to give rise of necessity to the correla-

tive term. There is, therefore, a physical reason for the existence of the thing, and a philological one for the existence of the word, among the people of the north exclusively.

Many people find it difficult to account for the difference between the English and the inhabitants of southern Europe, as to temperance in drink. Wine countries, say some, are proverbial for temperance. England produces no wine, therefore the English are not temperate. It is true that in the south of Europe drunkenness is uncommon, but if England produced wine, the habits of the people would nevertheless, I am of opinion, be much the same on this point as they are at present; though wine may be less hurtful than spirit or malt liquor. The truth is, the desire for strong liquors, so common to all northern nations, is owing to peculiarities in their climate and food, rather than the lack of vineyards. These peculiarities are the coldness and moisture of the air, and the use of animal food. Under the soft and genial sky of the south, the native feels no want of that internal stimulant to fortify him against the severity of the elements. His food consists wholly or in a great measure of vegetables—he performs little labour: in both cases you find a reason for his refraining from strong drink.

On the contrary, the inhabitant of the north finds himself perpetually exposed to the unfriendly action of cold and moisture, and the necessity of cordial drinks to counteract their influence seem a part of his constitution by nature. The soil he cultivates is less productive; he labours more, and requires more solid and nourishing aliment than the native of the south. Animal food is not only a provocative to drink, but, to a certain degree, renders strong liquors necessary to help its digestion. All the northern nations among whom animal food has been common have ever been addicted to the use of strong drink. Beer and mead constituted the nectar of the Scandinavians long before the art of distillation was discovered, or the juice of the grape had been carried into the north. The Tartars, who subsist upon animal food, and can procure neither spirit, wine, nor beer, in the pressure of their necessity for a beverage agreeing with their victuals, will brew an intoxicating liquor from milk: so difficult it is for a flesh eater to be a water drinker.

People have speculated much on the influence of literature upon society. It appears to me that they run the scent the wrong way. We are told that literature forms the manners of a people. This is a mistake. Manners create literature, and not literature manners. The Italians are not sensual and dissolute because Boccaccio wrote licentious tales, but Boccaccio gave free descriptions of free manners already existing. The Voltaires, the Diderots, and the D'Alemberts did not bring about the French revolution by their writings, according to the vulgar belief; for as Lord Byron truly remarked, the encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without producing a revolution, had not the remote causes previously existed in the social and political institutions of the country. The literature of any age or country will always reflect to a certain degree the manners and opinions current at the time, but the

causes which mould a national character lie deeper than in the pens of individuals who sit in their closets to write, for the amusement of those who sit in their closets to read.

The most polite, good-natured and amiable among the Italians are the Tuscans. The politeness of the Parisians is, in a great degree, mere grimace; but the civility of the Florentines is the expression of much real kindness of feeling. The Romans are notoriously surly and suspicious, in comparison, let it be understood, with the other Italians. The Neapolitans exhibit great extremes: nothing can be more cringingly servile than the behaviour of some, nothing can exhibit more impudent effrontery than the behaviour of others. They are utterly devoid of any sense of that quality with which we are so familiar by the name of *impertinence*. A fellow will pick your pocket while you are buying an orange of him in the street, and if caught in the act he will laugh in your face, and expect a continuance of your custom as if nothing had happened. A *cicerone* whose services you decline will dog you, nevertheless, the whole day long, though you threaten to knock him down an hundred times; he pursues you round every corner, follows you into every shop, thrusts himself, covered with tatters and dirt, into the faces of your companions, male or female: no place is sacred from his intrusion: you may thrust him out of your bed-chamber, and he will continue to lie in wait at the door.

The impudence of a Neapolitan coachman may be considered as the beau ideal of that quality for which this class of worthies has been long celebrated. It is quite a perilous enterprise for a stranger on his first arrival at Naples to venture into the Largo del Castello, a place where jarvies most do congregate: he cannot take a step without having a whip cracked in his face with the cry of a *carroz!* a *carroz!* for such is the way these fellows beat up for custom: they sit upon the boxes, and horsewhip every gentlemanly-looking person that comes within the reach of their lash. They may put out your eyes, but any one of them would be astonished should you refuse to employ him on that account. Whenever I have been passing down a narrow street and chanced to espy an empty carriage a-head, I have always been certain that the driver would stretch his vehicle across the street from wall to wall, shutting up all passage, unless I chose to walk into the door of the carriage, which he took care always to hold open for the purpose. A stout stick was commonly my only means of raising the embargo.

"What a blundering fellow is that brother waiter of yours," said I one day to the attendant of a *café* in Florence.

"True, true," he replied; "but what else can you expect from him? he is a Roman!"

These antipathies, for they are nothing more, are not, however, so strong as they were during the middle ages. The Romans are slothful in comparison with the Tuscans, yet their intellect is regarded as not at all inferior by the other Italians. It is remarkable, notwithstanding, that Rome has given birth to so few men of genius, and Florence to so many. What great names of

modern times belong to Rome? I can recollect not one. Even going back to classical ages, I can call to mind only Julius Cæsar. But Florence, "little Florence," has had for her sons Dante, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo, and Macchiavelli, and a host of others, if others need be named after these.

Different nations charge one another with being proud. John Bull formerly laughed at his neighbour across the channel for the airs he gave himself on account of *le grand monarque*, and latterly for the same behaviour on the score of *le grand empire*. It is true the Frenchman has always been a great propagandist, but is the excess of pride really so much on his side? Is not John Bull quite as self-satisfied as his neighbour? Has he not engrained this feeling into the very idiom of his vernacular tongue, being sure thereby to remind himself by contrast of his own accomplishments, when he speaks of taking "French leave," drinking "Dutch courage," "walking Spanish," and the like? It is very easy for him to apply the epithets of boastful and vain-glorious to the French, the Spaniards, or the Americans, when they take the liberty to praise themselves in a style which he thinks not to be in the best taste; but if he were aware of the truth, he would know that he is apt to crow in as high a note as any fowl there is flying. National pride is not a difficult thing to discover in any quarter, for all nations have something to be proud of.

National pride or vanity gives rise to strange misnomers. "Merry England" and "Notre belle France," are household words in the two countries, while all the world knows that England is not merry nor France beautiful. But *ad ogni uccello suo nido è bello*; even the Dutch believe that paradise was situated somewhere upon the Zuyder Zee. These things, after all, only prove that the people are attached to their respective homes; and to complain of others for their expressions of national pride and self-esteem, is to complain of the proper and natural operation of things.

National antipathies appear to have exhibited themselves in ancient times pretty much the same way as at present, in incorporating opprobrious expressions with the vulgar language. The Roman literature has made us familiar with the *Punica fides*, but had we Punic authority instead of Roman, doubtless the charge of mendacity would lie as strongly the other way.

The Americans are proud,—prouder than the English or French, just as a child is prouder than a man. This I say not in their disparagement, but the contrary: the thing is perfectly natural, and is an indication of the right sort of character. What hopes can we entertain of a man who has no pride? Who can be worse off than he who cares nothing for what is said of him? The Italians, generally speaking, as I have said before, have no national pride. You may abuse his country, and government, and social institutions, and men and women, and all things therewith connected, moral, political, mechanical, or metaphysical, to the face of a Neapolitan, and he will make no gainsaying or denial: what does he care? He is not proud, and, not valuing your praise, he

will not study to deserve it. Here is the secret: did he feel any concern for what others say about him, he would strive to amend his condition.

"Ah! serva Italia, di dolore ostello!"

Now, there is not a people in the world more sensitive to the opinions of others than the Americans; no people are so solicitous to know what is said, and thought, and felt respecting them by other nations. Nothing can be written of them in an European journal, that is not copied into their newspapers and read by every man in the republic: be it praise or blame, the interest is of the same degree. No people are more elated with praise, and none more sensibly feel the malice of their detractors. This is good evidence of a sound and healthy moral feeling among them. It is false that they are possessed with a blind and indiscriminate admiration for every thing good and bad in their institutions: *experto crede*, they are sensible that all political institutions are imperfect, and that they have yet much to learn. Proud let them be; it will do them good, for he who values the good opinion of the world will study to deserve it.

The English are, in a manner, full and satiate of glory; they have a literature and a history to which nothing need be added. Their island is filled with people, and the four quarters of the earth bear witness to their renown. America is in her infancy, and has all these objects yet to struggle for. The Englishman may afford to be very calm when the intellectual character of his countrymen is depreciated, for he knows that Shakspeare and Newton cannot be stolen from him. He may honour with a disdainful smile the imputation that is hazarded against their bravery, for he is conscious that, if Waterloo and Trafalgar are not sufficient, there are Blenheim and Ramillies, Cressy and Agincourt. The Englishman may therefore be forgiven if he is apathetic on many points where the blood of one belonging to a younger nation, with a fortune and fame yet to be made, would be up with becoming promptitude and spirit.

But, after all, does it in reality become John Bull to take such frequent occasion of charging Brother Jonathan with being *thin-skinned*? John himself altogether stoical and silent when travellers in England write saucy or stupid books? His country, it is true, is so well known that the absurd misrepresentations of foreigners have less effect abroad than in the case of America; yet, when assailed, we find he never hesitates to take up the cudgels with becoming wrath. We have not yet forgotten how severely Puckler Muskau and D'Haussez were taken in hand by the reviewers, for their fancy sketches of men and manners in England; yet these gentlemen, the reader may rest assured, never made a fiftieth part so near an approach to the graces of Mendez Pinto, as that ingenious race of romancers beginning with nobody remembers whom, and ending with Mrs. Trollope, whose work, says the equally ingenious and ingenuous "Quarterly Reviewer," "is just the book we have long desired to see." Much good may it do him.

In spite, however, of the inventions of a multi-

tude of travellers of questionable motives, and of the exertions of reviewers and journalists, whose motives are un-questionable, I think I may safely affirm that the endeavours to breed an ill feeling between the two nations have been hitherto unsuccessful,—at least on the other side of the Atlantic. In the first place, the Americans are a people not easily made angry; they are touchy, they are sensitive, as I have already remarked, but they are too shrewd, too prudent, too calculating, to make a serious business of being angry without knowing a sufficient cause for it, and what good will it do them in the end. Travellers may paint them as Yahoos, but ere they wax warm upon it, they sit down and consider whether Gulliver has many believers now-a-days. Individuals on whom the whitewash of philanthropy is not yet decently dry, may fling slavery in their teeth, but they are aware that the world knows to whom they are indebted for the institution, and that it is a thing not to be got rid of in an instant. Jokes may be uttered against them, but they know that the hardest joking breaks no bones. In short, they are sensible that all men must pass for what they are worth,—that truths must be put up with, and lies may go for what they will fetch:—that if they have a tender spot they must allow themselves to be touched there as well as elsewhere, being well persuaded of the good sense of Don Quixote's remark, that "it would be absurd if the inhabitants of Reloxa should knock every man on the head who asked them what time of day it was."

On this subject they exercise more discrimination than probably the English give them credit for; they distinguish between the writer of an abusive work and the great body of the English people, to whom they believe such works are addressed ineffectually. The most recent publication of this sort that has attained any notoriety, is one in which they are severely handled, yet the *malus animus* of the whole work is so apparent, that it can influence none but those who have a previous bias toward such an influence. This they are aware of, and here lies the pith and marrow of the subject; if the English quarrel with the Americans it must be their own fault, for the Americans do not wish to quarrel with the English. Why should these two nations quarrel? No two people in the world have better opportunities of understanding each other, and what is the synonym to *quarrel* but *misunderstanding*?

The perversity which certain people display in catching at every thing that can be turned to the discredit of the Americans is surely a most un-English feeling. The prosperity of that nation can reflect nothing but honour on the English character, for the substance of their social and political institutions belongs to the mother country. Englishmen may persuade themselves that they have neither part nor lot in the matter; but the truth is, that the fate of their brethren in the west, whether for weal or woe, is of no small practical importance to them. In spite of the declaration of independence, either of the two parties may say, with a modification of the old maxim—"Anglicus sum, nil Anglici a me alienum puto."

The condition of the Irish in America is pecu-

liar. Other emigrants, as the English and the Scots, disperse throughout the country, settle upon farms, or dive into the wilderness. But the Irish herd together in the large cities. Other emigrants become incorporated with the native population, get rich, and lose their nationality. The Irish keep themselves separate from the Americans, and swarm together by thousands in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where they exercise the same instinct that may be remarked among the Jews in the European cities, that of selecting the most filthy, confined, and incommensurable quarters for their residence. Here they are content to vegetate rather than go into the country, cultivate farms, and become thriving landholders. Nothing can induce them to separate, and each of the large American cities seems destined to have its Irish quarter, where broken heads and the brogue are to be perpetuated from generation to generation.

The largest number of the Irish is at New York, where their turbulence is at times quite formidable. At Boston the proportion is small, yet there are sufficient numbers to render it necessary at times for the citizens to look sharply after them when their festivities wax boisterous. They agree perfectly well with the Americans, but their disposition to brandish the shillelah among themselves is what the salt sea has not been able to wash out of them.

"Cælum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

The Bostonians have found that the best method of cooling their courage on these occasions is a dose of cold water "fresh and fast applied," and their fire-engines have been found singularly efficacious in quelling a riot among these heathen.

The people of Great Britain, in fine, have greater inducements to wish well to the Americans than any other nation on the globe, for surely no two people are more alike. The time is past when men can be made to believe that the human race deteriorates on the other side of the Atlantic. They are the same people in all the essentials of character with those of their fatherland; their conduct is marked with the same courage and enterprise, the same old Saxon stubbornness and energy.

The English are perhaps not aware how much interest the present condition of their country excites in America. The Americans are far better informed respecting the political institutions of Great Britain than the English people are respecting those of America. The gentlemen of the London newspapers not unfrequently knock matters out of joint in transatlantic politics, after a fashion which, if imitated by one of their class in America in touching upon English affairs, would spoil him as a political oracle as long as it was remembered. The journalists, indeed, on this side the water, have a way of their own in looking through the right or wrong end of the telescope, according as they point it to this quarter or to that, which is quite striking to one who knows how the land really lies. These directors of the press witness the broken heads that enliven the scene at the English hustings, hear of riots, rick-burnings, agitations, Irish murders and

massacres, and the whole diablerie of disaffection and misrule; all these pass before their notice, and they make nothing more of them than every-day occurrences; but if they hear of a bloody nose at an American election, they cry out "the republic is at an end!"

From the Asiatic Journal.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. SALT.*

The reputation of the late Mr. Salt, from his travels in the East, from the respectability which his scientific zeal and liberal hospitality imparted to the character of British-consul-general in Egypt, and above all, from the curious fruits of the researches he made and encouraged in that country, gives him a fair claim to be ranked amongst those individuals, in whose peculiar history their country feels an interest, and whose memory it desires to cherish.

Mr. Salt was the son of a respectable medical practitioner at Lichfield, who had a numerous family. Henry, the eighth and last, was born in that city on the 14th June 1780. He was, when a boy, of an amiable disposition, volatile, and of quick feelings, though easily checked, and particularly pleasing both in person and manner. His sister, the Countess de Vismes, says that, "like most boys, he never learned any thing but what he was obliged to do;" Mr. Halls, his biographer, however, though he has no doubt "that this was the case as far as school-studies were concerned," states that, "from his earliest years, he was excessively fond of reading, and of acquiring desultory knowledge," which is confirmed by the report of another sister. Being the youngest child and a favourite, he was rather spoiled in his juvenile days. His opportunities of instruction at school seem to have been limited under a master whose ignorance he was able to expose to derision. He was then "a very idle boy, full of spirits and fun, and the ringleader in every frolic." This turn and his good disposition rendered him popular amongst his school-companions, one of whom he saved, at some risk, from drowning. Whilst at school, he suffered a severe attack of the ague, after his recovery from which, his spleen was found to be diseased, which was the cause of many painful attacks of illness during his life, and of his death thirty-six years after. His education was completed under Mr. (now Dr.) Harwood, at Lichfield, and, having been led to select portrait-painting as a profession, he received lessons in drawing from Mr. Glover, the water-colour painter, and was sent to London, in 1797, at the age of seventeen, to finish his education as an artist under Mr. Farington, a landscape-painter: a choice strangely injudicious.

At this period, Mr. Halls, his biographer and relative by marriage, became first acquainted with Salt, whom he describes as, at that time, "a tall, thin, and somewhat ungain-looking young man, of insinuating address and frank and pleasing manners." From Mr. Halls, he received con-

siderable aid in acquiring the rudiments of the art he studied, the difficulties of which, arising from error in the choice of instructors, sometimes drove him almost to despair. He was admitted as a student into the Royal Academy; but he gained no honorary distinction there; the place was ill-regulated then, and his dislike to it was so great, that, years after, in passing Somerset House, he acknowledged an involuntary shudder at the unpleasant feelings he had experienced within its walls.

Mr. Halls considers that Salt's professional progress, under Mr. Farington, was, upon the whole, satisfactory, though, when he quitted him, he was deficient in the management of oil-colours. Thus, although his father had expected that, at this period, his son would be in a condition to provide for his own subsistence, the young artist, without the practical knowledge of portrait-painting, without adequate resources, and perhaps in debt, was in a situation which became every hour more desperate. His father, at length, consented that he should be placed under Mr. Hoppner, whose pupil he became in 1800, and remained so for about a year and a half, being treated by him more as a friend than a pupil.

Mrs. Salt, his mother, died in 1801; soon after which he was attacked by a malignant fever, which nearly proved fatal to him.

When he quitted Mr. Hoppner, he commenced painting portraits; but the impediments he had encountered, added to the precarious nature of the profession, led him to form the resolution of abandoning his profession as soon as an opportunity offered. Besides the causes just assigned for his ill success, Mr. Halls adds another. He had been sent to the metropolis at an early age, without guide or guardian, and being controlled by strong passions and an ardent imagination, joined with an affectionate disposition and great liberality, he was continually falling into indiscretions. The irregularity and wildness of his conduct appeared in his "devotion to the gentler sex," from whence, Mr. Halls says, "arose some of the defects and many of the most laudable and prominent virtues of his character." With this temperament, it is not wonderful that, at the age of twenty, he became deeply enamoured with a young lady of beauty, whose death in 1800 plunged himself into deep affliction: although time and youth enabled him to surmount it, he never ceased to speak of the object of his early affection with grief and regret, and her image seems to have haunted him for years after.

From his habits of procrastination and (not criminal) dissipation, he at length resolved to extricate himself. "It is time," he says, in a letter to Mr. Halls, "to rouse myself from this infantile slumber, so disgraceful to my age, and exert the energy of my mind, the strength of which has not yet been tried."

In 1801 or 1802, Lord Valentia, who was intimately acquainted with the family of the Butts, Mrs. Salt's relations, communicated to young Salt, who had been introduced to him by the Rev. T. S. Butt, his uncle, his intention of visiting India; whereupon Salt solicited his lordship to take him as his secretary and draughtsman. The

* The Life and Correspondence of Henry Salt, Esq., F. R. S., &c. By J. J. Halls, Esq. Two vols. London, 1834. Bentley.

proposal was agreed to; and this may be regarded as his entrance into that course of pursuit which led to public notice and employment. Lord Valentia seems to have been from this moment a warm and steady friend of Mr. Salt throughout life.

He was now about twenty-two, with all his bodily and mental faculties in full vigour. He had greatly improved himself in some essential branches of education in which he had been deficient, and the prospect of seeing the world, and of quitting a profession which promised so little, banished depression from his mind, and filled it with energy, hope, and ardour. They embarked in June 1802, and reached Calcutta in January 1803.

By the patronage of Lord Wellesley, Mr. Salt had opportunities of exercising his professional talents at Calcutta; and after visiting the Upper Provinces, he accompanied Lord Valentia to Ceylon, from whence they proceeded to Madras, and at Mangalore embarked on board a company's cruiser waiting to convey them, by the governor-general's command, to the Red Sea, with the view of exploring its western coast, and of endeavouring to ascertain whether a commercial intercourse could not be opened with Abyssinia. They were obliged, however, to return to Bombay, whence they proceeded in another cruiser to the Red Sea, in December 1804.

The details of this expedition are already before the public; it is, therefore, sufficient to glance at its most prominent incidents as respects the history of Mr. Salt.

At Mocha, Lord Valentia took into his service Nathaniel Pearce, who was afterwards left in Abyssinia. In June 1805, Mr. Salt was despatched by Lord Valentia on a mission to the Ras, or chief, of Tigre, which, in spite of his youth and inexperience, and the risk and difficulties he incurred, he executed with vigour, judgment, and intrepidity. His published Journal of this expedition contains some interesting particulars.

His lordship and suite then proceeded to Suez, and thence traveled to Cairo and Alexandria, where Salt visited the objects of art, made sketches, &c., and in October 1806 they returned to England.

At this period, Salt, though still young, frolicsome and eccentric, had acquired some sedateness and solidity of character, as well as a knowledge of the world and of society, which, joined to his great colloquial powers, rendered his conversation highly entertaining. The writer of this notice, who occasionally came in contact with him at this period, and who well remembers the subjects of their conversation and the charm of it, can bear testimony to the truth of Mr. Halls' statement. With the characteristic ardour of his temper, and the love of distinction, he was eager to grasp every means of forwarding his views of honourable ambition. His biographer says that, "in his serious moments, he frequently observed to me, it should go hard with him, if, before the close of his life, he did not obtain some respectable niche in the temple of fame."

He was, in 1809, gratified by being employed as the bearer of a letter and presents from his

majesty to the court of Abyssinia, being directed at the same time to make enquiries respecting the trade of the country by sea and by caravans with the interior of Africa, and to obtain all the facilities he could for European commerce with the Red Sea.

Before his departure upon this rather perilous expedition, Salt, who entertained a notion, not uncommon, though never verified, of the practicability of the spirits of departed persons "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," signed, in conjunction with Mr. Halls, whose opinion did not coincide with his friend's, the following curious contract: "It is hereby mutually promised by the undersigned, that, in case of the death of either of the parties, the spirit of the deceased shall, if permitted, visit the survivors, and relate what he may be able to impart of his situation." On the return of Mr. Salt, they both agreed that this was an indiscreet act, though it was merely a silly one, and the paper was burnt. This incident would not have been worth mentioning, but for a strange circumstance thus related by Mr. Halls:—

"The subject was never again alluded to, nor do I recollect that I ever thought of it again till a long time after he had gone out as consul-general in Egypt; but at this period, though I had received no intelligence that could tend to call him to my remembrance, nor to induce me to recollect our former compact, I experienced an apparent vision, of so vivid a nature, that, though convinced of its fallaciousness, I can scarcely, even now, persuade myself that it was an illusion.

"I fancied then that I was lying awake in my bed-room reflecting upon events with which Salt was in no respect connected. It was broad day-light, and I saw every thing in the apartment most distinctly, when a figure glided by the foot of the bed, undrew the curtains, on the side next the window, and Salt stood before me. He took my hand in his, which felt cold and lifeless, and looked earnestly in my face. His countenance was calm, but appeared deadly pale; and there was a bloated and unearthly look about it, that at once convinced me he was no more. I felt awed, but not alarmed, and exclaimed, 'Salt, you are not among the living?' He shook his head mournfully, which was his habit on any melancholy occasion, and replied, 'I have come to you according to our promise.' I then asked, 'How is it with you?' He answered, 'Better than might have been expected.' He again pressed my hand, fixed his eyes stedfastly upon me, and his image faded from my view.

"I instantly sprang from my bed, and ran to my watch. It was exactly five minutes past five, and the morning was the 5th of May. I took up a pencil, and wrote, on a piece of paper that lay on the table, the hour and the date. I then examined the room and the door, which I found fast locked, according to my usual habit, on the inside; and, having satisfied myself no one could have entered, I returned to my bed, and, in spite of the perturbed state of my spirits, fell into an undisturbed sleep.

"When I awoke, I began to consider the whole business as a mere dream; but, on going to the table, I found the paper where I had left it. I afterwards mentioned the circumstance to the Earl of Mountnorris, who also took down the date; but I did not think much more of the matter till about six weeks subsequently, when news was brought from Egypt, that, after a severe illness, Salt had died at about the time the event occurred to me.

"The report of his death, however, proved groundless, though it was perfectly true that at that period he had been so dangerously ill as to be given over. It is almost

needless to add, that he did not die till about eight years afterwards: but I confess, had his death happened at the time of the event, it would have gone far towards establishing the belief, in a mind certainly not superstitious, of the existence of a supernatural agency; yet, under all the circumstances of the case, how very possible was it, that the apparent vision might have exactly tallied with the reality, and yet nothing miraculous have occurred!"

Although he left England in March 1809, it was October before he reached Aden. At this place he made excursions, and met with some antiquities. His hazardous ascent, by himself, of a steep craggy rock, at this place, crowned with some ancient Turkish towers, is noticed by Mr. Halls as a proof of Mr. Salt's innate hardihood of character. "Nothing," he remarks, "can be more characteristic of the natural structure of Salt's mind than the whole of this incident: wherever he had any great object to accomplish, he seldom stopped to consider the difficulties or the dangers by which his progress might be impeded."

The political state of Abyssinia rendered the mission of Mr. Salt an office of great peril and difficulty. He at length entered the country by way of Massowah, where he was joined by Pearce, and, after suffering extortions and incurring risk of life from the lawless chiefs in the interior, he arrived, without any untoward accident, at Chelicut, the residence of the Ras of Tigre, a wise, prudent, valiant, and amiable character, who would not heat of Mr. Salt's proceeding to Gondar, since the distracted state of the provinces, and the enmity of a rival chief, would have ensured his ruin. The envoy was, consequently, obliged to deliver the presents to the ras, and, after an excursion into the interior, to return to the coast, which he did by the way of Axum, in order to re-examine its antiquities. He was treated during his residence at Chelicut with great kindness by the ras, who, amongst his presents to him, included two MSS., one an account of the true doctrines of the Abyssinian faith, since translated.

On his return-voyage, Mr. Salt touched at Bombay, and received great attention from his old friend Governor Duncan and Sir James Mackintosh, and reached England in January, 1811. Notwithstanding the obstacles the mission encountered, the result, in a mercantile point of view, is stated to have been "productive of considerable advantage." The subsequent disorganisation of the kingdom, however, rendered all future attempts to establish commercial relations with it nearly hopeless. Mr. Salt received £1,000 for his services, and the satisfaction they gave the government had no inconsiderable influence in subsequently procuring him his post in Egypt.

On his arrival in England, he entered into communication with the late Dr. Alexander Murray, the editor of Bruce's Travels, a gentleman of considerable acquirements as an oriental linguist, whose letters, in the work before us, contain some curious remarks upon Abyssinian literature and history, and demonstrate the little faith to be reposed in the work of Bruce:—in short, setting the question as to his veracity, which has

been recently defended by Major Head, at rest for ever.

The reputation of Mr. Salt, his extensive connection with literary and political characters, and the exertions of warm friends of rank, procured him, with difficulty, in 1815, the appointment of British consul-general in Egypt, with a yearly salary of £1,700, on the resignation of Major Misset. Previous to his departure to the scene of his duties, he formed an acquaintance, with a view to a matrimonial engagement, with a young lady of high respectability and great personal attractions and accomplishments, at Lichfield. But the description of the country he was going to, drawn with honourable fidelity by Salt himself, induced the lady to break off the proposed connection.

He reached Alexandria in March, 1816, travelling by way of Paris and Geneva across the Simplon into Italy, visiting Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and embarking at Naples for Malta. His letters describe, in vivid colours, the high enjoyment which the scenery in this tour had afforded to one so qualified to relish its beauties. The productions of the Italian masters, too, were not without their interest to an artist.

Mr. Salt appears, the moment he set foot in Egypt, to have commenced, with characteristic ardour, the object recommended to him by Sir Joseph Banks, a collection of the antiquities of that interesting country, which were fast disappearing under the *improvements* of the pasha, whose clumsy machines for leveling the ground, as well as the ignorance of those who used them, pulverised the hardest substances. Being soon upon good terms with the pasha, he had few impediments to contend with, arising from the prejudices of the government authorities. "The pasha," he says, "is a sensible, and, for a Turk, an extraordinary man, and were he not hampered by the prejudices of those around him, we should soon see a different state of things in Egypt. He has taken all the produce of the country into his own hands, and is himself the greatest manufacturer and merchant in the state. His revenue is enormously increased, and yet, though the merchants cry out, they are all making money, and fresh European adventurers are daily flocking into the country. The French influence is at a low ebb, and the English proudly predominant; so that I have continual applications from those foreigners who have no consul of their own, to be permitted to rank themselves under our banners. In fact, the pasha will scarcely attend to any other remonstrances but those which I present: a truth so generally admitted, that the merchants, in all emergencies, apply for my good offices in their favour."

In 1817, Mr. Salt's father died, which event put him in possession of about £5,000, an acceptable addition to his resources, which were much cramped by the insufficiency of his salary to meet his expenditure. The extraordinary exertions and outlay of money incurred by him in the prosecution of his researches and collections, did not, in his opinion and that of his biographer, meet with the reward the sacrifices and services deserved. This is a subject which forms a rather important

feature in the biography of Mr. Salt, to which we shall hereafter advert, premising that, as we pretend to no particular acquaintance with the facts, we shall take them entirely from the work before us.

About two years after his arrival in Egypt, he and Mr. Burckhardt jointly undertook the removal of the gigantic head of the younger Memnon from Thebes. They employed in this work Belzoni, who had been introduced by Burckhardt to Mr. Salt, who was struck with his manly appearance, and his insinuating address, and engaged him to accomplish the opening of the temple at Ipsambul. Belzoni was then out of employ, and, with his wife, in difficulties. Mr. Salt, it is stated, felt compassion for his misfortunes, and acted towards him with liberality, which is consistent with his general character. The engagement between the parties seems to imply, what Mr. Salt asserted, that Belzoni acted merely in the capacity of a paid agent.* Mr. Salt, however, in the documents he sent to England, from whence the two articles written in the *Quarterly Review* of 1818 were compiled, and, in his private letters, did ample justice to the merits of Belzoni, speaking of his achievements in terms of warm enthusiasm. Belzoni, however, claimed the entire credit of the discoveries he made whilst thus employed by Mr. Salt; who, when he heard of this claim, remarked, in a letter to Lord Mountnorris (August 1818), "as to his monopolising the credit of these discoveries, I have no objection to it, for I have only the merit of having risked the speculation and paid the expenses;" and in another letter, he says, respecting Belzoni's work, "why should I object to his copying and publishing? It was he that made the discovery, though with my money, and surely he deserves to be remunerated." The letters from whence these extracts are taken were written after the "unworthy treatment," as Mr. Halls leniently terms it, with which Belzoni repaid the kindness of Mr. Salt, and, as he justly adds, they "certainly display any thing rather than an hostile disposition towards that individual." It was not until October, 1821, after Belzoni's work had been some time published, that, provoked by the insidious attacks in that work and through other channels, Mr. Salt was induced to draw up an account of the real circumstances of the case, entitled "A Plain Statement of Facts," not for publication, lest it might injure Belzoni, but for the information of his friends. He therein states that Belzoni was employed by him and Mr. Burckhardt, to bring down the head; that he (Salt) furnished him with some thousand piastres to excavate and buy antiquities on his (Salt's) account; that the instructions were signed by himself and Mr. Burckhardt; that the firman of the pasha describes Belzoni as "a person employed by Mr. Salt;" that he (Belzoni) could not have procured permission to work on his own account; and a copy of a letter is subjoined, from Belzoni, which admits his being a

mere agent. Mr. Salt adds that, at their settlement, Belzoni was satisfied, and more than satisfied, at what he received (4,000 piastres), and consented to undertake another expedition, at Mr. Salt's exclusive expense. He was then provided with another firman, describing him as in Mr. Salt's employ, and was actively employed in his service from February to October, 1817, every possible expense, as well for personal accommodation as for researches, being defrayed by Mr. Salt. The valuable discoveries made during this period are well known. Upon the visit of Mr. Salt to Thebes, in November, 1817, Mr. Salt says, Belzoni began to address him in rather an ambiguous style on the subject of remuneration, when he was told by Mr. Salt that he should have £25 a month clear of all expenses, from the time of his quitting Alexandria until his completion of the work he had begun, with any articles he (Mr. Salt) could spare. With this he appeared satisfied; but a few days after, in the presence of several English travellers, upon some remark from Mr. Salt, Belzoni broke out into violent terms, declared he had never been employed by him; that he had been working for the British nation, &c. From this time altercations became frequent; Belzoni brought forward pretensions to which Mr. Salt could never accede, and exhibited an unfounded jealousy of the latter's assuming all the merits of the discoveries, estimating the value of the articles discovered at £20,000. At length, Mr. Salt brought the matter, as he supposed, to an amicable and final arrangement, by allowing Belzoni £500, several articles of value, and a share in whatever sum the British museum should give for the celebrated sarcophagus, above £2,000. Belzoni was afterwards permitted by Mr. Salt to dig on his own account, and subsequently, in 1818, took employment again under Mr. Salt, for which he received 1,500 piastres, without producing a single article. At their last settlement in May, 1819, he was paid more than the sum due to him, and was permitted to take some articles of value from Mr. Salt's collection.

After this statement, which is consistent with itself and with circumstances, we can only regret that Belzoni should have acted so little in accordance with what was due from him to his benefactor. But Mr. Beechey observes, that "he was, on some points, more than half mad, and this was decidedly one of them."

The splendid character of the discoveries made by Belzoni, "under the auspices and at the expense" of Mr. Salt, (to use the phrase inserted in the last agreement, at the instance of Belzoni), was, indeed, calculated to dazzle the discoverer. The first great exploit was the removal of the Memnon's head from Thebes to Alexandria, and thence to its present site in the British museum: a specimen of Egyptian art which, Mr. Halls observes, "for grandeur or style, may be fairly placed on a par with most of the best productions of Grecian sculpture." The details of the process of removal are familiar to the reader. The next undertaking was opening the magnificent temple at Ipsambul, buried under a bed of loose sand, fifty feet deep, a work of such difficulty that probably nothing but the personal strength and

* Messrs. Salt and Burckhardt paid all the expenses of bringing down and embarking the head, and gave Belzoni 2,000 piastres (£50); the whole expense was about £350.

persevering spirit of Mr. Belzoni, as Mr. Hall's remarks, could have overcome it. The native labourers refused to work, and Belzoni himself, with the aid of Mr. Beechey and Captains Irby and Mangles, effected the operation by dint of hard labour. When the building was opened, their efforts were rewarded by a specimen of Egyptian skill, which proves that the arts "descended from Ethiopia, the style of the sculpture being, in several respects, superior to any thing that has yet been found in Egypt." The next great discovery was that of the alabaster sarcophagus, in excavating the tombs of the kings. In a letter from Mr. Salt to Lord Mountnorris, he notices the errors committed in the great French work on Egypt, as respects the tombs of the kings.

"Every thing they have done from the king's tombs (he says), which is all that I have yet closely compared, is exceedingly bad, especially in what belongs to the colours, which are most perversely contrary to those in the originals. In design they have made errors almost as palpable, especially a ludicrous one in the celebrated judgment scene, where some figures are walking up steps, and another standing in front of Osiris with a pair of scales, while above is represented a boat with a pig in it, apparently driven away by a monkey. Now in the corner of this plate, to the left as you look at it, the French have represented four flying birds with human heads (like cherubs), which they conjecture, most happily, to be the souls of the blessed after passing through the ordeal of judgment; and from it have built up in the body of the work (*vide Dissertation on the Kings' Tombs*) a beautiful theory. But unfortunately it happens, on examining these said cherubs with a light, that they prove to be gazelles' or goats' heads reversed (rather a common representation in the tombs), the horns being mistaken for birds' legs, the ears for their tails, and the neck, where it is cut off, for their wings; which puts a most conclusive bar to their reasoning, and will remain for ever as an unlucky instance of their vaunted accuracy."

The colour of the figures in the new tomb seems to have operated magically upon Mr. Salt, who considers that "it throws a new light on Egyptian colouring, and is, without comparison, the finest monument of ancient art, as respects painting, that exists. The scale of colour on which they painted is that of using pure vermilion, ochre, and indigo; and yet they are not gaudy, owing to the judicious balance of the colours, and the artful management of the blacks. It is plain that they worked on a regular system, which had for its basis, as Mr. West would say, the colours of the rainbow, as there is not an ornament, throughout the dresses of the figures, where the red, yellow, and blue, are not alternately mingled, which produces an harmony that is really, in some of the designs, delicious." Mr. Beechey, it appears, speaks of these paintings in a strain of similar enthusiasm; and as both these gentlemen were educated as artists, and had an excellent eye for colour, it seems unlikely, as Mr. Hall's remarks, that they should have been deceived, though he confesses his inability to understand how "delicious and harmonious effects could be produced by any artful arrangement of strong and unbroken colours, without the aid of reflexes, or the intervention of varied tints." He admits, however, that the ancient Egyptians, in

very early ages, had made considerable progress not only in the first principles of colour, but also in design, composition, and drawing; though they seem to have been entirely ignorant of chiaroscuro and the art of breaking their colours.

Another person, whose enterprise was encouraged by the pecuniary aid of Mr. Salt, was Captain Caviglia, an Italian, navigating a merchant vessel under the British flag. He is described by Mr. Salt as "a gentleman with whose amiable character is blended an ardent enthusiasm for antiquarian research." He had long desired to explore the antiquities of Egypt, and especially the pyramids, and, in conjunction with two other persons, he examined the "well," as it is termed, in the chamber of the Great Pyramid, which he traced with extraordinary perseverance, and cleared throughout the whole of the passages to the great apartment in the centre of the pyramid. No important result flowed from this discovery, the expense of which was partly borne by Mr. Salt. Captain Caviglia then directed his attention to examining the ruined mausoleums in the vicinity of the pyramids, which Mr. Salt was of opinion stood on a burying-place for the ancient kings of Egypt, anterior as well as subsequent to the construction of the pyramids, connected with the city of Or or Heliopolis, before the seat of empire had been transferred to Memphis. These edifices contain specimens of painting, sculpture, and painted bas-reliefs, which are highly curious, considering their antiquity in connection with their freshness, high-finish, and occasional elegance of form and boldness of outline. The last and most arduous of Captain Caviglia's undertakings was that of denuding the lower part of the sphinx to its base, which was covered by the sand, whereby he revealed a temple, and granite tablet and altar, on a regular platform in front of the figure, whose paws stretched fifty feet in advance. This singular discovery has been pretty fully detailed in several publications: a finished memoir on the subject, with illustrations, was drawn up by Mr. Salt, and as the sands have resumed their dominion over relics which it cost so much toil and expense to reveal, the memoir must be curious, and it is to be hoped that it will be published.

After Mr. Salt's return from Upper Egypt, towards the end of 1819, he married the daughter of Mr. Pensa, a respectable merchant of Leghorn. The lady was about sixteen, and a strong recommendation she possessed in Mr. Salt's eyes was her resemblance to the object of his first love. The match appears to have been sudden and hasty, but it proved a happy one.

Mr. Salt's health, at this period, was declining, though he was but thirty-eight; yet he survived his wife several years: she died in childbirth in 1824. On the day of his wedding, he was suddenly attacked by the internal malady he had contracted, which kept him for several weeks on the verge of the grave. In 1820, he obtained leave of absence to revisit England, but was unable to avail himself of it, on account of the apprehended rupture with Russia, and the unsettled state of Turkey, which rendered his presence in Egypt indispensable. He expresses in his letters

a warm sympathy for the cause of the Greeks, and accuses the European nations, and particularly Russia, with exciting the Greek population to arms, and then treacherously abandoning them to the Turks.

The events in Mr. Salt's history, during the year 1824, severely tried mind and body. Besides the loss of his wife and child, the death of his friend, Mr. Lee, the consul at Alexandria, was a sad shock to him, and increased his official toils. Rallying all his fortitude and philosophy, however, busying himself in archaeological researches, writing in confirmation of the Champollion theory of phonetic hieroglyphics (as far as respects the interpretation of proper names), and looking forward to the enjoyment of a moderate pension at home, he was enabled to endure his severe losses, and the mortification which his negotiation with the Museum occasioned him, with firmness.

In August, 1827, he suffered another and a severe attack of his old malady. He partially recovered, but in October, internal hemorrhoids reduced him to a very low state, and on the 30th he expired, at Dessuke, a village on the Nile, to which he had removed. Upon a *post-mortem* examination, his spleen was found to be in a very advanced state of gangrene: the rest of the body was perfectly healthy.

Mr. Salt left one child, a daughter. We subjoin the following conclusion of Mr. Halls' summary of his friend's character:—

"By his zeal in embracing every opportunity his situation afforded of discovering and of studying the buried antiquities of Egypt, as well as by his liberal encouragement of every undertaking that promised to throw light on the remote history of that interesting country, he has not only enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, but has acquired for himself no despicable portion of reputation and renown.

"His strenuous and persevering exertions in the cause of literature and research, have reflected credit on his country, and have greatly tended to remove the impression entertained by foreigners, that our official agents abroad are apt to make their public station entirely 'subservient to their private interest.' The firmness and prudence of his character, his amiable disposition and general suavity of behaviour, gave him an unusual ascendancy over the vigorous mind of the able ruler of Egypt, who rarely refused granting any favour required at his intercession. When taking his rides in Cairo and the vicinity, the Pasha would often stop his horse at the consul's door, and pay him the distinguished compliment of entering with him into long and familiar conversation. In fine, by his judicious conduct, liberality, and hospitality, Mr. Salt obtained the affection and esteem of every one around him, and has left a reputation among the European residents and the natives of the country which will not speedily be forgotten.

"Mr. Salt was in stature about six feet high, well-proportioned, and with somewhat of dignity in his manners and general deportment. His countenance was manly and open, and its habitual expression remarkably pleasing and intelligent, though at times it could assume an aspect of great sternness and determination. It formed, indeed, the complete index to a mind which overflowed with good-will and charity to his fellow-creatures, and was equally distinguished by firmness and placability."

A long account of the transactions with the trustees of the British Museum, respecting the

purchase of the Egyptian antiquities, is appended to the work.

It appears that, stimulated by the recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks, before adverted to, Mr. Salt freely expended his own private funds in the collection of antiquities. The Memnon's head was gratuitously presented, by him and his partner in the undertaking, to the Museum. Although the trustees, influenced, it is stated, by Sir Joseph Banks, who had changed his opinions on the subject, were averse to receiving any more Egyptian relics, yet, having incurred already much expense, and obtained some valuable specimens, Mr. Salt was anxious that the Museum should take them, and offered the entire collection "at a fair valuation," to be settled by any person the government might appoint. In a list Mr. Salt forwarded in a private letter to his friend Mr. Hamilton, he placed a rough calculation of their *supposed* values opposite the chief articles, which appear to have been rather extravagant. The priced list was submitted, incautiously, to Sir Joseph Banks and others, who, considering it as an official document, and the prices intended as a standard, raised an outcry against Mr. Salt as "a Jew,"—"worse than Lord Elgin," &c. To obviate misapprehension, he wrote to Sir Joseph, offering at once, without any condition, the whole collection to the Museum, stating that, should the trustees reimburse him, wholly or in part, his expenses (amounting, with interest, to about £3,000), he should receive it as an obligation. In a letter to a friend (Mr. Bingham Richards), Mr. Salt says: "it may be right to tell you in confidence, that I hope to get £4,000 from government, or otherwise I shall feel myself aggrieved: should it be £5,000, I shall be highly satisfied."

Three years having elapsed without any reply from the Museum, Mr. Salt repeated, in May, 1822, the "unconditional" offer of his collection (excepting the sarcophagus, which was subject to the contingent claim of Mr. Belzoni), leaving the remuneration entirely to the liberality of the trustees: the collection had now, after some difficulties raised by Belzoni about the sarcophagus, been deposited in the Museum. In September, 1822, a resolution of the trustees was forwarded to Mr. Salt's agent in England, expressing their desire "that Mr. Salt should appoint some person on his own part to make a valuation of the Egyptian collection," and declining the alabaster sarcophagus, "on account of the very high value put upon it by Mr. Belzoni:" this person having stated that purchasers were ready to give £3,000 (he had estimated its value originally at £20,000), and the trustees valuing it, according to Mr. Banks's statement, at "considerably under £1,000."

After much delay and annoyance from Belzoni, Mr. Richards, the agent of Mr. Salt, in February, 1823, received an offer from the trustees of £2,000 for the collection, excluding the sarcophagus, which he thought himself authorised to accept.

Mr. Halls remarks that "the smallness of the sum which had been offered and accepted for a collection so admirable in its kind, and which had been assembled with so much risk and expense, certainly excited no small degree of sur-

prise and dissatisfaction in the personal friends of Mr. Salt, and in all those who felt anxious for the credit of our great national institution." It must, however, be recollected that (as was pointed out to Mr. Richards by Mr. Yorke, a friend of Mr. Salt), "the value to be put on these articles, on behalf of Mr. Salt, was a mixed consideration, inasmuch as he probably could never have acquired them, or been in the way to do so, had it not been for the public character with which he had been invested by the British government."

The sarcophagus being placed at Mr. Richards' disposal, that gentleman communicated with Mr. Brown, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who held Belzoni's power of attorney, stating his readiness to treat with his purchaser. The communication was strangely delayed in its passage to Cambridge, and did not reach Mr. Brown till Belzoni had gone upon his African expedition, from which he never returned. No purchaser appeared, and Mr. Brown knew of none. Mr. Salt wrote to authorise the offer of the sarcophagus to Belzoni or to any one for £2,000, or even £1,500. Efforts were made to induce the trustees (some of whom were favourable) to spare the nation the disgrace of losing this curious relic of antiquity. The trustees *seemed* to offer £2,000; but Mr. Richards declined to take less than £3,000 without Mr. Salt's authority (the letter sanctioning the sale of it for £1,500 had, by some mischance, not yet reached him); and the negotiation ended, to the mortification of Mr. Salt, who wrote an angry letter to his friend, desiring him to throw the sarcophagus into the collection for nothing. Mr. Soane had, however, offered £2,000, and became, as is well known, the proprietor of this superb article.

Mr. Halls considers the whole transaction a discreditable one to the Museum, which got the collection for half the sum expended in making it, without considering the toil, judgment, and risk. He makes no allowance, however, for the consideration already hinted at, namely, the facilities derived by the collector from his official functions.

This notice has extended to some length. We have, therefore, but little space to devote to a criticism of the work. Mr. Halls has performed his task with a strong natural bias in favour of his friend, but with an evident impression that he has been impartial. It is much to be regretted that he should not have deemed a selection of the letters sufficient; he seems to have printed all he could get, consequently many which possess no interest or utility whatsoever as biographical materials. These redundant epistles, with a want of succinctness in the style of the narrative, which is rather flat, have most unnecessarily spun out the work. With these drawbacks, it is nevertheless no unacceptable accession to our stock of biography.

Matthews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect,)—"Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to *draw houses*, like his father."

From the Eclectic Review.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CAREY.

1. *A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Rev. William Carey, D. D., of Serampore, Bengal.* By Christopher Anderson, Edinburgh. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Edinburgh, 1834.
2. *Tenth Memoir respecting the Translations of the Sacred Scriptures into the Oriental Languages.* By the Serampore Brethren. With a brief Review of their various Editions from the Commencement in the Spring of 1794. 8vo. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1834.

It is not a subject for the pencil,—but we can picture to ourselves no human being in an attitude of mind partaking more of moral grandeur, no human intellect more sublimely occupied in the view of the angels, than William Carey, the obscure village schoolmaster, conceiving the project of going forth, single-handed, to make an inroad into the very heart of the kingdom of darkness, in the distant East. While yet a youth, struggling with penury, his mind was first visited with that strong impression of solicitude for the salvation of the heathen, which it would be impious to ascribe to any other source than the immediate suggestion of Him who had designed and separated him for the work. If there is such a thing as a call from Heaven, conveyed, not by audible sound or by vision, but by an internal impression of which the reason, not the imagination, is the subject,—if there is any propriety in speaking of being moved, on any occasion, by the Holy Ghost, such language will most appropriately describe the formation of the strong, heroic purpose in the mind of young Carey. Among other branches of elementary knowledge which he was employed in teaching to his village pupils, he was particularly fond of geography; and, as he pointed out to them the different countries on the map, or globe, he was led to mention the religion professed by the inhabitants. Going over this repeatedly,—and having occasion to reiterate, "These are pagans, and these are pagans,"—it occurred to him:—"I am now telling these children as a mere fact, what is a truth of the most melancholy character." This led to a train of deep and anxious meditation, the result of which he afterwards imbodyed in the form of a tract entitled, "Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathen." This was written before he had received any encouragement to cherish his noble project, although, owing to his innate modesty combined with poverty, it was not published until the year 1792. The train of thought by which the solemn sentiment first awakened, was matured into a fixed resolution and conscientious principle of action, is thus interestingly described by Mr. Anderson.

"It seems as though it had been the commission of our blessed Lord to his apostles, which, of itself alone, set all in motion. He had said Go—Go and teach all nations, and again, Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The extent of this commission was manifest, and though, perhaps, scarcely a single individual upon earth at the moment arrogated less to himself than Carey, the obligation was felt by him to be imperative. He sat down—patiently examined into all that had been accomplished, first by the apostles themselves, and then by others down to his own day; and

after this took a minute survey of the existing state of the world. Dividing it into the four quarters of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, he ascertained as exactly as he could the extent of every country, the number of its inhabitants, and their religion. At the conclusion, his estimate was this—that there were then living in the world about seven hundred and thirty-one millions of human beings,—of these he calculated that seven millions were Jews; thirty millions belonging to the Greek and Armenian churches; forty-four millions were protestant Christians; one hundred millions Roman Catholics; one hundred and thirty millions Mahometans; and therefore, four hundred and twenty millions still in pagan darkness. An estimate as we now know to have been below the truth.

"Of the heathen, he entertained no desponding idea; they appeared to him as capable of receiving knowledge as ourselves, having in many places discovered uncommon genius; in others, a tractable disposition; but his conceptions of other parties were at once just and depressing. The vices of the Europeans had been conveyed to the heathen, and had sunk them lower still—the Christians of the Greek and Armenian churches were more vicious than the Mahometans themselves—the Georgian Christians, near the Caspian, maintained themselves by selling their neighbours and relations, and even their children, for slaves to the Turks and Persians—the members of the Greek church were extremely ignorant, and papists in general almost as much so, and very vicious. 'Nor,' said he, 'do the bulk of the Church of England much exceed them, and many errors and much looseness of conduct are to be found amongst dissenters of all denominations. The Lutherans in Denmark are much on a par with the ecclesiastics of England, and the face of most Christian countries presents a dreadful scene of ignorance, hypocrisy, and profligacy. Various baneful and pernicious errors appear to gain ground in almost every part of Christendom; the truths of the gospel, and even the gospel itself, are attacked, and every method that the enemy can invent is employed to undermine the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Such was the state of things, in our world, according to Carey's estimation; and with this general, though gloomy outline, every dispassionate and intelligent Christian will agree, when he is reminded that the picture was drawn between the years 1785 and 1791; and, therefore, years before the existence of any missionary efforts in this country, when the church at large lay in a state of sad repose.

"Turning, however, again to the heathen world; there were impediments in the way. Their distance from our shores, their barbarity, the danger of being killed, the difficulty of subsistence, and their language was unknown! But before his spirit, these mountains were but a plain.

"If distance was talked of, he literally fixed his eye on the mariner's compass, or on the ships that had gone out on voyages of discovery, but, above all, on such passages of the Divine word as this, 'Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring my sons from far, and their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God.' Commerce, he believed, would subserve the spread of the gospel, and that there would be a very considerable appropriation of wealth to that purpose.

"As to the barbarity of the heathen—this, he thought, could be an objection only to those whose love of ease rendered them unwilling. This was no objection to the apostles, nor, in modern times, to such men as Elliot or Brainerd; nor even to commercial men, who braved all such barbarity, for the profits arising from a few otter skins. After all, this uncivilised state of the heathen he regarded as an argument for preaching to them, not against it. 'Can we hear,' said he, 'that they are with-

out the gospel, without government, without laws, without arts and science, and not exert ourselves to introduce among them the sentiments of men and of Christians?'

"In regard to the *danger of life*, he thought that whoever went, must put his life in his hand, and not consult with flesh and blood; our duty as creatures and as Christians loudly calling upon us to venture every thing.

"As to the difficulty of procuring subsistence, this would not be so great as at first sight. 'The Christian minister would at least obtain such food as that on which the natives subsisted, and this would only be passing through what he had virtually engaged to do, by entering on the ministerial office. The Christian minister was in a peculiar sense not his own. He engages to go, where God pleases—to do or endure whatever he commands. He virtually bids farewell to friends, and pleasures, and comforts.' 'It is inconsistent,' said Carey, 'for ministers to please themselves with thoughts of a numerous auditory, cordial friends, a civilised country, legal protection, affluence, splendour, or even a competency. The slights and hatred of men, and even pretended friends—gloomy prisons and tortures, the society of barbarians of uncouth speech—miserable accommodation in wretched wildernesses, hunger and thirst and nakedness, weariness and painfulness, hard work, and but little worldly encouragement, should rather be the objects of their expectation.' 'I question,' said he, 'whether all are justified in staying here, while so many are perishing in other lands. Sure I am, it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the gospel, for its ministers to enter upon it from interested motives, or with great worldly expectations. On the contrary, the *commission* is a sufficient call to them to venture all, and, like the primitive Christians, go every where preaching the gospel.'

"As for the difficulty of acquiring a *foreign tongue*, having mastered several languages already, he made nothing of this objection; but fully satisfied that the *prophecies* respecting the increase of Christ's kingdom were true, and the *commission* of the Saviour was still obligatory, his mind was loaded with a sense of the importance of all these principles. Thus, when he began to be about thirty years of age, having made known his views through the medium of the press; in the summer of 1793, he gave to all he had said the force of his own example, by embarking for India."

From the Discourse before us, and an article which has appeared in a provincial journal, we obtain the following particulars relating to the birth and early life of this admirable man, the protestant Xavier.

William Carey was born at Hackleton, in Leicestershire,* on the 17th of August, 1761. The circumstances of his parents were extremely narrow, and he had few advantages of education, except those which his own active and enquiring mind obtained for him. He was brought up as a journeyman shoemaker; and a boot made by him is still preserved by one of his friends as a relic. It was about the year 1779, when he was in his eighteenth year, that young Carey became the subject of a decided religious change. Up to that time, he had discovered no piety, and had even ridiculed religious people. The conversation of a fellow-apprentice, the occasional ministry of the Rev. Thomas Scott, the Expositor, and the perusal of the "Help to Zion's Travellers," by

* The article in the Liverpool Times states, that he was born at Paulersbury, in Northamptonshire; but this we presume to be a mistake.

Robert Hall the elder, are stated to have been the means of his conversion. Mr. Scott was not aware of having been instrumental in producing this happy change in Carey's mind, until he learned it from a message conveyed to him from the venerable missionary himself, through Dr. Ryland, more than forty years after. "He heard me preach only a few times," Mr. Scott wrote in reply, "and that, as far as I know, in my rather irregular excursions; though I often conversed and prayed in his presence, and endeavoured to answer his sensible and pertinent enquiries, at Hackleton. But to have conveyed a *single* useful hint to such a mind as his, may be considered as a high privilege and matter of gratitude."

The change in young Carey's sentiments and feelings soon became visible to his family, in his altered conduct and conversation, and was the subject of wonder. "For some time he stood alone in his father's house." At length he asked and obtained leave to introduce family prayer. "When in his nineteenth year," says his sister, "my dear brother used to speak (on religious topics) at a friend's house in the village, when he came to see us. I recollect a neighbour of ours, a good woman, the first Monday morning after he had spoken before a few friends, came in to congratulate my mother on the occasion; when with some surprise my mother said: 'What! do you think he will be a preacher?' 'Yes,' our friend replied, 'and a great one too if he lives.' My father felt a great desire to hear him, if he could go *undiscovered*. In this, he was afterwards gratified, though unknown to my brother or any one at the time. We could tell he was gratified, although he never discovered any thing to us like praise. In a few years, I hope, God gave him the desire of his heart, in bringing his two sisters to see a beauty in religion. Then we were dear indeed to each other."

In 1783, Mr. Carey united himself to the baptist church at Olney, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe. By this church, agreeable to the practice which then obtained among that denomination, he was, in 1785, called to the work of the ministry. In the following year, he removed to Moulton, a village four miles from Northampton; and he was ordained pastor over the infant baptist society in that village in 1787. Even there, his whole income being much below £20 a year, he taught a village school for his support. In July 1789, he removed to Leicester, and in May 1791, was ordained to the pastoral charge of the baptist church meeting in Harvey Lane, over which the late Robert Hall afterwards presided for so many years. Here his ministry was so successful, that the number of members in the church was doubled during the short time he was their pastor. He introduced among them the practice, first adopted by some ministers at Nottingham, upon Mr. Sutcliffe's suggestion, in 1784, of spending an hour on the evening of the first Monday in every month, in social prayer for the revival of religion and the success of the gospel, which has since become so general; and these meetings powerfully contributed to cherish the fine spirit which they discovered, when he announced his resolution to dedicate himself to the

work of evangelising the heathen. "No," said they, "you shall not go,—we will *send* you: we have long been calling upon God, and he now calls upon us to make the first sacrifice."

The circumstances which decided him upon going out to India, are thus stated in an article already referred to.

"About the year 1793, a gentleman of the name of Thomas, who had visited Bengal, and there seen the wretched superstition and ignorance of the Hindoos, and the destructive influence of their sanguinary, sensual, and monstrous superstitions on their religious feelings, morals, and happiness, being himself strongly impressed with the vast importance of introducing the religion of Britain into the extensive and populous regions subjugated by her arms and ruled by her governors, greatly strengthened by his conversation the desire which had been for some time growing in Dr. Carey's mind to see a strenuous effort made for the religious improvement of the heathen world. In consequence, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas communicated with Andrew Fuller, Dr. Ryland, and other leading members of the baptist denomination, on the subject; and after much discussion a society was established for that purpose, which commenced its labours with between £13 and £14, as the whole amount of its disposable funds! With no better pecuniary prospects than these, but with a firm and unbending faith, and a determination not to be deterred by difficulties, Dr. Carey agreed to go out to India, and there to support himself as far as possible by his own exertions, whilst he qualified himself for his missionary duties.

"The circumstances under which he quitted England were singular and interesting. From the first, his wife had refused to embark in what appeared so hopeless an undertaking; and after every entreaty had failed to change her determination, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas (who went out with him) were compelled to sail without her. After they had proceeded a short distance on their voyage, the captain of the East Indiaman by which they had taken their passage, came to Mr. Thomas, and told him that he had received an anonymous letter, informing him that there was a person on board who was proceeding to India without a licence from the company. As the regulations of the East India Company, in reference to persons going out to India, were at that time singularly rigid, and it is well known that the directors were peculiarly averse to any attempts of a missionary character, the captain added, that he was satisfied this letter must refer to Mr. Thomas. This surmise afterwards proved to have been unfounded; but as the captain seemed to be greatly alarmed by the apprehension of the consequences to himself, if Mr. Thomas insisted on the engagement into which he and the captain had mutually entered, he was, at length, induced to yield to the entreaties of the captain, and he and Mr. Carey were put on shore, the vessel immediately proceeding on its voyage. This event was, at the moment, a severe disappointment: but having learnt that a Danish vessel was to leave Deal for Calcutta in two days, they took courage, determining to avail themselves of that interval, short as it was, to revisit Mrs. Carey, and urge their plea in favour of her accompanying them. A difficulty occurred in the want of funds for the increased charge of a passage by the ship in question, and of the expenses of traveling, which they were thus unexpectedly exposed to. This difficulty, however, was surmounted by Dr. Rippon, who still survives, having promptly lent them £100 which he had on hand; and by the late Mr. Abraham Booth borrowing, for their use, a like sum from his friends. Thus furnished, they hastened down to Mrs. Carey, having barely time to accomplish this object. To their great grief, however, she again turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and they, with heavy hearts, took, as they thought, a last

farewell, and left her. When they had proceeded two miles from the house, Mr. Thomas insisted that they should turn back and make one more attempt. Mr. Carey objected, entreating his companion to spare his feelings, and not to allow them to be further harrowed by perseverance in a hopeless effort. Mr. Thomas seemed, however, so resolutely bent on his renewed effort, that at length they did turn back; again used every argument that could suggest itself, but apparently with as little success as before, till at length, moved by her husband's tears and entreaties, Mrs. C., turning to her sister, who stood by, said that if her sister would accompany her, but not else, she would consent to go. The sister was then appealed to, and at length, though apparently with great reluctance, they both yielded. Not a moment was now to be lost. The wife, the sister, four children, and as much of their clothes and furniture as was indispensable for the voyage, were hurried off to Deal. On their arrival there, the vessel was desecrated under sail, with scarcely the possibility of their overtaking her. The attempt however was made, and, by dint of persevering labour, they approached the ship, on which the captain backed his sails, and received them all safe on board, conveying them, at length, to their destination.

"On their arrival in India, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas immediately proceeded to act upon the intention they had avowed on quitting their own shores, of receiving no further pecuniary aid from the friends of the mission than might be necessary for their existence. In pursuance of this determination, therefore, they both engaged themselves in a secular employment, which enabled them, by constant intercourse with the natives, to become familiar with their vernacular language. Although Mr. Carey, who had obtained the superintendence of an indigo factory, at a considerable distance in the interior, was thus far removed from the observation of the ruling authorities in Calcutta, his frequent conversations with the natives on the subject of religion were soon reported there: he was immediately called to account, and, on his admitting that his design was to evangelise the heathen, he was told that the residence of missionaries in India, of any denomination, would not be tolerated; and that he must forthwith re-embark for England. This cruel and impolitic proceeding drove Mr. Carey to seek refuge in the Danish settlement of Serampore, about 13 miles from Calcutta, where he was joined, in January 1800, by Ward, Marshman, and others; all of whom, except Dr. Marshman and his son, who joined his exertions to theirs some years afterwards, have entered into their rest."

We gather some further particulars from Mr. Anderson.

"Carey had been on board of an English vessel, in which he intended to have gone to India, but was prevented. Had he then thus proceeded, such was the feeling at the time, that it is more than probable he would have been immediately sent home again. But Providence providing a more secure passage for him on board of the *Princess Maria*, a Danish East Indiaman, he took up his abode at Bandell, an old Portuguese town, in the province of Bengal. He afterwards removed to Mudnabatty, between Malda and Dinagepore, till, in the close of 1799, one of those trivial incidents, as they are called, though actually links in the chain of providence, fixed him down, with his brethren Marshman and Ward, at Serampore. This small Danish settlement of about six square miles, has proved the 'little sanctuary,' where he and his brethren have been preserved, amidst all the 'times that have passed over them, and over' India. Their settling down here has been ascribed, in part, to so trivial an incident as the substitution by the compositor, of *one letter* for another, a *p* instead of a *b*: and the omission of a *t*, whether by design or inadvertently. Upon Marshman and Ward, &c., landing, 'government,' says Dr. Carey,

refused to permit the (American) captain to trade, unless he produced the passengers at the police office, (who had, either by the mistake of the printer or by design, been published in the newspaper as *papist* [instead of baptist] missionaries) to enter into an agreement to return to Europe, or get the company's leave to reside in the country. I wrote to some gentlemen of my acquaintance to interest themselves in the business, which they very kindly did, but in vain. The report of papist missionaries made government fear that they were French emissaries, as I heard this week. A standing rule of government was enforced in this instance, to our great distress at that time,—though perhaps it may eventually turn out for the furtherance of the gospel.' Of course, on proper explanation, all fear died away, though this trivial affair explained the importance of a secure abode, and Danish ground being chosen, there they were to live, till their residence became as pleasing to the eye of the British government as that of any men in India."

An interesting record of Mr. Carey's feelings and unshaken faith soon after reaching the scene of his future labours, is preserved in a letter dated in the spring of 1794, when he was, as yet, all alone in the mission.

"When I first left England," he writes, "my hope of the conversion of the heathen was very strong; but among so many *obstacles* it would utterly die away unless upheld by God; having nothing to cherish it, but many things to obstruct it for now a year and nineteen days, which is the space since I left my dear charge at Leicester. Since that time, I have had hurrying up and down—a five months' imprisonment with worldly men on board the ship—five months spent in learning the language, my moonshi not understanding English sufficiently to interpret my preaching—my colleague separated from me—long delays respecting my expected settlement—few opportunities for social worship—no woods to retire to, like Brainerd, for fear of tigers: not fewer than twenty men in the department of Dayhutta, where I am, having been carried away by them from the salt-works this season—no earthly thing to depend on. Well, I have God, and his word is sure; and though the superstitions of the heathens were a million times more deeply rooted, and the examples of Europeans a million times worse than they are—if I were deserted by all, and persecuted by all, yet my hope fixed on that sure word will rise superior to all obstructions, and triumph over all trials; God's cause *will* triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire."

Upon his arrival in India, the first language to which Mr. Carey turned his attention was the vernacular tongue of the people among whom he lived and died. But he soon perceived that the Sanskrit was the grand root of oriental literature, the key to all its treasures; and by the year 1796, he had begun to study both that language and the Hindoostanee. In Jan. 1800, he removed to Serampore, and in the following year was appointed professor in the new Government College of Fort William. Early in the same year, the Bengalee New Testament was finished at the mission press. This translation of the sacred scriptures into the vernacular tongue of at least twenty-five millions, had been commenced by Mr. Carey as early as the spring of 1794; Mr. Thomas having, however, previously accomplished a translation of part of the New Testament. By the close of 1796, the translation of the New Testament was completed for revision. In July 1800, the Gospel by Matthew began to be distri-

buted among the natives. At length, after being nine months in the press, the first edition of the Bengalee New Testament, (8vo, 900 pages) consisting of 2000 copies, was issued on the 7th of Feb. 1801. This was followed, in 1802, by the Pentateuch in the same language, and in 1803, by the Psalms and other portions of the Old Testament. A small impression of the Gospel of Matthew in Mahratta, was issued in 1805; and a second edition of the Bengalee New Testament in 1806. In 1809, the New Testament in Orissa, and in Sanskrit, were completed at press; and some portions of the Old Testament in Orissa had been issued, besides an edition of the Mahratta New Testament, of the Hindostanee New Testament, and the four gospels in Persian, when, on the 11th of March 1812, the printing office was destroyed by fire!

The circumstances which so greatly facilitated the translation of the Scriptures into the cognate dialects, after Mr. Carey had surmounted the first difficulties of acquiring the vernacular language and the sacred tongue of India, have been fully explained in our defence of the translations against the base and ignorant calumnies of Dubois. The assembling of so many learned pundits from all parts of India in the college of Fort William, threw into the hands of Dr. Carey a living polyglot apparatus such as he could not otherwise have obtained: and the overruling hand of Divine Providence was strikingly manifested in the whole business. But how extraordinary must have been the energy of the mind which could grasp so vast a plan, and direct the movements of the subordinate instruments employed in this great work, upon which his soul was bent! Of Dr. Carey's indefatigable industry,—an industry the more extraordinary under the relaxing effects of a burning climate, the description of a single day affords a striking specimen. It occurs in a letter dated June 1806, and is given as an apology for not writing more frequently. At this time, he spent three days of every week at Calcutta, and the following describes one of his Calcutta days.

"I am extremely loth to let this opportunity pass without dropping a line, and yet scarcely can find time to write to any one. I give you a short view of my engagements for the present day, which is a specimen of the spending one half of the week. I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God, and then attended family prayer with the servants in Bengalee. While tea was getting ready, I read in Persian with a moonshi, who was waiting when I left my bed-room; read also before breakfast a portion of the Scripture in Hindostanee. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of the Ramayuna from Sungskrit, with a pundit, who was also waiting, and continued this translation till ten o'clock, at which hour I went to college, and attended the duties there till between one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof-sheet of the Bengalee translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner-time. I always, when down in Calcutta, dine at Mr. Rolt's, which is near. After dinner, translated, with the assistance of the chief pundit of the college, the greatest part of the eighth chapter of Matthew into Sungskrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga pundit, (who is translating from the Sungskrit into the

language of his country,) to learn that language. At seven I began to collect a few previous thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached in English at half-past seven. About forty persons present, and among them one of the pious judges of the Sudder Dewany Adawlut. After sermon I got a subscription from him of 500 rupees, (£63 10s.) towards erecting our new place of worship; he is an exceedingly friendly man. Preaching was over and the congregation gone by nine o'clock. I then sat down and translated the eleventh of Ezekiel into Bengalee, and this lasted till near eleven, and now I sit down to write to you. After this I conclude the evening by reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, commending myself to God. I have never more time in a day than this, though the exercises vary. This is Thursday; to-morrow evening I return to Serampore. We have then a conference with our native brethren: after which brother Marshman and I revise the Ramayuna till eleven. At six the next morning we begin again till eight. After breakfast and family prayer—revision of proof-sheets and translations, and preparing for Sabbath. After tea, family consultations, and the temporal concerns of the mission till near midnight. Lord's day, exercises are various. Monday—the Ramayuna till breakfast. After which, proof-sheets and translations till tea-time. After this a lecture on some science till nine. Tuesday at six, the Ramayuna. At seven, social prayer-meeting for the success of the gospel in Hindostan. After breakfast the same course as on Monday, till four. Then to Calcutta. Thus at present I spend my time."

From his early youth, Dr. Carey discovered a fondness for botanical studies; and in his rural walks with his younger sister, he would often point out to her with vivid delight the beauty exhibited in the phenomena of vegetation. This admiration for nature accompanied him to the East; and his delight in the works of God has been considered as conducing in no small degree both to his health, and to that fine flow of spirits for which he was distinguished.

"Rising before five in the morning, he rode out for an hour, and after this was to be found among his trees and plants. In process of time his garden became perhaps the first private garden belonging to any European in India; and when Dr. Roxburgh retired to this city, where he died, he said that government could be at no loss in the meanwhile by committing the keys of the Government Botanic Gardens to Dr. Carey. The consequence of this was, the publication of the *Hortus Bengalensis*, or catalogue of the plants growing in the Honourable East India Company's Botanic Garden at Calcutta, which he printed at Serampore in 1812. The manuscripts of Roxburgh were also in part committed to his care, which he edited; *The Flora Indica*, first in two volumes, in 1821–24; and again in three volumes, from the Serampore press, in 1832. I shall only add here, that in the botany of India, two trees and an herb bear his name—the *Careya arborea*,—*spherica*,—and *herbacea*. The first of these, the Saul tree, is one of the woods of which Indian ships are built, and it was given by Dr. Roxburgh as a token of his respect, so long ago as the year 1797. Drawings of the *Careya arborea* and the *Careya herbacea* may be seen in Roxburgh's fasciculus of the plants of Coromandel.

The *Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India* owes its origin to Dr. Carey, the prospectus he published, dated 'Mission-House, Serampore, 15th April, 1820,' being the cause of its formation. What is rather singular, when the first meeting was called, no one appeared save Dr. Marshman and another gentleman; but nothing daunted, they considered the society as formed, on the

14th of September, 1821, and calling another meeting on the 21st of the following month, the plan was soon patronised by the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings. Of this institution, of which Dr. Carey was for some time the secretary, the governor-general is now the patron, and in 1830, 20,000 rupees, say about 2,000*l.* was voted by government to be bestowed in premiums for the most successful cultivation of sugar and tobacco, silk and cotton.

"Nor was it to the vegetable world only that he directed his leisure moments, if leisure he ever knew; though he but seldom referred to these subjects when writing to his Christian correspondents. Now and then, however, he would glance at them, and in the present instance, you will observe the reason. 'I have for a long time,' says he to Dr. Ryland, so long ago as 1811, 'been describing the birds of Asia, and have already accomplished almost one half of them, and some of the quadrupeds, and a few of the insects. I shall, perhaps, publish them in a series of papers in the Asiatic Researches, but have not yet determined. I have but little time to spare for these pursuits, for which I have a strong natural inclination; but I also find it very expensive, as nothing can be done without books and animals, as well as correspondents in different countries. These, I have in a good measure, but yet the work goes on very slowly. I notice this, because you mention a wish that our brethren might know something of natural history and geography. I certainly wish so too, and to show that I do, I make this attempt to fill up this department.'

"In a few words, besides his valuable lectures on divinity, lectures on astronomy and geography, as well as natural history, and in Bengalee as well as English, were delivered by him for many years." pp. 27—29.

But his aptitude for acquiring languages was Dr. Carey's most wonderful natural endowment. Before he left this country for India, he had contrived, amid the pressure of poverty and the constant engagements of his school and pastoral office, to make himself sufficiently master of *six* languages, besides his native tongue, to read the Bible in each; viz. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Dutch. His knowledge of the last language was acquired, without the intervention of one elementary book, through some Dutch quarto obtained from an old woman. In December, 1811, we find him writing to his friends Fuller, Sutcliffe, and Ryland, in the following terms.

"I have of late been much impressed with the vast importance of laying a foundation for Biblical criticism in the East, by preparing grammars of the different languages in which we have translated, or may translate, the Bible. Without some such step, they who follow us will have to wade through the same labour that I have, in order to stand nearly on the same ground that I now stand upon. If, however, elementary books are provided, the labour will be greatly contracted, and a person will be able in a short time to acquire that which has cost me years of study and toil.

"The necessity which lies upon me of acquiring so many languages, obliges me to study and write out the grammar of each of them, and to attend closely to their irregularities and peculiarities. I have, therefore, already published grammars of three of them, namely, the *Sungskrit*, the *Bengalee*, and *Mahratta*. To these I have resolved to add grammars of the *Telinga*, *Kurnata*, *Orissa*, *Punjabe*, *Kashmeeru*, *Gujaratee*, *Nepalese* and *Assam* languages. Two of these are now in the press, and I hope to have two or three more of them out by the end of next year.

"This may not only be useful in the way I have stated, but may serve to furnish an answer to a question

which has been more than once repeated, 'How can these men translate into so great a number of languages?' Few people know what *may* be done until they *try*, and *persevere* in what they undertake.

"I am now printing a Dictionary of the Bengalee, which will be pretty large, for I have got to page 256 quarto, and am not near through the first letter. That letter, however, begins more words than any two others.

"To secure the gradual perfection of the translations, I have also, in my mind, and, indeed, have been long collecting materials for *An Universal Dictionary of the Oriental Languages, derived from the Sungskrit*. I mean to take the Sungskrit, of course, for the groundwork, and to give the different acceptations of every word, with examples of their application in the manner of Johnson, and then give the synonyms in the different languages derived from the Sungskrit, with the Hebrew and Greek terms answering thereto; always putting the word derived from the Sungskrit term first, and then those derived from other sources. I intend always to give the etymology of the Sungskrit term, so that *that* of the terms deduced from it in the cognate languages will be evident.

"This work will be great, and it is doubtful whether I shall live to complete it; but I mean to begin to arrange the materials, which I have been some years collecting for this purpose, as soon as my Bengalee dictionary is finished. Should I live to accomplish this, and the translations of Scripture in hand, I think I can then say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" pp. 32, 33.

For a complete list of Dr. Carey's literary labours, and of the publications issued from the Serampore press, we must refer the reader to pp. 37—44, and 57—61, of the highly interesting memoir noticed at the head of this article. The entire Scriptures have been printed in six of the languages of India, besides that stupendous work of Carey's beloved and inseparable companion in labour, Dr. Marshman, the Chinese Bible; the New Testament has been printed in twenty-three languages, and portions of the Scriptures in ten others. In few words, "God most graciously prolonged the years of his servant, until he lived to see more than 213,000 volumes of the divine word, in forty different languages, issue from the Serampore press."

There are some other traits in the character of this admirable man, mentioned by Mr. Anderson, which must not be passed over. Speaking of his "enlarged humanity," Mr. A. remarks, that "long familiarity with the miseries of Hindooism has hardened by degrees the heart of many a European in his day; they never could the heart of Carey."

"His exertions unquestionably first led to the prevention of infanticide, and that of persons devoting themselves to death at Saugur island in the mouth of the Hooghly; and though the immolation of widows on the funeral pile went on, it was through his influence that the Marquis of Wellesley left a minute, on his retiring from the Indian government, declaring his conviction that suttees *might, and ought to be abolished*. The truth I believe to be this, that previously to the return of the marquis in 1805, or thirty years ago, Dr. Carey submitted three memorials to government, the first relating to the exposure of infants in the northern parts of Bengal, the others to Saugur island and the inhuman practice of suttee. The two first evils were soon and very easily abolished, but of the latter, Carey and his brethren never lost sight. In 1817 the valuable document, drawn up in examination of the Shastras of highest authority, to prove

that it was decidedly contrary to the law of Munoo; and which, after being laid before Mr. Harrington, the first judge of the chief native court of justice, was deposited for preservation in the library of Serampore College, may be adduced in proof. In 1822 also a powerful article against this dreadful custom was inserted in the quarterly 'Friend of India,' which, after abundant proofs and many arguments, closed in these expressive words of Scripture, 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou say, Behold we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?' After this the *Sumachar Durpun*, or Serampore, Bengalee, and English newspaper, lent all its powerful aid, till on the 4th of December, 1829, 'the burning or burying alive of the Hindoo widow,' was declared by the governor-general in council to be illegal, a day never to be forgotten in India. There have been other individuals who lent their aid; but surely if the blessing of them that are ready to perish come upon the heads of any, then Carey and his companions must come in for their share.

"I only add, that in the attempt to establish a leper hospital in Calcutta, Dr. Carey, it is well known, took an active part. The Benevolent Institution, in the same city, for the education of the indigent and neglected Portuguese children, was established by the senior Serampore brethren in 1809, and has continued under their management to the present day. They were the first who commenced the education of the Hindoo female, and schools for boys have long been formed at their stations scattered over India." pp 40—42.

Disinterestedness and Christian generosity were prominent features in the character of Carey and his brethren. The total amount of the sums raised by their exertions, and consecrated by them to their great enterprise, it would not be easy to estimate; but Mr. Anderson states, that since the year 1827, between £7000 and £8000 sterling have been devoted by the Serampore brethren to those great undertakings in which, through life, they have been employed. But we hasten to notice the concluding scene of the life of the venerable father of the mission, which was extended until within two months and a week of his seventy-third year. God gave him to see, in that foreign land, the climate of which is so trying to a British constitution, not only his children's children, but even the third generation; for it is now some years since Dr. Carey became a great-grand-father.

For rather more than a month before his decease, Dr. Carey had been confined to his couch, reduced to a state of extreme weakness, but with no disease but a gradual decay of nature. He suffered no pain, continued to sleep at night, and, being laid on his couch, remained comparatively at ease all the day,—understanding what he heard, but unable to speak—his mind in the most placid and tranquil state;—having not a doubt, and as he often told his venerable colleague, Dr. Marshman, not a wish left unsatisfied. His weakness, however, gradually increased, until he became, at last, almost unconscious of what was passing around him.

"The last sabbath of his life," writes Dr. M. to Mr. Anderson, "June 8th, I visited him about noon, eight hours before his decease, and found him lying on his couch by the side of the table, in his dining room above stairs, placed there for the sake of the air. He was

scarcely able to articulate, and after a little conversation, I knelt down by the side of his couch and prayed with him. Finding my mind unexpectedly drawn out to bless God for his goodness, in having preserved him and blessed him in India for above forty years, and made him such an instrument of good to his church; and to entreat that on his being taken home, a double portion of his spirit might rest on those who remained behind: though unable to speak, he testified sufficiently by his countenance how cordially he joined in this prayer. I then asked Mrs. Carey whether she thought he could now see me. She said, yes, and to convince me, said, 'Mr. Marshman wishes to know whether you now see him?' He answered so loud that I could hear him, 'yes I do,' and shook me most cordially by the hand. I then left him, and my other duties did not permit me to reach him again that day. The next morning, as I was returning home before sun-rise, I met our brethren Mack and Leechman out on their morning ride, when Mack told me that our beloved brother had been rather worse all the night, and that he had just left him very ill. I immediately hastened home through the college, in which he has lived these ten years, and when I reached his room, found that he had just entered into the joy of his Lord,—Mrs. Carey, his second son Jabez, my son John, and Mrs. Mack, being present." p. 63.

"It is an interesting fact," says another of the Serampore brethren, "that the very last thing in which our dear doctor appeared to take any interest, was the mission; and it must gratify our friends at home not a little to know, that his last thoughts respecting it were thoughts of gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise. It was about the 23d of last month, that we received the delightful news of the deep and increasing interest that our friends at home are taking in the cause of God among us in this dark idolatrous country. The large contributions that had been made for the cause, and particularly the noble offering for Chirrapoongee—the many prayers that were continually ascending in our behalf to the God of missions—and the many cheering letters that brought this information, were all like cold water to a thirsty soul. When brother Mack took these letters and read the most important of them to the dear old man, as he was able to hear them, his heart revived, his strength seemed to return; and the whole day he was filled with gratitude to God and to his dear people, for the goodness thus manifested to the cause that he loved. I went in to see him shortly after brother Mack had left him, and I shall never forget how the aged saint raised his emaciated hands to Heaven, and expressed his delight, though he was then so weak that we could scarcely distinguish what he wished to say—he could only speak in the lowest whisper. This was the last thing in which he took an interest. The last chord that vibrated in his heart was gratitude to God and his people on behalf of the mission. Very soon after this his mind began to wander. But this was still uppermost even in his incoherent thoughts. Often in his delirium he was anxious to get to his desk that he might write a letter of thanks to his friends at home, and particularly to that friend who has contributed so liberally for Chirra. In that part of the mission he always took a deep concern. He bore the half of the expense of the station himself to the last, notwithstanding all his losses. And he lived to see it in a very prosperous state, before he was taken to his great reward. Indeed it was one of the most consoling circumstances connected with our dear doctor's removal, that he has left the mission in a more peaceful and prosperous state than he could have done at any previous period of its history. The little church that he at first formed has branched out into six and twenty churches ~~now~~ connected with the mission, in which the ordinances of the gospel are regularly administered! Often did he exclaim in astonished thankfulness, 'What has God wrought?' " pp. 58, 59.

We are happy to learn that an authentic memoir of the life and labours of this great and good servant of Christ, is in preparation. In the mean time, this brief and imperfect outline will, we hope, be acceptable to our readers. Mr. Anderson will forgive our having made such free use of his Discourse, which we cordially recommend to the perusal of our readers; the more so, as whatever profits arise from the sale will be devoted to the printing of the sacred Scriptures in the language of India. Mr. Christopher Anderson is already advantageously known to our readers, both as an able writer and as a zealous advocate of the claims of Ireland and the Irish language. He now comes forward as the friend of India, and announces a work on the subject of that vast empire and its languages which we anticipate with interest.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S CHRONOMETERS.

When Captain Ross was about to start from London, in the year 1829, on his voyage, an eminent chronometer maker in Cornhill requested him to take out with him four of his best made chronometers, in order to ascertain their goodness by subjecting them to the trial of the intense climate of the north. Captain Ross accordingly took the chronometers out with him, and in order to guard against casualties, the owner of the instruments took the precaution to insure them at Lloyds, they being of great value, but he did not deem it necessary to insure, as we understand, to the full amount for which they were even then saleable at home, not considering that the hazard of losing them was very great. The long unaccounted for absence of Captain Ross, without any communication being had with him for nearly four years, excited, as is well known, great alarm for the safety of himself and crew, and indeed left but little doubt on the public mind that they had perished. In these circumstances, the period having elapsed without hearing any thing of the property insured, when by law the owner is entitled to the sum insured, the chronometer maker claimed and received of Lloyd's the amount of the insurance on his instruments, which were given up by all parties as lost. Since then, Captain Ross happily returned in safety, and with him the four chronometers, which proved in the severe trial to which they had been submitted, to be of an all but perfect construction, as to the regulation of time, and of course, their value, now considering all those adventures, and their avowed goodness, is scarcely to be named. It is not to be wondered then, that the original owner should be most desirous to possess them again, but unfortunately for him, other owners are now substituted, for Lloyd's have claimed the chronometers as being now their property, having paid the sum insured on them long since, and Captain Ross has accordingly handed over the instruments to them.

In vain has the maker offered to return the amount insured with interest, for so great is the estimation in which the chronometer's are held by Lloyd's, that on no condition would the establishment part with them to other hands.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE STORY OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

I hate all pain
Given or received; we have enough within us,
The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,
Not to add to each other's natural burthen,
Of mortal misery; but rather lessen,
By mild reciprocal alleviation,
The fatal penalties imposed on life.

BYRON.

This is the age of luxury. At no period of the world's history, in no country, under no system whatsoever, have elegance and comfort been so generally diffused through a civilised community, as at the present time through every part of the British dominions. To witness the innumerable contrivances for the attainment of it, one might believe that personal convenience was the sole aim and end of existence. Human ingenuity, though taxed every day for this purpose, appears inexhaustible; not only the various stores of creation, but the elements themselves lend their aid for the furtherance of the one great object. A self-adjusting couch receives the frame, exhausted perhaps by the pursuit of pleasure, and an air-cushion supports the gouty limb entailed by intemperance upon the victim of turbot, turtle, and champagne. A wealthy patient complains to her physician of the injurious pressure of her bed of down, and forthwith the bed of down, floating upon the limpid wave, yields to every movement of the sufferer, and converts that which had been a source of pain, into one of alleviation. To attempt a catalogue of inventions would, however, be a task far exceeding both my powers and limits. I would only call the attention of my readers to a few simple but important facts, of which, in the midst of luxury, refinement, and indulgence, we are all of us but too apt to lose sight.

We cannot take even a cursory view of the progress of civilisation, without feeling a rational pride in the many triumphs of that superior intelligence with which we are endowed; but let us not forget that some evil is ever attendant upon good, that these *agréments*, these conveniences so desirable, of a social state, involve a certain portion of misery and mischief which ought to lower the tone of our exultation. If in the height of prosperous ease, individuals or classes cease to regard the means by which it is achieved—the hands which labour that they may indulge in selfish indolence—the expenditure of health and strength, even of life itself—the toils and privations endured by the many for the benefit of the few—then does civilisation become a curse instead of a blessing, and a temporary banishment to a savage state, wherein the basket-maker is exalted above the prince, would be a just punishment and a salutary lesson.

The burden of this world's sorrow falls, alas! principally upon the poor operative: his labour is severe, and scanty his reward. The ox truly is muzzled that treadeth out the corn; the hand that weaves the web of silk to deck the children of affluence, is too often fain to draw over shivering nakedness the rags of niggard poverty. It is

painful in the extreme, to a mind of any feeling, to reflect that comforts and luxuries must be purchased at such a price; that the wheels of the mighty mechanism of social life cannot move without the risk, often the certainty, of crushing a multitude beneath their pressure. Let us take a glance at the number of avocations essential to our present state of civilisation, which have been ascertained beyond a doubt to be not only deleterious, but deadly, and we shall see that such is the fact. Foremost in the list we may place those who, working in the pernicious minerals, such as lead and quicksilver, become liable to paralysis, cholic, and distortion of the joints; secondly, those employed in cutlery; [Dr. Knight, in the north of England Medical Journal, states that out of eighty fork-grinders, exclusive of boys, there was not a single individual thirty-six years of age. They usually die at the ages of twenty-eight or thirty-two. The grinder's disease is a slow but fatal consumption:] thirdly, all those whose employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined or impure, and suffer thereby more or less; fourthly, those whose employments injure by acting upon the skin; fifthly, those whose employments produce dust, odour, or gaseous exhalations; sixthly, those whose occupations expose them to wet and steam, or who are obliged to bear great variations of temperature; but when I add that about two hundred different employments have been enumerated, which have an influence upon human health, it will be sufficiently evident that I cannot attempt to describe one tenth part of them.

In these examples it will be urged, both the labour and the risk are voluntary, consequently neither individuals are, nor society at large is, censurable for the injury sustained; and this, if we leave out of the question the hard law of necessity, it is true: there are, however, other cases where the same plea cannot be advanced, where the labour is compelled before either mental or bodily powers are sufficiently matured to admit either of remonstrance or resistance;—I mean in the instance of the factory-child and the infant chimney-sweeper;—the former has obtained the protection of the law, but the latter, equally oppressed and yet more degraded, is still suffered to languish in a horrible, soul-debasing, life-destroying bondage.

When we consider the nature and magnitude of the evil, it is difficult to conceive how, in a country like our own, boasting superior enlightenment, and certainly in many instances distinguished by a spirit of liberality and humanity, two such foul blots, as the impressment of seamen and the use of climbing boys, can have been so long tolerated. As an act of barbarity, neither a Nero nor a Domitian, nor any other *amateur* in the art of torturing, whose name disgraces the pages of history, could have devised a cruelty more atrocious than that of compelling a helpless, naked infant, to ascend a dark, intricate funnel, filled with a suffocating atmosphere, and probably in a state of ignition, at the risk of life and limb, and at the sacrifice of every comfort, every decency, to which human beings have a natural right to lay claim. Let government enforce, and that promptly,

that other means be resorted to for the cleansing of chimneys, and inflict a severe penalty on all who shall set such mandate at defiance. There are spies and informers sufficiently vigilant to find such delinquents, and give notice of the introduction of a climbing-boy into a dwelling-house, with equal precision as that evinced by them in the detection of smuggled silk or French brandy. If the total abolition of the system be found impossible, if the safety of the public requires that human hands should, on some occasions and in some places, be used instead of machinery, let it be under such restrictions as shall render the practice comparatively harmless. Better, far better, that every chimney in every town and city of the realm were leveled with the ground, and that, like the denizens of primeval wilds, we cooked our victuals upon embers whose smoke issued through some hole or crevice in the roof of a hut of the rudest construction, than that a repetition of miseries and enormities, such as I am about to narrate, should be incurred.

This subject, and I must think it an important one, both on the score of morals and humanity, must be again brought under the consideration of parliament; the following particulars will not therefore, I trust, be deemed ill timed. A daily attendance at the infirmary of one of the principal prisons of the metropolis formed, during several years of my life, the most painful portion of a rather extensive medical practice. It was in the winter of 18—, that I was requested to examine a patient in one of the wards appropriated to sick prisoners; my patient, who had been committed on a charge of robbery, was a young man, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and had been a chimney-sweeper. It needed but a few questions on my part, to ascertain the nature of the case; it was that malignant disease known to the faculty by the name of chimney-sweeper's cancer, and here it was exhibited in its most aggravated character, just admitting of a chance that immediate operation might save the life of the sufferer; but to this, when proposed to him, he offered an obstinate resistance, with the same spirit of resolute endurance which had prompted him to conceal all symptoms of the disease, until it had arisen to a height all but incurable. Neither threats nor entreaties could overcome his sullen refusal. Approaching dissolution had no terrors for him, and he seemed to take a pleasure in baffling every effort of those who wished to save him, as if rejoicing in the only species of freewill it was in his power to exercise. He uttered no complaint; the attenuated state to which he was reduced, alone betrayed the horrible progress of disease. There was something in his very stubbornness which, contrary to its usual effect upon me, commanded my respect, while the aspect of so much misery, garbed though it was in debasement and crime, called forth the deepest compassion. I soon became convinced that nothing could be done but by gentle measures. If the poor wretch had any of the better feelings pertaining to our nature, lurking beneath the mass of vice with which I supposed his soul encrusted, it must be through that alone that we should obtain any influence

over him. The event proved that I was right. I requested that he might be given over entirely to my management, and my representations at length drew from him an assent; not given direct to myself, but reluctantly, and, as it were, with the shame of the vanquished, imparted to the nurse who had charge of that ward. If the doctor had set his mind upon it, he might even do as he liked, he was a good gemman, and did not think any shame in talking to a poor sweep; for himself, it mattered not whether he lived or died, nor did he care the value of a brass farthing about pain; it was not that—by — it was not!

No time was to be lost; on the following day the operation was performed. My patient evinced throughout, the same unshrinking courage with which he had previously borne the ravages of the disease. I had entertained many fears as to the result, so malignant was the state that the malady, from neglect, or rather concealment, had attained; but in due process of time the symptoms were so favourable, that a perfect cure might be reasonably expected. During my attendance upon this unhappy prisoner I learned—and the lesson might be an useful one to any man—that human nature may occasionally be found not all depraved, even where the aspect of things is the most unpromising. The poor creature was sensible of kindness—probably the first he had ever experienced from a fellow being—and so far as he could show gratitude, circumstanced as he was, it was manifested. Of a mood dejected, even gloomy, his haggard features would lighten up with a gleam of satisfaction when I approached his bed, and a tear would sometimes glitter in his sunken, melancholy eye. Docile and unrepining, he now strictly conformed to every thing required of him, only still spending the long dull hours without speaking, apparently in a sort of apathetic dream; but it was not so, there was more of thought, of mind, in his reverie than a common observer would have given him credit for. He had received during his illness, some visits from a clergyman, whose exemplary life is a sufficient guarantee for his good intentions, but whose zeal rather outstripped his judgment. I saw my patient a few minutes after one of these visitations.

"Mr. — is a good man, sir," he said to me; "and talks very nicely. I know that I am a great sinner, or I should not have been here. I have been thinking over many bad things I have done in my life; but Lord bless you, if Mr. — knew all, he would not lay so much blame to me. How could I have godliness like to *he*, that has *book-larnen*? Let him be a sweep, and me a parson; let him have my hardships, and me his house, with a warm bed to lie in, and a good dinner every day of the week, and nothing to do but to *larn virtue*, and see who'd be the sinner then. Ah, sir, if Mr. — knew what a life I have had of it, and what lives the like of us lead!"

This was uttered with a deep sigh, and followed by a profound pause, as if the poor man felt the impossibility of expressing by words the extent of his misery, and that of his unfortunate caste. This silence I afterwards succeeded in breaking, and drew from him, not always in the

language in which I shall give it, but in a slang vocabulary, of which I have introduced only occasional characteristic samples, the following particulars of his dismal history.

"The first thing I can recollect, perhaps I was about from four to five, but I have nothing certain to go by, was walking with my mother in a narrow street, somewhere near a big church—I have often thought it must have been St. Martin's. The weather was cold, and the lamps in the streets and shops were lighting up. My mother was crying, and I cried too, because I was cold and hungry, and because she cried. Well, presently, she bid me sit down on a door step, and gave me an apple to eat, and told me to be a good boy, and not cry; that she was going a little farther on, and would come back again soon with some bread she was going to buy in a shop. I recollect it well; how should I forget the last words I ever heard my mother speak, almost the last kind words I was to hear in my life! So I sat quiet, and left off crying, and was still eating my apple, when a man with an empty sack across his shoulder, came up to the step where I was a sitting. He was all over soot from head to foot, but as I was used to see the like of *he*, so he did not fright me. He asked me what I sat there for, and when I said I was waiting for my mammy, he said if I would go with him, I should have as many apples as I could eat, and bread and butter with sugar on it, and that mammy knew where he lived, and would come for me. He took me by the hand, and away we went. To a little chap like me, a small bit of road might seem vast, so the distance we went might be no great matters; but our way that night was not up the same street I had been used to go with my mother, which made it seem still longer, and I was tired before we reached the man's home, which was up a court. How many times since have I walked up that court with legs far more weary, and a sadder heart, than I carried there on that first night! In the house where he took me, I saw a set of little fellows, some of them not much bigger than myself, and all black like the man, who I soon found was their master; some were eating their bit of supper, others, who had done theirs, were out in a slip of a yard at the back, sifting soot, which I then thought a nasty sort of play, far worse than making dust pies in the street, which my mother had often scolded me for. I was not long of learning, that what they were about was any thing but pastime.

"It began to grow late, my mother did not come for me, as the man had promised, nor had I any apples, or sugar-bread and butter given me, only a little dry bun, so I cried again more bitterly than ever, and made for the door, that I might go home, but the cruel man who had enticed me, whisked me back into the room, and fetching me a cuff on the side of the head, said I was a d—d ill-conditioned whelp, and bade me leave off howling. I crept, sobbing, into a corner, and durst not move again till a great fat woman, who was the master's wife, took me down into a cellar, where some of the lesser boys were stretched out asleep, and showing me a bundle of dirty sacks upon the floor, told me I

must lay there till morning, and mind not to make a noise and a crying in the night, or the man would come and whip me. Hungry and weary, I did as I was bid; I laid my head on the soot-bags, and for many years after, sir, *them* was my only bed.

"I was waked in the morning by something stirring near me. I opened my eyes, and was frightened to find all strange about me, and to see two little boys a pulling at the sacks I was lying on; all but them two had gone away long afore. Again I fell to crying for my mammy, which brought the fat woman down stairs to scold me, and drive me up into daylight. She told me I was so naughty, my mammy would have nothing more to do with me, so I need not cry for her; but if I would promise to be good, she would give me some breakfast. Ah, sir! it was but too true, I never heard of my mother again. I have often, when I grew older, thought of this, and wondered if indeed my parent did give me up to so much misery, or if she went back to the door step on that unlucky night, thinking to find me there. I have heard of parents selling their children to the trade for a few shillings; my mother was indeed ill to do in the world, but though she would beat me sometimes, and call me names, she used at others to set me on her knee, and stroke my head, and kiss me. I do not like to think that she was so *unnatural*.

"By degrees I got used to the people I was to live with and their ways; I went with the boys in the yard, and rolled in the soot; and when, on the third day, the master told me he would make a man of me, and teach me to climb like Bill and Tom and the rest of them, poor witless child that I was, I thought it would be a fine thing, and was as pleased as if I had been told I should ride in a coach. He dressed me in a little flannel jacket, a pair of leather breeches, and let me keep on my old shoes; then I and another of us not much bigger followed the master to a house hard by, where I was to try climbing for the first time.

"I was keen enough of beginning; I crept in as well as another at the mouth of the chimney, but when they told me I must scramble up, holding by my hands and knees, to the top, and when the soot began to shower down into my eyes and almost choked me, I hallooed out that I could not go up any farther. I recollect the master damned me, and said it was the way with all at first, but he'd soon cure me, and make as good a hand of me as the best on 'em. 'Hark ye, Sam,' says he, 'my little lad, if you get up to the top, there's a plum bun and a crown-piece in the chimney-pot for *he* as gets it; if you don't, Jem will.' To have a whole crown-piece of my own, to buy apples, or what I liked with, and a plum-cake too, besides the fear of Jem's getting them, for he was close behind me, made me do what nothing else would, so I got up somehow or other, and all of a hurry to get the bun and the money, I shoved the chimney-pot, which I warrant was loose and rotten, as I've seen a many since, down into the yard. I set up a loud cry, for I thought my cake and crown-piece had gone, and the master and the rest of 'em below, fancied that I had fallen with it, a thing no ways uncommon, since the

very jacket I had upon my back had belonged to a boy, called Dick Struthers, who was smashed to pieces, with a rotten chimney-pot he was a sweeping, which fell with him in Bateman's Buildings. I often heard Jem, who was *partiklar* kind with him, tell of it, but I was too young to mind it then. The master cried out, with a great oath, 'Why Dick's jacket has the luck on't!'

"When I came down I ran into the yard, thinking to find my cake and money, but there was nothing but the broken pieces of the pot; so they all set up a great laugh at my expense; and the master kicked me and cuffed me, for the mischief I had done, and I tumbled over the broken pot, which cut me on the brow till the blood ran down into my eye, but nobody cared for that, they only laughed the more; and when I cried and rubbed, with my black fingers, my eyes, which were smarting with the soot that had got into them, and when I felt at my poor sore knees and elbows, which were all grazed and bleeding, they said I must go home to my mammy; but I had no home, no mother, which they knew well enough, so they jeered me. Ah, sir! it ayn't no use to tire you with the like o' this, it was only the beginning of the hard life I have led, for we poor sweeps have no pleasure and no holiday, like other children, barring the May week, which makes Tom-noodles of the most of us: howsomever, I got used to it, and went on so till I was grown too big to climb, and, bad as it was, I will say this, I've seen them as has fared worse."

It may be well here to mention, that most of the details which follow were given by the prisoner in answer to various interrogations put to him by myself, which are omitted, in order that the chimney-sweeper's narrative may proceed uninterruptedly.

"The soreness of my knees was long a great trouble to me. I never went up a chimney for many a day, that I did not come down with the blood streaming down my legs and arms, and not only with the skin off, but pieces of the flesh knocked out; I have the scars yet, but still up I must go with the sores all open, and running like an ulcer. The master would not hear of our using pads, which some of the trade allow; he said that a boy was never fit for nothing until the places got hardened with practice, and though I could have hollaed with the pain, I durst not for my life, for fear of the *hiding* I should get from him. I'm crippled, and *knapped-kneed*: did you never notice, sir, there's scarce a sweep to be seen, who is not stiff o' the knee joint, owing to the soreness which never goes off, till the knee becomes in a manner hard and stiffened; then we get lamed often with *parging*, sitting o' this way all a twist, stopping up holes to keep the smoke from coming out, with our legs bent under us. I've *parged* many a time till I couldn't straighten myself properly for hours after, and had cramps at night that were like as if a body was braying my legs with a mallet. A many little fellows, *partiklar* if they're weakly children in the back or joints, grow lame and crooked, from carrying loads of soot, that would break the back of a jackass.

"The master was a hard man with his boys;

he worked us early and late, and nothing would satisfy him. Often and often have I gone out by four or five o'clock of a cold winter's morning, aye earlier than that, when the fog was so thick I could not see my way, or the pavement all *slipping* with ice, and my chilblains, which the main of us always had in cold weather, paining me so I could scarce walk. I recollect once, it was *partic'lar* hard on me—master had an order for one of his boys to go and sweep a chimney in — square. It was to be done early, between four and five, they said, that the servants might have time after to get their work out of hand before the family was up, and because there was to be a grand dinner that day. Well, master sent me; he was bidden go himself to see all rightly done, but as it was the Christmas week,* when the trade is always the busiest, he would not go, but charged me to be *partic'lar*, so I was, and you'll hear the upshot on't. It struck the half hour by — clock just after I rang at the door bell the first time; so I waited, thinking as they had given us such strict orders to be early, that I should soon be let in. I never *feel'd* a rawer morning; the icicles were hanging every where, and my feet froze to the step as I stood, for my shoes were so bad they were almost the same as nothing. As nobody answered, I rang again, something harder, and then continued to wait, shivering, and so numb I could hardly keep myself from falling. The cold frosty fog hurt my eyes dreadfully, for they were all along, from the very first, as sore as any thing could be, with the soot getting in, and had a constant running at the corners. It was so dim, and the fog so thick, I could not see the figures on the clock-face, but I'm sure it was full ten minutes that I kept ringing, till I began to think every body in the house must be dead. I sat down upon the door-step, for I couldn't stand no longer, my feet had no feeling in them, and tried to wrap myself in the bit of cloth we carry with us, and twisted my sack about my naked legs, and so I went on, sometimes giving a pull at the bell, though I thought it was to no purpose, till the clock struck five. Well, then, I rang the last time, and presently the bolts were drawn, and the lock turned, and the door opened, but I did not think to have been d—d to hell, as I was, for a good-for-nothing lazy scamp, and threatened with my master's being told of my insolence for not coming as I was ordered; but this was what I got from the footman, who *ought* to have been up to let me in,

but who slept through all my ringing, and now laid the blame on me, because he knew that folks would be readier to blame the poor friendless sweep than the saucy *serving-man*. I told him that I had been ringing there for the last half hour, till I was nearly froze to death. He said it was a swinging lie, and it was a pity I had not been quite froze, for what mattered the likes of me. Well, I said nothing, for I saw that it wouldn't be of no use, since my gentleman was in such a towering passion, and determined that the fault should fall on me. When I got into the kitchen matters did not mend, nothing was ready for me to begin on, so another quarter of an hour full was lost. At last I got done, but, before all was finished and the soot cleaned away and me paid, the gentleman of the house, who was, they said, an uneasy body, and uncommon strict that them as *did* for him should be punctual to a minute, came down stairs in his dressing-gown, and much as the footman had *jawed* it, he beat him, giving it to them right and left, and sure enough Mr. *varlet*, or whatever he called himself, spoke smooth as could be then, for he knew his swagger would not go down with his master. He said that him and the maids had all been up full an hour a waiting for the lazy monkey of a sweep, and that it would only be a just punishment to let the master chimney-sweeper know what an idle vagabond was eating his bread and ruining his custom. So the gentleman's anger all turned upon me; he wouldn't hear me speak a word in my own defence, but refused to pay me, telling me that my master should hear of my misconduct, and that he would pay *him*. Well, I took up my brush and sack in silence, and thought, as I walked off with them, how hard it was to be abused as I had been for other folks' ill-doings; and somehow or other it came all of a sudden into my head to wonder why I had ever been born, and I wished that my life was over.

"I had that morning as many as twenty jobs on hand, so that I did not get home till near ten o'clock, and then as soon as I had eaten something I went out again with the journeyman, and *did* for him till between four and five in the evening. Before I had got through all, and we set out home, I was so tired out, I could scarcely crawl under the load I had to carry, and I had a misgiving of what was a brewing for me when I did get home. The *genmen* had been as good as his word; my master had been sent to and told of my insolence and neglect, as they were pleased to call it. He was in one of his worst humours, but I was almost too much worn out to mind any thing that might happen. 'So,' says he, 'you've been *elying* this morning, you—[we forbear to insert the epithet,] have you?' I told him the plain truth, how I had been there in proper time, but could not get in. He knew them sort of gentry well enough, but I believe it was all along of his ill-humour—he snatched my brush from my hand, and beat me about the head all round the yard, kicking me at the same time, till I was so spent with trying to get out of his way, and so stunned and dizzy with the blows, that I sunk down among the bags of soot

* The Christmas week, that season of general festivity and indulgence, especially to the young, who, returning to the homes of their fond parents, revel in all the luxuries and privileges of holiday-time, augments tenfold the misery and toil of the hapless chimney-sweeper. It is the custom in the metropolis to leave all chimneys unswept until the Christmas week, that they may be the better prepared, after so recent a cleansing, for the hard duty they are to perform during that time of feasting and blazing hearths. Who troubles his head with the thought that this unreasonable practice inflicts the cruellest suffering upon so degraded a being as a sooty-faced, bleary-eyed, deformed climbing boy? Selfish gratification must be obtained at whatever cost to others.

the boys was sifting, and them screening me, he gave over.

"That was a *black* day with us. Master had scarce turned his back on me, when Jacob Noaks, one of our journeymen, came home all of a flurry with the news about Jem. Poor Jem! he was as sharp a lad as ever took brush in hand; nothing could match him for climbing, and as merry a fellow as is to be found in the *profession*. Poor Jem! I think I see him now, dressed out as a lady, as he always liked to be, in the May week, with a fine lace cap on his head and a fan in his hand. Well, it happened o' this manner. He had been sent about eleven in the morning to — street in the Strand, where there was a foul vent wanted sweeping. About two in the afternoon, Jem not coming back afore, as Jacob had expected, to go out with him, upon his, Jacob's, account, he goes to the house in the Strand. This ay'n't Jacob's story, mind ye, but came out afterwards by them as was present; so when he gets to the house he finds a bricklayer there, just a-going to make a hole in the wall right into that chimney. So says he, 'What are you *a'ter*?' And the people of the house tells him, 'Why there's your boy went up between eleven and twelve this morning, and he ay'n't come down yet, so we think he has stuck; we hear a noise, but we can't rightly make out what he says, only he seems to be in pain and trouble; so the mason's here going to set him at liberty.' 'Oh d— him,' says Jacob, 'I suppose he's taken a lazy fit. I've seen scores of them that would lie sulking in the flues all day long if one would let 'em, and many's the boy I've haul'd down by the heels that wouldn't have stirred an inch, either up or down if I had'n't made him, and many's the pail of water I've heaved down from the top right upon them. Leave it to me, and I'll have him down in no time. Why it would be all over the town that our boys can't sweep a foul vent without a bricklayer at their heels.' 'Nay,' said the bricklayer, 'but it a'n't likely that *ere* lad would lie there sulking, as you say, more than two hours, if he could come down. We'd better just move a brick or so, and set him at liberty; one does not know what may come of it; my life on't the poor chap's sticking, and can't come out.' 'O yes, to be sure, Mr. —,' says the woman of the house, who just then came to them, 'you will be for taking him out that way of course, not caring a fig about spoiling my walls. Humph! it's more than the obstinate monkey's worth, that it is; but I say let the man have his own way, they know best how to manage their own boys.' 'Ay, ay, ma'am,' says Jacob, 'I'll have him out in a jiffy. Holla, you there, what's keeping you?' shouts he to poor Jem, who they all heard groaning in the chimney;—'what are you about, I say?' 'I'm stuck—I can't come down,' Jem answers. 'What you've got your arms down alongside of you, ha'n't you, and be d—d to you. It's all the boy's carelessness, ma'am,' says he to the mistress; 'he's got himself jammed with his arms alongside of him, but he knows how to right himself if he will.' He then called to Jem again, bidding him come down, sometimes with threats

and swearing, sometimes persuading like, but it would not do; so says he, 'I'll lay a brass farthing to a crown-piece the young scamp's sulking after all.' So he hollows to him again at the top of his throat, 'If you don't come down, I'll get a barrel of gunpowder, and blow you and the vent to the devil.' 'I'll tell you what,' says the bricklayer, 'it's no use my stopping here, since we a'n't to break into the flue, but you'd better get another of your boys to go up *a'ter* him, for it's my opinion something more than sulking's a-keeping him.'

"Jacob's an obstinate fellow, never liking to do any man's bidding but his own; but they all cried out, master and mistress and all, to get another boy to go up after Jem; so he got one and a set of ropes, and he took one on 'em and gave an end to the boy, and says he, 'Go you up the chimney, and when you get at him, fasten the rope round his foot.' So he did, and Bill came down, and they both pulled as strong as they could, till the rope broke. Well, Bill went up again with another rope, and fastened it round both ankles, and the other end they knotted fast to an iron bar, the bricklayer had brought with him, and used it as a lever, but after about ten minutes that rope broke too. While they were a pulling at it, poor Jem was heard to cry out, 'Oh God! oh God!' as if the very life were being pulled out of him; so the master of the house and the bricklayer both said it was high time to fall to work, and they broke through into the chimney a largish hole, and Jacob put his head in, and called again to Jem, 'Do you hear, sir?' but got no answer, so then he began to be frightened, and sure enough he had cause, for poor Jem was got out, (after having been up in all near four hours,) quite dead! His shirt was torn to tatters, one arm and hand was all crushed and bloody, and his right hip dislocated. All this, you mind, came out before the coroner, just as I have told it.

"Poor Jem! he was long missed amongst us. I was never sorer for nobody, except the little lass that died, it might be, a year after *he*, and she and me drew together from the first. She was a desolate *creatur*, for her stepmother, our master's wife, treated her worse than a *nigger*. Little Nan, or as she was mostly called by the boys Jacky, was a child of her first husband by his first wife, so belonged, as one might say, to nobody. The mistress she could never please, and the master swore that she should not eat the bread of idleness in his house; so, *female* as she was, he taught her to climb. She was uncommon little of her age, which made her handy for small flues, such as ovens and coppers, and the like, which is often less than nine inches square, and she had far more wit and sense than the boys that was her size. Often and often have Nan and I lain side by side at night upon the soot we had gathered in the day, with our sacks over us to cover us from the cold, for she was a shivery *creatur* still; and many's the time I've sifted her share of the soot, when she was tired with her day's work. She had always a bad cough when the cold set in; and I used to think the soot getting down her throat made it worse.

They'd say it was a hard word to use, but I always shall fancy that climbing, which was little fit for *she*, was the death of her. She fell into a waste as they called it, and before she died was nothing but skin and bone. She used to creep into a nook when they'd let her be quiet, and lie there; and if any thing would please her it was when I went slyly up to her with an orange in my hand, or an apple, which I used to buy with the few pence that were given me, instead of playing at chuck-farthing with the boys. Poor thing! she had a constant dryness, and them things did her the most good. 'Sam,' she used to say, 'when I get well again, you and me'll run away, and hide in some place a great way off, where nobody sha'n't find us, for I can't climb no more, and daddy'll beat me if I don't.' She gave me a half-penny with a hole in it to keep for her sake, and that very night she died."

Here the prisoner paused—the recollection of this companion in toil and privation, this young sister in affliction, called up emotions far more powerful than I had yet seen him exhibit. He turned away his head to hide a starting tear, which he stealthily wiped with the back of his emaciated hand.

"It was about that time," continued he, "I got the worst burned that ever I did while I was in the trade, though I have been up scores of chimneys, where I have been burnt more or less. Master was sent for one day, it might be five, or half after, to send a journeyman and one of his boys to the ——— tavern, because a chimney had took fire, and they were a-cooking a great dinner, and every thing was at sixes and sevens, and the kitchen folk half crazy. Master went himself, and took me with him, much against my will, for I know'd what it was to go up a chimney all a-blaze, and if I did not get my arms and legs burnt, to have a bucket of water heaved down upon me from the top, which is the way they often take to keep the flames down, and I almost choked with the steam and smother. When we got there I never saw such a taking as the folk was in; there was a kettle of soup standing in one place, a fish-pan in another, a joint of meat in another, and fine sauces and *vegables* all covered thick with the soot that had fallen into them, and a great lord or parliament man expected, and all the other quality that was a-giving him the dinner, and nothing like to be ready. Master put his head up, and says he, 'I think it 'll do. Sam can get up fast enough.' 'Yes,' cried the cook, a big fellow, that could scarce walk across the floor for fat, 'why I'd go up myself for five shillings, which you'll get for the job, you know,' turning to the master. 'Would ye?' says he; 'then by God I'd like to give ye five shillings out of my own pocket. No, no, I a'n't such a born idiot as to let my boys stand fire for a matter of five shillings. Why didn't ye have it done in proper time, when it wanted sweeping? It's your own fault that it's on fire at all—all along of your stinginess; but I've a great mind to give information at the fire-office. Come, Sam, I a'n't a-going to stand *arguysing* here. I wouldn't have such a sin on my conscience as to let one of my boys go up a burning

chimney for a beggarly crown-piece; why it's against the law of the land.* Half a guinea, *gemmen*, or we budge.'

"Well, they agreed as to terms; but I refused to go up. I saw what it was like to turn out: never was a fouler chimney, or one worse a-fire. Then they all fell on me, and master dragged me and kicked me, and almost thrust me up, though a deal of fire, far too much, was in the grate; and I said so, but they told me there had been trouble enough already. The very first step I took burned me, but up I went, while the red hot flakes kept falling quite thick, and the heat of the chimney was scorching; I never felt nothing so dreadful. Look, sir, (here the prisoner showed several scars upon his legs,) these I got there, and I shall carry them with me to the grave. I roared out with the pain, and told them I couldn't go no farther, and just then a great shower of soot fell down into the grate, and the fire that was in it soon set it all in a blaze, so then they were forced to let me come down, and other means was taken to get it extinguished; I a'n't sure but the people of one of the fire offices got a notion of it, and so came. My burns were so bad I minded nothing else. They put rags dipped in oil upon them, and I limped home, but they was shocking painful for more than a fortnight, and when the fire was out they turned into open sores.

"I went on in this way month after month, and year after year, until I was fifteen—so at least I supposed. I had stuck so often, and given so much trouble during the last year, that the master said I mustn't climb no more, except upon a pinch, so I became what is called in the trade a master-boy; that is, I used to go out with a younger boy, and help him what I could, and see that he did his work clean. I was stunted, and little of my years, or I should have given over climbing sooner. This was a change for the better; but I say it with shame, I sometimes abused it. Knowing what I had done myself, and what I had borne, I did not see why others should fare better, and I was spiteful and harsh with them as was under

* There is a positive prohibition of this practice, and an enactment of penalties in one of the acts of parliament, but that it is continually infringed, the fact, that master chimney-sweepers are in the habit of detaining one or more of their boys at home on Sundays to be in readiness in case of a chimney being on fire, sufficiently proves. The subjoined paragraph, taken from the Evening Mail of Jan. 20, 1834, also corroborates the charge.

"*Death by Burning.*—Last week one of those melancholy cases occurred which have been unfortunately too common in the history of chimney-sweeping. A little boy had ascended a chimney, though the fire was not removed from the grate below, but merely covered with a girdle, which it was supposed would be a sufficient protection to the poor child. The soot fell down in great quantities on the girdle, and in a little time it ignited. In spite of every effort the blaze communicated to the chimney, which was soon in one mass of flame, whilst the poor child was pent up in the midst of it. After a considerable time he succeeded in getting down, but when he did so, he was in a frightful condition, the *flesh being literally roasted on his bones*, though he was still living. He was speedily conveyed to the hospital, where he lingered some time in a state of excruciating agony."—*Belfast News Letter*.

me—I say it with shame and sorrow—too often. Well, I got out of favour with master; he would have it that I cheated him of some money I had to receive for him, but if it is the last word I have to speak, I never took a farthing that was his, and I know he wanted to rid himself of me, for he had more than enough of hands about that time; so after I had served him as master-boy about a year and a half, he cursed me for a thief, bade me go about my business, and never darken his doors again.

“What was I to do? I was turned out into the streets with only six shillings and sixpence in my pocket: all I had in the world, all I had been able to save out of the money got at chance times at houses we swept for. I used to have an odd sixpence given now and then, when I had been climbing—for gentry, tender of heart, often pities the poor little sweep—but the journeymen always took from us what they chose, and used to win the rest from us at gambling, when they cheated, but we durst not complain; and sometimes we gave them halfpence to bribe them not to tell the master when we did amiss, or neglected to sift the soot. Then for some months past, sir, I know it was a bad thing, but I had taken too much to liquor. I felt the cancer a-coming on, and had done earlier than that, though I did not know what it was; and a dram always dulled the pain, I thought. Well, there was I, turned into the streets with them few shillings, and the poor rags I had upon my back. Of any other trade I knew no more than the babe unborn. It was in the summer time, and I did better than if it had been winter, lying out at some street-end where there was new building going on, and where there was no pavement, and I might sleep upon the rubbish unmolested; but my six shillings and sixpence did not last long. I tried in many ways to earn an honest penny: but my sooty clothes, and my unhandiness, and every thing, was against me, and wherever I applied for a job they were full of hands still, and did not want an interloper like me. So I says to myself, I must either starve, or beg, or steal, no matter which, for I’d better rot in a jail than die like a mangy dog in the streets.

“Often have I stood longing at the shop-doors of the bakers, or at the windows of the cooks’ shops, with hunger eating away my very heart; but though hundreds went away with full hands and full bellies, no morsel came to me, and I have many a time picked up a mouldy crust, or a bone, or a small matter of cold *vegables*, that had been thrown into the kennel, and eaten it as greedily as a dog. I sometimes asked charity, but few people gave me their pence, for neither my way of asking, nor my look was taking, like beggars. I heard the same answer from them all, ‘Go and work.’ Ah, sir, they did not know that the very sweepers of the crossings would not let me come amongst them. I belonged to none but my own trade, and they had thrust me out.

“I recollect one day that I was on the look out for any thing that might turn up for me, in Covent Garden market, a lady was buying something at one of the stalls. She was talking very angrily, and beating about the bush to get something of

the *vegable*-woman lower than was asked, and so she dropped by chance something out of her purse among the litter. I saw it fall, but she did not. It was a sovereign. I waited till she and the woman had done squabbling, and she had paid, and was putting her purse into her pocket. ‘Ma’am,’ says I, ‘you’ve lost something out of your purse, ha’n’t ye?’ and I held the sovereign a-twain my thumb and finger. ‘Yes,’ says she, ‘that ere sovereign’s mine you’ve just picked up,’ and then she fell to counting her money in a flurry, looking at me all the while, as if she thought I’d gotten more than that. So says I, ‘Ma’am, if I’d been the rogue you’re taking me for, you would not have got your sovereign back at all, but I hope you’ll consider, and give a trifle.’ ‘Give you a trifle, indeed!’ says she, ‘for being commonly honest! I wonder you ay’n’t ashamed to ask it.’ ‘Well, ma’am,’ says I; ‘if you was in want like me, mayhap you’d not be ashamed to ask a trifle from them as has plenty.’ ‘Go and work,’ says she. ‘If I *had* been at work,’ says I, ‘you’d have lost your sovereign; but I can’t get no work.’ ‘That’s an old story,’ says she; ‘nobody can’t get no work that’s too lazy to do it. You’ve no business to be lounging about the streets in this way; it’s for no good, I’ll warrant.’ ‘Nor you neither, ma’am,’ says I, for I was ill vexed. ‘What an insolent fellow!’ she cried, in a passion. ‘I’ve a great mind to give information of him at Bow Street.’ Well, thinks I, as I turned on my heel, if this is all I get for being honest, I might as well turn rogue. That bit of gold might have been in my pocket now, and nobody no wiser; but I must starve, while the likes of *she* has more than enough.

“Times did not mend with me, sir, but grew worse and worse, and the very clothes on my back were getting so ragged I could scarce keep them together. I was a disgrace to be seen in a decent street. I often turned it in my mind, if I should not try to get into a hospital, on account of my complaint; but I had a dislike from the first to the operation, so I fought on as well as I could, picking up a few pence here and there in charity. I never shall forget one as relieved me about that time. I was stopping a few minutes near a coach-stand, in Oxford Road, when one of ‘em was called, and presently an old lady came out of a shop, very feeble like, and leaning on a young miss’s arm, who helped her as tenderly as if she had been an infant. So I goes up to the coach just as the waterman was putting up the step, and asked a trifle of them as was inside. ‘Be off,’ says the waterman, ‘is that your manners, to trouble quality?’ ‘O grandmamma!’ says the sweet young miss, ‘I must give that poor man something, he seems very poor.’ ‘Do, my dear,’ says the old ‘un; ‘but remember, he may be a common beggar.’ So she puts the beautifullest hand into a little purse, and pulls out a shilling, and gives it me. ‘Stay,’ says she, ‘you do look very poor, here’s another.’ May God Almighty bless her for ever, and for evermore!

“And now, sir,” proceeded the prisoner, after having given a few moments to a silent but grateful remembrance of the fair and benevolent creature who had relieved his necessities, “I am going

to tell you the whole truth; yes, all as it happened about the great sin I committed; I will not hide nothing, if it be the last word I have to speak—it will be the truth. My poor rags had got so bad I was ashamed even to beg, for I couldn't look nobody in the face; so one evening when it was beginning to be dusk, I was walking up Drury Lane; two gentlemen was meeting, both with umbrellas up, which made them jostle, and one of the umbrellas caught in something that was hanging outside of a salesman's door, and pulled it down: it was all the work of the moment. Well, it was a blue cloth jacket that fell, and I saw it, and the devil surely tempted me; for what did I do but click it up and off with it before any body saw, except a boy standing at the shop-door, who was so surprised at what I did, that he stood stock still and stared at me; and then when he did come to his senses he runs in and gives the alarm, but I was off by that time clean out of sight. I felt very ill troubled in my mind, and fancied, as I hurried along the streets, that every body behind was a coming after me; and if a body looked hard at me, I was sure they knew more than I liked, and I did not feel easy till I got into the fields quite out, Paddington way, and then I sat down in a nook and began to look at the jacket I had stolen. It was not very much worn, only in places, and soiled and greasy in spots, and was trimmed round the collar and down the fronts with black silk braid. This made it too noticeable for me to wear, so I set myself to work to rip it all off as fast as I could. While I was a-doing this I felt a tap on my shoulder from behind. I started, and a cold shiver ran through me just as if I had felt the hangman's rope put about my neck. I turned my head, and there were two men standing close beside me, 'What!' says he as tapped me, 'don't ye know me, Sam?' I then looked full at him, and sure enough it was Joe Pringle, who had been a master-boy a little afore myself, but who had been turned off as I had been, but had not gone quite so empty handed, having carried some of the mistress's money with him. 'Who'd have thought of finding you here, Sam?' He told me that he saw that times had gone against me, he saw it in my face; but says he, with a nod and a laugh, pointing to what I was about, 'you've *larned* the way I see to mend your fortune.' 'You're out there,' says I, with a wicked lie in my mouth to cover a still greater sin, 'this here jacket was given me by a *gemman*, so I'm ripping off the braid, which is unfit for the likes of me.' 'Oh!' says he, with a wink at the other chap, 'I'm glad to hear that the quality are grown so generous all of a sudden, ar'n't you, Bob?' and they both laughed; 'but, Sam, you want a pair of pantaloons to match the jacket, and then I guess you'd be a proper *swell*.'

'It's useless to tell over again to you, sir, their bad talk. By degrees they let me into a little of their goings on, said I was a pigeon-livered fellow to be starving as I told them I was, while there were ways and means for a man's helping himself. They were both of them well fed and well dressed; I could not but compare them with myself; I had never heard much talked about sinful-

ness and the like, and I began to think that to take a small matter from them as had more than enough, was, as they said, quite *nat'ral*. We all three went and got something to drink together, and then they persuaded me, making me first swear not to 'peach, to go with them to a place where some more of their *kiddies* was used to meet. Well, sir, I went; they plied me with liquor, but drunk as I was, my flesh *creeped* on my bones to hear what they and them said, as I found there was a-plotting. It was nothing less than housebreaking, and was to be done on the next night. Joe had joined their gang a matter of two years afore, with Bob Hockley, another of our trade. They were now both of them old stagers, quite hardened, and boasted of their cleverness in thievery. Well, it was too late for me now to be off; I had gone too far for that. I did not set much by my life, how should I? still the thought of what I was a-doing, and the job we were in hand with, made me mortal sick when I took the oath to be one of them.

'It was beginning to be morning before we broke up, and I reeled out into the street, for I was by that time main drunk. Well, I didn't get on far when the curb-stone at the corner tripped me up, and I fell. How long I had lain I can't justly say, when I heard somebody cry out, for I was beginning to come to myself, 'My eye, father, if there ay'n't the very chap as *nabbed* the gentleman's jacket, and if he bayn't lying in it in the kennel.' So I looked about me, and there stood two Jews, an old and a young un, with bags across their shoulders, both a-staring at me; and as I attempted to get up and make off, they seized hold of me, and called to a watch who was just a-going off his beat, and afore I well knew what had happened, or what was like to happen, they had hauled me through the streets and we were at the door of the police office. I was bewildered, but still I kept a sort of notion clear through it all that the stealing of an old jacket from a salesman's door was not a hanging matter, and that I could but go to prison. Think then, sir, what I felt when I found that the charge was far more serious?

'The magistrate began to put questions to me about the jacket, and how I came by it. I answered with the same story I had told Joe Pringle, and swore that I never saw the Jews before in my life, though I began to remember too well the face of the youngker. Then he asked me if I knew of any money in the pocket of the jacket. I said there was none, for I forgot at the moment that Joe had lent me a sovereign to get some decenter clothes with, and that I had put it into the pocket of the jacket, because my breeches pocket was too worn and ragged to hold it. I said it hesitating, for the stern manner of the justice dashed me. They fell to examining the pockets closely, and found the sovereign; but this did not satisfy them, the pockets was both turned inside out one after another, and what, sir, do you think they found slipped through a small hole in the lining, right down from the pocket on the right side, so as to be out of sight? Never was the like seen before; what, sir, but a ten pound Bank of England note, all worn round the edges

where it had been folded. If I had been knocked down with a butcher's axe I could not have been more done up than I was at that moment, and just then comes another slap. Somebody cries out—it was one of the runners who had been handling the sovereign for some time—'Its a bad un! clear enough.' So thinks I it's all up with me now; and I hardened myself all at once, and wouldn't give no answer when they put it to me where I got it; I thought it would be a dirty trick to 'peach, though Joe had used me so shabbily, for it now came across me how he had advised me not to break the sovereign, or buy the things till about evening, when I was to give him back the change I got out of it. They made nothing out of me, but I stuck to it that I knew nothing of the note.

"Well, while this was a going on, up drives a hackney-coach, and out jumps a gentleman, followed by a servant girl. They had been fetched, I found, to swear to the note and jacket. The *gemman* claimed the jacket as soon as he *seed* it, and pointed out at once that the braid had been all ripped off, for there was the mark where it had been sewn; and the note he also claimed, for he said he recollected well having written his name in small at one corner on the back, when he received that and some others. This was his story. He had lodged for some months at No. —, Marchmont Street, Brunswick Square: recollected breaking a fifty pound Bank of England note into tens, which he put, as he always did, into his waistcoat pocket. Well, he went that day to make some purchase for a friend in the country, and having bought the article, he takes out one of the tens to pay the bill, when all at once he changed his mind; and as it was for a friend that he was a buying the things, he says to the shopman, 'I'll pay the bill when the articles are sent home.' So the man said it was quite right, and he put, as he believed, the note back again into the waistcoat pocket; and when the bill and the things comes home, he pays the man, as he thinks, out of the very same ten he had taken out afore, and thinks no more of the matter. Nor does he for weeks and weeks. So the jacket, he said, began to be the worse for the wear he gave it, for he liked rowing upon the river in a boat he and some other young chaps had got; and to make it worse, a fellow spills a lot of oil over it, but as he was about to cast it, he said he didn't so much care. So he gives it to the *sarvant* maid of the house to give to any poor body she had a fancy to relieve. Well, it might be a matter of two months in all since he broke the note, the fifty I mean, he began to cast up how the five tens had gone, and he couldn't clearly make out, for he had been paid some money since, which had gone too; but he began to think that one of those tens was a missing, and had never been spent by him. So he turned it in his mind, and all of a sudden it comes across him that he had not put that note back into his waistcoat pocket as he should have done, in the shop, but by mistake, or not thinking what he was about, had put it into the pocket of the jacket, for he then recollected having pulled at a large knot in the lining at the bottom, while his

hand had hold of the note, and kept working at it till at last he pulled it quite out, so it was, you see, plain that the note had made its way, bit by bit, through the whole he had then picked. He looks to the waistcoats he used to wear with that jacket, but there was no hole in none of their pockets, so this made all clear that it was the jacket: but what was gone with it, that was next to be thought of. The *sarvant* girl was asked, and she confessed having made a penny of it by selling it to the clothes-man. So both of them goes to *he*, and then the whole comes out; it was the jacket as had been stolen that evening, barely an hour before they came. Sir, all this went hard against me," continued the prisoner, "still the bad sovereign, and the set I had leagued with that gave it me to pass, was the worst part of it, and I could say nothing about that. So I was *reg'larly* committed; and now, if it please God I live to get well, and stand my trial, it's like enough I may swing for that as I never was guilty of, or get sent out of the country, but, barring the gallows, nothing can be worse than the time I've had on it here, in no country whatever."

Thus did my poor patient conclude his melancholy narrative. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a lot more hopelessly wretched. From the cradle until the age of manhood not one solitary gleam of this world's prosperity had fallen across his path. In every sense the victim of circumstances, guilt in him was not the precursor of misery, bringing with it a just punishment, but its natural result. Misery had driven him to the commission of crime. This was a case for the interposition of mercy, and with pleasure I record that mercy was not withheld. Upon a representation being made of the peculiar circumstances attending it, in the proper quarter, punishment was rendered as light as it was consistent with justice, and when the poor penitent was finally released from prison, some humane persons stepped forward to rescue him, by a timely aid, from a repetition of the evils he had endured, and while administering pecuniary assistance, endeavoured to purify his mind from the moral taint long habits of degradation and neglect had engendered.

This, alas! is but one instance among many. With little variation, the story of this individual is the history of the fraternity to which he belonged, for it is a well-known fact, that the bands of pick-pockets and house-breakers infesting our populous cities, are constantly recruited from the ranks of chimney-sweepers out of employment. Outcasts unfit for every occupation, excepting that which at a certain age invariably discards them—thrown, in a state of utter destitution, upon society to rob and steal, and finally to become the victims of those laws necessity has compelled them to violate.

A sheet of tissue paper is now exhibiting at Colton, Devon, measuring in length nearly two miles, and in breadth three feet six inches.—*English paper.*

From London's Magazine of Natural History.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WALTON HALL,

THE SEAT OF CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

BY JAMES STUART MENTREATH, ESQ.

"The birds, . . .
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young."

Having often wished to visit Walton Hall, my wish was not long ago gratified. In consequence of an invitation from its kind-hearted owner, Mr. Waterton, I lately partook of his hospitality.

A few observations, hastily made, that occurred during my visit, may perhaps not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Magazine of Natural History*.

Walton Hall, a place that must, like Shelborne, be ever dear to the lover of ornithology, from the many attractive objects it presents in the way of that engaging pursuit, is situated in the parish of Sandal-Magna, about four miles from Wakefield, in the county of York. This district of country forms part of the great coal formation of Yorkshire. The soil usually overlaying the coal stratification is a clay, which, being of a stiff tenacious texture, is unfriendly to the better kinds of herbage, unless it be extensively drained, and well mixed with calcined limestone; but the clayey soil of the park of Walton rests immediately upon a thick stratum of the coal sandstone, which, mouldering down, yields it a due proportion of silicious earth, and makes it an excellent soil for the growth of the richer species of grasses. Trees of nearly all kinds flourish luxuriantly upon it. Among these, especially, the sweet Spanish chestnut, one of our most valuable trees, and in the present day far too little encouraged as forest timber, is this year profusely laden with fruit, not much inferior to that which is imported from the south of Europe.

The climate is equally favourable with the soil for the growth of the delicate kinds of vegetation. The vine grows on walls in the open air, and scarcely ever fails to bear each season tolerable grapes; this year there has been an abundant crop of as fine grapes as those raised under glass. The sweet-water and black Hamburgh vines are the only varieties that have been cultivated.

Walton Hall stands upon an island included in a small lake well stocked with fish, and has been the residence of the Watertons time out of mind. The present elegant Grecian mansion occupies the site of an ancient castellated house, which, encircled by water, and accessible only by a drawbridge, must have been, before the use of cannon, an impregnable strong-hold. During the civil wars of Cromwell and Charles I. this family, staunch adherents to the house of Stuart, defied Old Noll's vengeance, and gallantly kept his forces for some time at bay, though the venerable castle was reduced almost to a heap of ruins.

All that now remains to tell the tale of its former chivalry is an ivy-clad tower. This tower will be visited with no small interest and curiosity by the ornithologist. The days of rapine and violence having happily passed away, never, we

hope, to return, this tower, by many ingenious devices and contrivances, has been made a commodious and undisturbed habitation for many a family of the feathered race. In a snug corner, thickly grown over with ivy, can be seen in any day of the year, a pair of common white owls taking their nap; and, at night, the ears of the admirer of such music may enjoy their nocturnal serenades.

—"From yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

During the breeding season, every movement of this industrious couple may be overlooked from the windows of the hall, as they flit to and fro to cater for their hungry young family. Though the owl finds in this tower an unmolested haunt, the pretty starling, the blackbird, the thrush, the wild duck, the wood pigeon, "sweet sequestered bird," and several others, reposing a confidence in the humane owner which is never abused, resort to this delightful retreat, either to enjoy the shelter or to bring up their young.

Leaving the venerable tower and its inhabitants to enjoy that quiet which nothing disturbs, let us enter the hospitable mansion. Its doors are ever open to the poorest visitor who craves a view of its rare and curious collection of objects of natural history; and nothing is allowed to be offered to any domestic who attends; in this Mr. Waterton sets a noble example to others, who suffer their servants to receive money.

Among the most choice of the rarities of this collection none are more interesting than the birds.

"Their plumage, neither dashing shower,
Nor blasts that shake the dripping bower,
Shall drench again or decompose;
But, screen'd from every storm that blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with"

the amiable wanderer, who, often at the hazard of his life, and suffering dangers by land and water, while exploring the wilds of South America, got them together.

It would be idle to attempt a description of these treasures. That delightful book, the *Wanderings*, which, like White's *Natural History of Selborne*, is in almost every hand, has already rendered the reader familiar with them all; and it has also acquainted us with many a hairbreadth escape of its author, that one ignorant of the daring resolute character of Mr. Waterton almost hesitates to believe: but those who have known him from his early youth to manhood can bear testimony to the strict veracity that has ever characterised him, and can recount not a few of his dangerous feats of prowess and of daring. Few at his time of life are his equals in climbing a rope or a tree: this activity of body and steadiness of nerve give him infinite advantage over most of our modern naturalists in examining the nests of many birds, placed in almost inaccessible situations, and in thereby ascertaining important facts relative to their habits and character.

During the present summer, no less than eleven times this dauntless naturalist was let down the frightful beetling precipice of Flamborough Head, whence

"The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to the cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight;"

in order that he might collect the eggs of the guillemot, the puffin, and the cormorant, and likewise examine their mode of hatching and other habits. I was informed by Mr. Waterton, that he has ascertained several interesting circumstances touching these sea fowl, and it is to be hoped that he will send the results of these curious observations to the *Magazine of Natural History*, whose pages are already much indebted to his pen, for contributing some of the most delightfully composed and valuable papers for which it is distinguished; every one must regret he does not appear oftener as a contributor in it.

To return to the objects in the museum. The fierce ill-looking cayman or crocodile, on whose back Mr. Waterton fearlessly mounted, while his men were dragging the monster of the deep from his native element; the snake of gigantic size, which nearly cost the intrepid traveller his life, when he grappled with it; splendidly beautiful plumaged species of birds; and numerous other animals, are seen, preserved in such a manner as to give them an appearance of life, which one can see in no other museum of natural history. The art of preserving birds and animals is amply detailed in the *Wanderings*, a detail that I should recommend all bird stuffers and keepers of museums to study and follow; and, above all, I would call upon them to visit Walton Hall, and see the art carried to the highest perfection.

Among these interesting objects, none interests more the observer than the "nondescript" animal, concerning which so much has been affirmed only from conjecture. Under what genus it is to be classed, Mr. Waterton best knows; as yet he has not disclosed it: only one individual, we believe, has been intrusted with its habits, manners, and character.

On leaving the house, and its island, and its old ivied tower, we next enter upon the park. This piece of ground embraces almost 300 acres, surrounded by a high wall to keep out the poacher and other intruder. As no gun is ever fired within its precincts, that

— "clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
The explosion of the jell'd tube excites,"

is never heard, nor any dog suffered to disturb its peace, it may easily be supposed it will be the favourite resort of many kinds of birds. Abounding in extensive woods and groves, and an ample space of water, every fowl can suit its own taste for a sheltering-place, for a haunt to build its nest, and rear its little brood; all those birds which elsewhere suffer from the gamekeeper's ruthless gun and trap, and from those whom the bird-stuffer employs to take them prisoners, receive protection within the walls of Walton Park. The owl is an especial favourite. Besides our slumbering two friends, whom we left

in the old ivied tower in the island, eleven pairs of others occupy holes in the trees, and other comfortable dormitories, purposely contrived and fitted up for their dwelling-places. It is not a little curious to observe, that, if these "wanderers" of the night be offered an unmolested habitation, a pair are not long in finding it out, and taking possession of it. Mr. Waterton, from his careful and accurate examination of the habits of the owl, has clearly exculpated it from the false charges and foul calumnies, aspersing its spotless reputation, of being the destroyer of young pigeons and their eggs. The same friendly turn he has done for the starling. Both these birds often are indwellers of the pigeon cote, not from a preference of it to any other harbour, but because the destroying hand of man has left them scarce another spot to retire to, and to breed up their young.

Many other calumnies heaped upon others of the unoffending birds and animals, when closely scrutinised, will no doubt be found to rest on equally untenable grounds as those affecting the character of the poor owl and starling.

No animal is more wronged and sinned against, than the harmless but much slandered hedgehog. The rook equally comes in for his share: though we verily believe that both will be found most useful servants of man. The former has often been unjustly criminated by the gamekeeper, as being a depredator of his game; and by the farmer as milking his cow: the gardener, who joins in the hue and cry against this inoffensive animal, will find the hedgehog a valuable assistant in clearing his garden of many insects, noxious to his plants and interests. The rook will be found equally useful to the husbandman, as the destroyer of the eggs, the worms or larvae, and the caterpillars, of insects hurtful to his root and grain crops.

The rapacious birds also find a home in Walton Park, and a friend in its proprietor. The raven is now and then seen, though but rarely, as the hand of the enemy has fallen heavily upon this noble bird. Great flights of the carrion crow, every evening of the year, may be seen repairing from all directions for their roosting-place in its woods; magpies in equal numbers may likewise be seen taking up in them their sleeping-quarters; different varieties of hawks resort for the same purpose, and here their "aeries build."

Some might suppose, from the presence of so many birds of prey, that no game would be found in the park: it is quite the reverse; game abounds in it. In 1833, a wood pigeon built in a tree four feet below that of a magpie; both lived in the greatest harmony, hatched their eggs, and reared their young. Many similar instances of the rapacious birds and the others living here peaceably together might be adduced. The pheasant, the partridge, the woodcock, in their season, and the hare, are very numerous. Were it not for the shelter they meet within the walls of the park, Mr. Waterton believes that they would have been ere this rooted out of his district of country, as some species of birds, such as the larger variety of woodpecker and others, have been.

The pheasant receives every attention. Except for about four months of the year, he can provide himself with food by living upon the beech mast, the sweet chestnut, acorns, and other sorts of food. To provide him with winter provisions, Mr. Waterton plants a quarter of an acre with the thousand-headed cabbage, which is sown in April, and transplanted in June. This cabbage the pheasant eats voraciously in the winter time. Beans are preferred to any kind of grain, as being less pilfered by the smaller birds.

The grasshopper,

— "saltitans per herbas,
Æstatis est chorista,"

whose sweet summer song was unceasingly heard, is now silent and scarce ever heard; this insect is a dainty repast of the pheasant.

Besides the hedgehog and the rook, the jay and the woodpecker come in for their share of proscription by the gamekeeper, to swell his murderous calendar to produce to his squire. Those last two birds, he affirms, on no just grounds, prey upon his game, by pilfering eggs, and by other acts of villany. It may be truly asserted of the beautiful woodpecker, that he is never seen to alight on a tree, unless it be in a state of decay: in that condition, the decayed wood abounding in insects, which are rapidly hastening its final decomposition, the woodpecker is attracted to it to prey upon them, and pick them out from the rotten wood. While a tree is sound, he is, we firmly believe, never seen to settle upon it.

Though the park has not been above two or three years quite enclosed by high walls, its complete privacy and security have attracted a small family of herons to form a colony on some of the aged oaks that overhang the lake: this year there have been four nests, all of which have been hatched, and some able-bodied youngsters have been sent out to swell the rising population of the heronry. The herons repay their kind landlord's assiduous care of them by destroying numbers of the water-rat, that infest all our waters, and even houses.

Being on the verge of that range of country which the nightingale visits in its annual migrations, Walton Park has generally the enjoyment of the mellifluous notes of one or two of these heavenly musicians, who, each

— "in his evening bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring.

And sings the drowsy day to rest."

When the season of the sere and yellow leaf draws on, the migratory birds, all knowing the moment when to forsake for a time their loved homes, flock into Walton Park, as a place of refuge after their long voyage. Among this assemblage are seen the woodcock, the fieldfare with its inseparable dear fellow traveller the redstart, and several others, emigrants from distant lands. Such are a few of the daily and occasional inhabitants of the woods and groves of Walton Park.

Notwithstanding several pairs of wood pigeons
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breed in the confines of the park, when winter sets in, immense numbers flock in to feed on the beech mast. These appear to have come from foreign countries.

If the land birds of all kinds and dispositions receive an invitation, and find a true friend in Mr. Waterton, no less so do the water birds; and that most beautiful of all the British birds, the kingfisher, which may be considered as the link which unites these two classes together.

The lake, abounding in a variety of fish, which we have described as encircling the hall of Walton, is the continual and occasional resort of many of the waterfowl. The wild duck, the widgeon, the teal, the coot, are seen on its pleasant waters in great numbers. The wild duck is a continual inhabitant of the lake. Several pairs hatch and bring up their young. But during the winter season great flocks of them migrating from the frozen north, as well as of the widgeon and of the teal, pass their inclement season here.

Though the wild ducks are seen on the waters during the daytime, at nightfall they repair to the sea-side, the shores of which are distant nearly a hundred miles, for their supper; and, by return of dawn, these active travellers, far surpassing, in speed of wing, the rapidly moving locomotive steam-engine, are seen on the bosom of the lake, quietly pruning and careening their plumage. The widgeon, feeding like geese on the grasses and aquatic plants, does not go so far for his nightly meal. If, however, he be undisturbed, he will feed during the daytime.

Not unfrequently the wild goose and the wild swan take up their abode in severe weather in the lake.

The seamew is also not an unfrequent visitor: the abundance of eels and other fish tempts the voracious cormorant to leave the stormy ocean, and pass his winter pleasantly at Walton. This bird usually travels with his mate; and it is interesting to observe the loving couple, an example of conjugal affection to human kind, fishing and diving in company. Tired with the sports of the deep, and finding an unmolested landing-place on the island, they often rest themselves from their labours on its pretty shores, within a gunshot from the windows of the hall.

An instance of the humane and paternal care and solicitude Mr. Waterton evinces for the comfort of his feathered family, during winter, had nearly escaped me. He encourages the growth of ivy around the stems of his trees, which not only shelters many a poor starved benumbed bird, when the storm rages, but offers it an agreeable place for its nest in the spring.

From these few and hastily collected observations while visiting Walton Hall, it will appear that Mr. Waterton possesses the finest and most extensive zoological garden in the kingdom, or perhaps in Europe. Here roaming unconstrained and at free liberty, every bird and animal can be examined in its true character. In possession of a powerful telescope, which is often used, Mr. Waterton watches and examines the habits and movements of his varied feathered population. Almost constantly abroad, nothing escapes him.

The perfect seclusion of the park enables him

to experiment harmlessly on his subjects. In the spring of 1833, he made a carrion crow hatch two rook's eggs, a magpie those of a jackdaw, and the daw those of the pie.

In concluding these very imperfect remarks on Walton Hall, I am sure that every one who, like myself, has shared the hospitality and enjoyments of a visit to this second White of Selborne, will join with me in these words of the Latin poet:—

—“*Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno,
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*”

—“*Here to thee shall plenty flow,
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain.*”

Closeburn Hall, Nov. 22, 1834.

[The following particulars have been derived from another source:—

“Walton Park consists of 260 acres. The wall around it is, for above a mile, 10 feet high; the remainder of it, 9 feet at the lowest part. There is no public road or footpath through this park, and no gun is ever allowed, upon any score, to be fired in it. The park abounds with fine timber; and Mr. Waterton, in laying out some new grounds about twenty-six years ago, did every thing that love for birds could suggest, to make them come and settle there. This protection to the birds enables them to perform their daily functions without fear and trembling.

“In the centre of the park is a sheet of water, of 24 acres in extent; upon which, in winter, from 2000 to 3000 wild fowl may sometimes be seen. In the lake is a rock; and on this rock stands Walton Hall; now a modern building, but in times long gone by, a place of strength.”]

From the Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.

Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample perhaps than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in woe,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

From the British Critic.

LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL.

Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A. M. By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A. M. Baldwin. 1834. pp. 443.

The character with a portraiture of which this volume presents us, has called forcibly to our remembrance the *Arlecchino* of Goldoni's best comedies. Not the motley magician of the English pantomime, with his piebald face and wand of lath, but the adult baby of the Italian stage, who, in the full organisation of adolescence, and with the complete development of bodily powers, retains all the simplicity, all the inclinations, and all the ignorance of childhood; who makes love to his mistress and cries for barley sugar in the same breath; who fondles his own nurslings as if he himself were still unweaned; and who in the closing passages of life has not any need of reduction to a *second* infancy. Even with the marvellous lack of judgment which such a description implies, there is much which we cannot forbear from regarding with a certain degree of fondness; and, whenever we are most inclined to indulge an ambiguous smile, we are checked by a recollection that this superlative imbecility is accompanied by proportionate innocuousness.

How far this inability to be wise, this *nolle al-tum sapere*, is compensated by a negation of absolute evil, we need not here stop to enquire. To do so, indeed, would be to involve ourselves in the very obscurest portion of metaphysics, to moot the question of first principles; and this is a task from which we may readily be excused. The reader may determine for himself, and draw his own conclusions from the biography of Rowland Hill.

Rowland Hill, sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone, in Shropshire, was born, August 23d, 1745. As a child he was full of pranks and drolleries; and it was not until he quitted the paternal roof, and was considered sufficiently old to be entered at Eton, that he received “the first beams of spiritual light,” and was “converted” by an elder brother. After undergoing that process, young Rowland entered as a pensioner and soon afterwards became fellow commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge; but unhappily neither during term nor vacation was he likely to receive much encouragement. His religious sentiments were greatly disapproved at home; and at the university “he was such a marked and hated person, that nobody belonging to the college ever gave him a cordial smile, except the old shoe-black at the gate who had the love of Christ in his heart.”

“Piety and Zeal,” however, soon introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Berridge, under whose ministry at Everton he sat every Sunday, taking care to return in time for College Chapel. Fired by the precepts of this “excellent but eccentric old clergyman,” the energetic Rowland commenced preaching in Cambridge and its vicinity; and having met with some opposition in his course, he took an opinion from George Whitefield, who strongly urged him not to give way nor to look back; but, after his own example at Oxford, to proceed in his happy career, till he should

obtain the distinction of being hissed and hooted in the streets, and reproached, and counted as dung and offscouring. "Never," says the veteran, "did we prosper so much as at that season."

Mr. Edwin Sidney honestly admits that this advice "was scarcely consistent with the submission which Hill had promised as an undergraduate," or, as he might express himself in more plain speech, that by adopting it he violated his matriculation oath. But it was in "unison with his desires," and *therefore* he obeyed it. He continued accordingly to preach, much to the benefit of his hearers, at Chesterton, where "no other harm was done than the windows broke;" at the castle, where there was "a little mobbing;" at Grandchester, where "many were drunk," and the orator himself "was confused;" "in a barn for the first time with much comfort," although some gownsmen "gnashed with their teeth."

These infringements of academical discipline met with strenuous condemnation from his father and mother, and were threatened by the university authorities with a refusal of testimonials and even of a degree. Nevertheless, under the auspices of Whitefield, he maintained his perseverance unshrinkingly; notwithstanding "there were also those of the same religious principles as his own, who considered his irregular course as not the *best preparation* for his degree or future ministry." At length, in 1769, he proceeded B. A.; and then prepared, although not without grief, to quit "his little flock at Cambridge." True it is that he left the sheep under a pastoral guidance which doubtless is still fresh in the remembrance of many of our readers. Among other lay-preachers whom Mr. Berridge had countenanced and established, was "an individual well known by the familiar appellation of Johnny Stittle, an eccentric, uneducated, but naturally gifted man, perfectly devoid of the fear of any human being." Johnny Stittle is described as follows by his patron; "he is a wonderful man indeed; somewhat lifted up at present, I think; but his master will take him by the nose by and by." Whether this prognostic was or was not fulfilled we are quite unprepared to decide; but not one of those who have ever heard Johnny Stittle is likely to forget his nose.

On Mr. Hill's application for orders, six bishops refused their consent, and the plea which they advanced does not seem altogether unjustifiable. They rested upon "his irregularities while at Cambridge, and his disinclination to promise in future to confine himself to the rules of the church;" of which church he nevertheless sought to partake the communion, the honours, and the emoluments. His deviations from the establishment, however, never led him into any quarrel with either the articles or the liturgy; for both of which he professed unbounded admiration.

During the interval in which his profession continued to be thus undecided, he was chiefly occupied in itinerant preaching, and supported himself as well as he was able on the very scanty allowance to which he was restricted by his father's displeasure. Nor was poverty the only cross to which he had to submit. At Stowey he was encountered by "pans, shovels, horns, bells, dirt,

and eggs." At Putsham some of "the congregation stood serious, some scoffed at a distance, and others threw stones." At Melscomb he found people "unaffected and inattentive," so that it was "a miserable, dry, humbling time." At Bridgewater he preached to "a decreasing congregation." At Wotton-under-Edge, he was saved from a stone by a Gloucestershire disciple, who arrested the arm preparing to throw it, at the same time bluntly declaring "If thee dost touch him, I'll knock thy head off!" At Cheltenham, he found it "miserable work to preach to the rich." At Marlborough he met a very "rude and rebellious" congregation, who laughed at and pelted him. In the summer of 1772, he undertook a revival of Whitefield's ministry in London. That remarkable man was then dead, but Rowland Hill addressed his followers in the Moorfields Tabernacle, and in the Tottenham Court Road Chapel. Meanwhile Captain Joss and Butcher Hogg were equally active in the same cause in Gloucestershire; and the latter wrote to Mr. Hill, urging him not to spare himself, and setting so good an example of self-devotion, as to assure his correspondent, in a monitory epistle, that he prayed to kill himself "in crying aloud to poor sinners; and if I am not hoarse and weak for two or three days after the sabbath, I think I have been barren and dead."

Having written himself M. A. at Cambridge in 1773, Rowland entered upon a Christian courtship of Miss Tudway. We need not dwell upon the love-letters which his biographer has thought it edifying to print; they are perhaps equally good with most of the same ware; although it may be doubted whether many *promessi sposi* have written as boldly as did Hill when he informed his betrothed "Remember this, that Mary Tudway is as bad as she can be, she is utterly undone." He was married on the 23d of May, 1773; and on the following June 6th, was ordained Deacon, by Dr. Wills, the aged bishop of Bath and Wells. His title was the curacy of Kingston in Somersetshire; and, notwithstanding that he had continued his mountebank circuits up to the very moment at which he presented himself for episcopal examination, he was ordained "*without any promise or condition whatever.*"

The Archbishop of York, however, was on the alert; and when Rowland offered himself as a candidate for priest's orders, he was informed that his perpetual irregularity forbade his admission to any higher grade than that which he had already obtained. To follow him in all his rambles is manifestly out of our power; in spite of bilious attacks, and horseponds, and addled eggs, and vituperations, he persisted in his "field campaigns;" encouraged by the recollection of other faithful ministers who had endured similar martyrdoms. One anecdote, which greatly delighted him, concerned a follower of Whitefield.

"Harris used to relate of himself, that being once on a journey through Wales, his mind was agitated by great temptations to desert his Master's cause, when he said, 'Satan, I'll match thee for this!'—and 'so I did,' he used to add; 'for I had not ridden many miles before I came to a revel, where there was a show of mountebanks, which I entered, and just as they were commencing, I jumped

into the midst of them, and cried out 'let us pray,' which so thunder-struck them that they listened to me quietly, while I preached them a most tremendous sermon, that frightened many of them home."—p. 101.

It was about this time that one of the most notorious secular incidents of his life occurred; it has often been incorrectly related, but it loses nothing of unction when reduced to the bare fact.

"His courage, at all times remarkable, often awed his most violent opposers, and on one occasion frightened away two or three highwaymen, which probably gave rise to the foolish story of his taking a robber into his service. He was riding in a phaeton somewhere near London, accompanied by Mrs. Hill, when they were attacked in the dark by either two or three men, who violently demanded their money. They had a few minutes previously made a successful attack upon a Mr. Whitefoot, his assistant, who preceded them in a gig. When they came to Mr. Rowland Hill, and he used to laugh heartily as he told the story, he set up such a tremendous unearthly shout, that one of them cried out, 'we have stopped the devil by mistake, and had better be off'—on which they ran away and left him and his lady in peaceable possession of the road. He used to say, 'I stood up in the carriage and made all the outrageous noises I could think of, which frightened the fellows out of their wits, and away they scampered.'"—p. 114.

The "usefulness" of Mr. Hill's preaching was "somewhat diminished" during the year 1775, by an ugly habit which he had acquired of mixing politics with divinity; and so violent was the language in which he denounced the American war from the pulpit, "that hints were given him of its being noticed." He engaged also in not a very gentle controversy with the Wesleyans. But we hasten over these minor episodes to the greatest event in his life, the foundation of the Surry chapel. The first stone of that building was laid on June 24th, 1782, and Hill's avowed design was to erect a pulpit "open to pious ministers of all denominations and of every country;" or, if we may so say, to become the conductor of a theological omnibus. Within twelve months, the building was sufficiently completed to be opened for public worship; but it had been "erected on a marshy foundation," and a serious accident had nearly occurred from the pressure and alarm of the crowd which attended the opening meeting, and believed that the walls were giving way. Mrs. Hill was forced from her seat by the general rush, "and fell in the chapel yard, but she providentially escaped any serious bruises."

Hill had now become attached to a regular congregation, and had a settled residence. The trustees of the Surry Chapel paid him £300 a year, out of which "he boarded the supplies who occupied the pulpit during his absence in the summer. The two foreign pulpits in which he most delighted were those of Mr. Cadogan at Reading, and of Mr. De Courcy at St. Alkmund's, Shrewsbury. In his own chapel he was especially fond of procuring assistance from Mr. Venn, (who, as Mr. Edwin Sidney has remarked, "in occupying Surry Chapel pulpit, forgot the due observance of ecclesiastical discipline and order," and committed "an act of irregularity contrary to canonical rules,"), or of any eminent Welsh minister who happened to be in London, and who

would undertake to officiate in his native tongue. All of these sons of Cadwallader, as Fluellen tells, were "of one reasonings, save the phrases is a little variations;" or, as Hill himself describes the "Welsh manner," they "bawled out very good things till they could bawl no longer."

In 1798, Hill made "a gospel tour" in Scotland, where a hearer states, that "during some of his sermons the eternal world appeared to be next door." When he preached at Edinburgh on the Calton Hill to at least 10,000 people, "every person seemed deep in thought," and "the old women looked out of their doors and exclaimed, eh, sirs, what will become of us now!" On his way southward, when he arrived at Rotherham, he encountered some bodily peril; for a madman rushed upon him with a drawn sword, and struggled hard to reach him till he was disarmed. Before he arrived at home he was a little indisposed, and his horses fell lame; yet to this progress were his horses indebted for their distinctive names. "I once asked him," says Mr. Edwin Sidney, "why he called his carriage-horses *Order* and *Decorum*?" "Oh," he answered, "they said in the north, 'Mr. Hill rides upon the backs of *Order* and *Decorum*,' so I called one of my horses *Order* and the other *Decorum*, that they might tell the truth in one way if they did not in another." It should not be omitted that his favourite cream-coloured saddle-horse was named "Bob."

These horses sometimes, however, excited scandal among his followers; and some notion of the license permitted in Surry Chapel may be attained by the subjoined anecdote.

"Once an impudent fellow placed a piece of paper on the reading desk, just before he was going to read prayers. He took it up, and began—'The prayers of this congregation are desired—umph—for—umph—well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun—for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday.' This would have disconcerted almost any other man: but he looked up as coolly as possible and said—'If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage.' He then went on with the service as if nothing had happened."—p. 120, 121.

When advanced in years Mr. Hill was exposed to danger by some untoward accidents. On one occasion, "Bob," unconscious of the precious burthen which he carried, fell upon his master in a steep and stony road; and, if the disposition of the steed had not been equally placid with that of the rider, the latter, perhaps, would have suffered more injury than was occasioned by the fracture of two ribs. A few years afterwards, Mr. Hill severely hurt one of his legs by tumbling through an open trap-door in the flooring of his chapel; and the wound yielded so slowly to surgical remedies, that, although he preached only once within six weeks after the fall, and then was seated, he was thought to have hurt himself by the exertion. In 1831, after attending a meeting

* "I once told him this story, and asked him if it was true—'Aye, that it is,' he said, 'true enough—you know I could not call him a donkey in plain terms out of the reading desk.'"

at Exeter Hall, he grazed his shin against the steps of his carriage; neglect increased inflammation, and tended much to impair his strength, so that the ladies of Surry Chapel presented him with a chair, by which he was freed from inconvenience in the pulpit. His death, however, did not occur till April 2, 1833, when he gently yielded to the infirmities of a protracted old age. The latest evidence of sensibility which he evinced was by a very marked approbation of some lines which had ever been among his favourite compositions, and which at the awful moment of departure were repeated by an attendant. We utterly disclaim all intention of scoffing; but to our ears the following miserable jingle, sounds far more like presumptuous and canting doggerel, than like a consolatory Christian hymn; and we earnestly protest, in our own case, both on the score of sober piety and of sound criticism, against the employment of any such viaticum.

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so join'd,
That He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

As a fair specimen of Mr. Sidney's style we may take his description of Rowland Hill's person, and of the general character of his religious views.

"The person of Mr. Rowland Hill is well known to the public. He was rather above the middle height in stature, and when young was remarkably thin, though wonderfully strong and active. His countenance was expressive of the complexion of his mind, and the play upon his lips, and piercing look of his small grey eyes, denoted both intelligence and humour. When between fifty and sixty years of age, his fine upright figure, combined with a high-bred, gentleman-like deportment, caused him to be the subject of general admiration; and when the weight of eighty years rested on his head, his erect form was not bowed down, nor was the vigour of his mind in the slightest degree impaired. A few years ago, a gentleman in a country town followed a crowd into a chapel, not the least knowing who was to be the preacher: on returning home, he said—'I have seen a man with such a commanding air as I never witnessed before—who can it be?' It was Mr. Rowland Hill; and this was the effect his appearance produced on all who saw him in his latter days; and, as Johnson said of Burke, if any person had merely chanced to take shelter with him from a shower, he would have gone home and said, 'I have seen an extraordinary man.'

"In his theological opinions, Mr. Rowland Hill leaned towards the tenets of Calvin, but what is called Hyper-Calvinism he could not endure. In a system of doctrine he was the follower of no man, but drew his sermons fresh from a prayerful reading of the Bible, and happy would it be for all ministers if they followed his example. By faith, and earnest entreaty for divine teaching, he let down his vessel into the wells of salvation, and the water came up clear, unspolluted by human traditions, unflavoured by dogmas, and unadulterated by the muddy conceits of man's fancied discoveries. He was for drawing together all the people of God wherever they could meet, and was willing to join in a universal communion with Christians of every name. When on one occasion he had preached in a chapel where none but baptised adults were admitted to the sacrament, he wished to have communicated with them, but was told respectfully, 'You

cannot sit down at *our* table'—he only replied calmly, 'I thought it was the *Lord's* table.'"—p. 409—411.

Much of the contemporary credit of Rowland Hill arose from his *facetiae*; perhaps on account of a very prevalent, although a very false notion, which ought long since to have been counteracted by numberless instances to the contrary, in some of the best and ablest of human kind, that light-someness of heart is inconsistent with genuine piety, or at least that the two are rarely found in union. From the anecdotes which Mr. Sidney has preserved, and which we therefore suppose are the choicest specimens of his deceased kinsman's powers of humour which he has the means of furnishing, we do not attribute to him the possession of highly pungent wit; but it would be unjust not to recollect that the twinkle of the eye, the shake of the head, and the richness of the tone, upon which so much of the effect of repartee depends, are now wanting, and that what remains of Yorick, alas, is no more than a *caput mortuum*.

To a lady, who once asked him to get her son made Poet Laureate, he replied, that he could as soon get him made Archbishop of Canterbury.

"One evening after dinner, his servant said, 'Sir, a foreign gentleman wishes to speak to you.' 'Well, show him in,' said Mr. Hill; and there entered a tall mustachioed man, who addressed him with,

"Meester Hill, I have heard you are a wonderful great goot man—can do any ting."

"Mercy on us! then I must be a wonderful man indeed."

"Yes, sare, so you are a very wonderful man; so I call to ask you to make my ambassador do his duty by me."

"Sir, I can assure you I have not the honour of knowing him."

"Oh, sare, but he regard a letter from you."

"Sir, I can have no possible influence with him, and cannot take the liberty of writing to him on a subject about which I know nothing."

"But sare, I will tell you."

"Finding his applicant inclined to be pertinacious, he concluded the business by saying,

"Well, sir, you may give my compliments to the ambassador, and say that I advise him to do his duty: and that will do as well as writing."

"Very goot, sare—goot day."—p. 233.

In an angry controversy between a clergyman and a dissenter at one of his own missionary dinners, in which he was appealed to for a decision, "he put on one of his arch looks and said, 'Well, I declare I must say you are both equally wrong; and I was just thinking that if you were tied together by the tail, like two cats, and thrown over a forked stick, you would scratch each other's eyes out.'" One day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a shower of rain, he interlarded his sermon with the following *jeu d'esprit*: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a *cloke*, but I do not think those are much better who make it an *umbrella*."

"He used to tell the following droll story of what he said on one occasion:—'His Royal Highness the Duke of ——— was in the chair, and kindly desired me to sit next him. A man absolutely had the bad taste to spin out his dull tiresome *oratory* for more than an hour. Some of the people, tired to death, as well they might,

went away. His royal highness whispered to me—'Really, Mr. Hill, I do not think I can sit to hear such another speech as this; I wish you would give one of your good-natured hints about it.' It was my turn next; so I said, 'May it please your royal highness, ladies and gentlemen, I am not going to make either a long or a moving speech. The first is a rudeness; and the second is not required to-day, after the very moving one you have just heard—so moving, that several of the company have been moved by it out of the room—nay, I even fear, such another would so move his royal highness himself, that he would be unable to continue in the chair; and would, to the great regret of the meeting, be obliged to move off.' This tickled his royal highness and the assembly, and we had no more long speeches that day.'—p. 210, 211.

Finally, on sending some trifling present to Mrs. Hannah More, he addressed her "in a playful and lively spirit," and "indulged his humorous vein by imitating the style of Sternhold and Hopkins:"

"With this my love doth come to you:
My love it is both sure and true,
And eke the same, likewise, also,
Unto your household it doth go."

What man among us could subside quietly in the grave if he knew that idle trifles such as these were to be posthumously blazoned on hot-pressed foolscap by the zeal of some dolt-headed executor! So guileless and benevolent a spirit as that which animated Rowland Hill, while living, is little likely to have created *enemies*, but those who regard his memory have good reason to pray, with the Spaniard, that it be preserved from his *friends*. He, in truth, deserves a better tribute than he has here received from Mr. Edwin Sidney: and we heartily wish that his many virtues and attaching qualities had been recorded by a discriminating biographer; by one whose judgment was capable of deciding what ought to be omitted as well as what ought to be commemorated.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont, avec sa Famille et plusieurs de ses Amis, pendant son Voyage dans l'Inde, 1828-1832. 2 vols. Paris. 1833.—The same translated. 2 vols. London. 1834.

M. Jacquemont was, we understand, the son (born in 1801) of an apothecary in Paris, who, having shown considerable aptitude for what is called natural knowledge, was, on the recommendation of Baron Cuvier, appointed by the administration of the French Jardin des Plantes to travel into Central India for the purpose of investigating its natural history, and collecting specimens of zoology, botany, mineralogy, &c. During this mission, which extended from August, 1828, when he sailed from Brest, to September, 1829, when he landed at Calcutta, and thence to December, 1832, when he died at Bombay, he wrote a series of letters to his family and friends, which they have rather indiscreetly published, and which have been, we are informed, received with more approbation than we can think them—in any respect—entitled to.

It is singular enough that about the time when Mr. Burnes was employed in his travels in Central Asia, of which we gave an account in our last number, M. Jacquemont should be traversing parts of the same region, and that the results of their respective labours should be produced almost simultaneously. It is impossible, however, to imagine a stronger contrast than these works exhibit; and we can boldly and conscientiously pronounce that, in every respect *but one*, the comparison is in favour of our countryman. Jacquemont is, we admit, a livelier writer than Mr. Burnes: the epistolary form—the variety of persons to whom his letters are addressed—and a very loose versatility of topics, are naturally more *amusing* than the orderly and accurate style of narrative employed by Mr. Burnes; but in all other respects—in all the solid and valuable qualities which inspire esteem for the man or confidence in the traveller—he is infinitely superior to his French competitor.

M. Jacquemont is, indeed, the personification, the *beau ideal*, of a literary coxcomb of the modern French school. Clever, having *some* acquaintance (we, as yet, possess no means of judging how much) with the inferior sciences, and a loose smattering of popular literature, his letters are in general lively and entertaining enough, but disfigured by such frequent vanity, vulgarity, and impiety, as would, in our opinion, counterbalance all their literary merit, were that ten times greater than in fact it is. For much, however, of what is blameable in the work we must not too severely censure Jacquemont personally: he wrote in confidence to his nearest relatives, and *perhaps* did not intend that his letters should ever be made public—at least he is not responsible for their publication; but we confess that it adds considerably to the regret and alarm which we already felt as to the state of moral feeling in France, to find that a family, which seems otherwise amiable and respectable, should, for the sake of either notoriety or *profit*, have betrayed to the public the confidential letters, in which this giddy young man not only takes unwarrantable liberties with the characters of gentlemen—and, what is infinitely worse, of ladies—into whose society he was admitted, but exhibits *himself* as having lived a professed atheist, and died with no more sense or hope of an immortal soul than one of the baboons of his own zoological collection.

We dare say that, if the truth could be known, it would turn out that this profession of atheism was mere swagger. We have always doubted whether there could be such a thing as a *sane* atheist; but a *naturalist-atheist* would assuredly be a monster. If there be any one study more than another which teaches that

"Arguit, in fabro, non in se, machina mentem,"

it is that of the mechanism of nature; and Jacquemont's atheism was probably, like his incredulity on several other topics, either utter thoughtlessness, or (which is more likely) the silly affectation of passing for an *esprit fort*. For this reason, and for more serious considerations suggested by his early death, we shall say

no more on this part of the character which he has drawn of himself, and which his family have had the lamentable indiscretion to publish. We shall have but too much room for censure on less offensive topics; but before we arrive at them we have two or three observations to make on the preliminary part of the work.

It appears, from the preface to the translation, (for the original edition does not condescend to give us one syllable of explanation relative either to Jacquemont or his mission,) that in June, 1828, Jacquemont came to London to make some preparatory arrangements for his expedition. The translator taxes the French editor with something like ingratitude for not having acknowledged the civilities and assistance which Jacquemont received on this occasion from some individuals in London; but we are not quite sure that the French editor has not, in this single instance, acted with discretion. The chief assistance that Jacquemont received in London was a packet of letters of recommendation to sundry persons of consideration in India, and seeing (as our readers will by-and-by) how very unpleasant—even to those of whom he means to speak most civilly—must be Jacquemont's indelicate revelations of their social and domestic life, the French editor may have thought that he conferred a favour on the givers of those letters in not making them publicly responsible for their result. We honestly confess we never should have forgiven ourselves if we had had the misfortune to have introduced Jacquemont to any one of the ladies of whose names he makes such familiar, and we think indelicate, use.

The translator next reproaches the court of directors—the “merchant kings” as he sneeringly—the “*Vieilles Perruques*,” as Jacquemont insolently calls them, of Leadenhall-street—with some illiberal reluctance—some “fastidious delays”—to give M. Jacquemont the necessary permission to travel in their territories. Now, when we recollect some former French missions, which, as is now avowed, cloaked aggressive projects against our Indian empire, under scientific and diplomatic pretences—when it is notorious that the most powerful of the native princes, Runjeet Sing, has actually French officers in his service who have disciplined his troops in European tactics, even to the degree of receiving the word of command in French—we should have thought the court of directors highly blameable if they had, without some previous enquiry, opened India to this new mission. The delay, however, so far from being vexatious, or even “fastidious,” must have been wonderfully short, for Jacquemont's whole stay in England was less than three weeks. His special patrons first announced his mission to the Asiatic Society on the 19th June: the permission of the directors is dated the 25th June; and the recommendation of Jacquemont, as a member of the Asiatic Society, (by one of whom this complaint seems to be made,) did not take place till the 28th June; so that the tardy consent of the “*Vieilles-Perruques*” was granted within a week after the first steps, and three days before the next steps taken by his zealous friends in the Asiatic Society. We shall see, by-and-by, that

Jacquemont abused the indulgence thus, we will say, too readily afforded him; and the court of directors, instead of being the objects of reproach, might, with more reason, complain of those (whoever these were—for that does not appear) who so inconsiderately recommended a person of whom they seem to have known nothing, and whose indiscretion—if he tells the truth—might, on more than one occasion, have produced very deplorable consequences.

Before we arrive with M. Jacquemont at Calcutta, we must notice a curious incident that took place on his passage out. Soon after they had left the Cape of Good Hope, the French brig-of-war, the *Zélée*, in which he was a passenger, fell in with an English merchant-ship, into which—after the stranger had hailed them in English, which was heard and known to be English—(she must therefore have been so close that every seaman must have seen she was a merchantman)—into which vessel, we say, the captain of the French man-of-war, in a paroxysm of terror, fired his whole broadside of round and grape—and so near were the ships, that Jacquemont says the broadside was fired at the moment that they thought the stranger was about to board them.*

This seems to us one of the most wanton and unjustifiable attempts at wholesale murder that we ever read of: but our readers will be anxious to know what damage was done—how many innocent lives were lost by this atrocious discharge of “round and grape” at so short a distance. We are happy to inform them that only one spar and one sail were so much as touched; and but one man was wounded: a wonderful escape—but more wonderful still, when it is added that the one sufferer was a French sailor, wounded on board their own ship, in firing their own cool and well-directed broadside. Although we are unwilling to recur to the subject of Jacquemont's impiety, we cannot refrain from extracting the consistent conclusion of this remarkable story, which we hope is not characteristic of the French navy in general. The wounded man was so badly hurt that amputation of the arm became necessary, and his life was in danger—the rest Jacquemont shall tell in his own words.

“The priest, whom we have on board, of course availed himself of our man's amputated arm yesterday, to go and puzzle him with salutary thoughts on life and death. But, being informed of what was going on by M. de Melay, who had seen his reverence going on tiptoe towards the hospital doot, I went immediately, and caught him in the very fact of frightening the poor devil. He understood me directly, and sheered off as soon as he perceived me. I have advised the wounded man's friends not to quit his bedside, but to keep the curé, as they call him, at a distance; if he insists, they will receive him with a good broadside of slang.”—vol. i. p. 66.

* Such is Jacquemont's own story. But we are assured, as this sheet is passing through the press, by a gentleman recently arrived from India, that the blame of this affair rested not indeed solely, but chiefly, with Jacquemont himself, who volunteered to act as interpreter, but unluckily misunderstood and misreported the answer of the English captain: but this, if true, would be no justification of the French commandant, who should rather have believed his own eyes than Jacquemont's ears.

This M. de Melay was the royal governor of Pondicherry: M. Jacquemont also was on board in an official capacity; and both held appointments under a sovereign who then bore the title of *Most Christian King*—and who at least was a *Christian King*! The whole affair is in perfect consistence! Their broadside wounds their own man, and their public functionaries insult the discipline of the ship and the religion of the state! But it is time to turn our attention more directly to Jacquemont himself.

It is said by one of our essayists that, if you wish to discover a man's character, you should get him to talk of himself, because you may generally conclude that he is really the very reverse of whatever he may represent himself to be. This is literally true of Jacquemont, for *à force de se préconiser* as the most modest—the best natured—the politest and most fascinating of mankind, he convinces you that he was one of the most impudent, conceited, ill-bred, and tiresome coxcombs that ever inflicted their impertinence on society. Let us prove our assertion out of his own mouth.

We will begin with his début in Calcutta:—

"The company was assembled in Lady William Bentinck's drawing-room. I was once more her *chevalier*, and sat next to her at dinner, that being of course the place of honour. Every thing around was royal and Asiatic: the dinner completely French and exquisite, delicious wines served in moderation, as in France, but by tall servants with long beards, in white gowns with turbans of scarlet and gold. Lord William asked me to take wine, a compliment which I immediately returned, by begging the honour of taking wine with my fair neighbour, who was conversing with me on a variety of agreeable topics, and offered to act as cicerone. To give our appetites time to revive for the second course, an excellent German orchestra, led by an Italian, performed several of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Rossini, and in a most perfect manner. The distance from which the sound proceeded, the uncertain light flickering between the columns of the neighbouring room, the brilliancy of the lights with which the table was illuminated, the beauty of the fruit which covered it in profusion, and the perfume from the flowers by which its pyramids were decorated, and perhaps also the champagne, made me find the music admirable. I experienced a sort of intoxication, but it was not a stupid intoxication. I chatted with Lady William in French on art, literature, painting, and music, while I answered, in a regular English speech, the questions put by her husband concerning the internal politics of France. I did not avoid showing, in my opinions, all that might excite disapprobation, employing, however, to express it, the most modest forms, which a lad of sixteen in England considers himself entitled to dispense with." [What impudent dogs these English are!] "Returning to Lady William's drawing-room to take coffee, of which I drank five or six cups without perceiving it, I found myself complimented by every one enough to turn my head. You will imagine that I did not fail to engage the physician, who is still young, in conversation, on the novelties in physiology; for I had no opportunity, in the general conversation, of speaking on subjects connected with my own profession of naturalist, and I wished to show myself in character before the hour of departure."—Vol. i. pp. 277—279.

Can there be a more perfect picture of the mingled astonishment and assurance of an impu-

dent and vulgar person, admitted for the first time into good company, and painfully labouring to appear at ease! The immediate return of Lord William's compliment by asking Lady William to take wine—the intoxication produced by such unusual phenomena on a dinner-table as lights, fruits, flowers, and champagne—the chating in French to Lady William on art—and besides art—on literature, painting, and music—which we suppose are not arts—the set speeches in English to her husband—the five or six cups of coffee drank without knowing what he did—the being complimented thereupon by every body to a degree to turn his head; and finally the crowning the whole by entertaining the mixed and admired audience of ladies and gentlemen by a physiological discussion with the doctor, for the purpose of "showing himself in character," are all traits of the highest comic. The last, in particular, is almost equal to that other ingenious *savant*, M. Thomas Diafoirus immortalised by Molière, who, wishing "to show himself in character" to Mademoiselle Angélique, invites her and her friends to a physiological discussion—"à venir voir l'un de ces jours, pour vous divertir, la dissection d'une femme sur quoi je dois raisonner!"

Our next extract, however, must excite more serious feelings, and will temper our amusement at his folly with something approaching to disgust at his effrontery. Before we produce it, we think it proper to premise, that Lady William Bentinck is not more distinguished for her high rank and personal accomplishments, than for her piety and exemplary moral conduct in all the relations of life. We owe this preliminary tribute to an amiable lady, whose name we should not have been induced by any consideration to have quoted, if it had not been already obtruded on all Europe in this publication, and if the anecdotes in which she is mentioned had not been extensively circulated in our own periodical literature, without that censure of Jacquemont's ingratitude and impertinence which they so richly deserve.

"Lady William Bentinck is religious, or rather endevours to be so."—Vol. i. p. 99.

"For a week I was overwhelmed with attentions [at the governor-general's country house]. There was no Lady William for any one but me. I spent several long days with her—*tête-à-tête*—chatting about God—she for, I against—of Mozart—Rossini—painting—Madame de Staël; of happiness and misery; and of love in reference to both—of all things, in short, which require, if not intimacy, at least a great deal of confidence and reciprocal esteem especially on the part of a woman—English too—religious and strict, with a man—young, a BACHELOR and a—FRENCHMAN!"—p. 114.

This last word was utterly superfluous!—Is there a man in Europe but a Frenchman who could have penned such a passage even in the most confidential private letter?—is there a father in Europe, except a Frenchman, who would have sanctioned the publication of such a letter from a recently deceased son? Another passage, though not so flippant, is to our feeling—and, must be, we have no doubt, to that of Lady William Bentinck—still more offensive; for he would

have us believe that these alleged discussions "for and against God" had a serious effect on her ladyship's mind.

"I," says he, "am no better for her attempt to convert me, whilst she, I really fear, is not quite so sure of the truth of her doctrine as she was before."—Vol. i. p. 88.

We shall see, as we proceed, so many proofs of the mendacious vanity of the man, that we cannot help doubting even his most ordinary statements; but anecdotes so inconsistent as the foregoing with the character of any English woman, and most especially with that of Lady William Bentinck, we reject at once, on the internal evidence, as well as on the general character of the witness.

There are some other ladies treated with, if it be possible, still greater impertinence, and the passages, if quoted, would give our readers a still worse opinion of Jacquemont: but we refrain from doing so, because we are unwilling to revive or prolong the pain which they and their friends must have felt, at finding their names so cruelly, and, we can have no doubt, so causelessly insulted by the visions of such incredible vanity. He does not, indeed, dare to impute any positive levity of conduct, but it must be very mortifying to English women to find their unsuspecting good-nature and innocent urbanity to a stranger,—introduced to them by their husbands and fathers,—mistaken by the disgusting coxcomb himself, and trumpeted to the world as having something of a more sentimental and tender character. But if we entertained—which we do not—the slightest doubt of the falsehood of all such insinuations, it would be removed, by observing that M. Jacquemont was, or affected to be, under a similar delusion with regard to every man whom he happened to meet. A few specimens of this *Admirable Crichton* will amuse our readers and enable them to form their own opinion—if it be not already settled—of the ingenious and ingenuous author; and it is in a special degree worthy of admiration, that it was not merely in the polished circles of Calcutta, and under the bright and favouring influences of Lady W., or Lady G., or Miss P., that he was thus astonishingly successful. His attraction was not *fashion*, but *fascination*—it was equally powerful over both sexes and in all situations. There was no *dip* in his magnetism—and in the camp of the torrid desert, or the hut of the snowy Alp—in the quarters of the ensign, or in the palace of the rajah, we find him exercising the same omnipotent power. In this respect Jacquemont's work is a real curiosity, and we think it right to exhibit at some length the most marvellous portrait of personal vanity which has ever been produced to our eyes.

"My manners, which I have left natural, and have not made stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the English of the common class, have had the good fortune to please. I have spoken of all things to the best of my

* This is our own version—the translator having, as we shall hereafter more fully show, mistaken this and several other idiomatic passages.

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ability, and without affectation. Some, perhaps, have liked me [*m'ont aimé*] on that account; all have shown me [*m'ont prodigué*] attention. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and universally agreeable intercourse with the English. I forgot that I knew the language very little; *—I spoke like a Frenchman. They were infinitely pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity, and my unaffected manners. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title from Paris; and no modesty can prevent me from saying, that it is on my own personal account [*pour moi et à cause de moi*] that every one has been so kind and hospitable. Wherever I went, I tried to pay in ready money, by giving some interest and a little diversity to the tiresome monotony of English [life]; talking, in fact—whenever I thought the folks fit to taste that pleasure so little known among the English."—Vol. i. p. 113.

This—for one who is obliged to make an effort to shake off even for a moment his natural modesty—is pretty well. We may by and by say a word or two on the severe judgment against English manners with which he thinks it necessary to contrast and set off the superior fascination of his own: at present, we shall confine ourselves to specimens of his "genuine simplicity" and "want of pretension."

"I know not," he says, "how it is that I inspire such confidence in these people [the English society at Calcutta], that they open their hearts to me upon points about which they are afraid to speak to each other after years of acquaintance."—p. 85.

And again:—

"The English have nothing which resembles what we call society, and are almost universally destitute of that facility which we learn in it, of talking gracefully about nothings, and without dullness on serious subjects. We thus have an immense advantage over them, when we can lead them to a somewhat general conversation, the subject of which is sufficiently familiar to allow us gradually to take the greatest share in it, and to give it its tone. It is to this artifice that I owe most of my success in what they call their society."—p. 281.

That is, the artifice of having all the talk to himself—a practice which does not usually produce such astonishing success in society. He proceeds:—

"A Frenchman has much greater facility in entering into an Englishman's friendship than another Englishman. They are like bodies similarly electrified, which repel each other. We are decidedly more amiable than they—much more affectionate; and I see that all who are worth any thing are charmed with my manners."—p. 102.

But such is his extreme and obstinate modesty, that eighteen months' experience did not entirely enlighten him as to the exact source of all this fascination. Of the fact of course he can have no doubt, but he is not quite so clear as to the cause.

* Jacquemont, in one of his French letters, introduces one of his own English after-dinner speeches, which shows him to have been any thing but accurately skilled in our language; but he had previously travelled in the United States of America, and affected, when he arrived in Calcutta, both to speak and write English—with what justice our readers will see at p. 429.

"I am not yet," he writes from the Himalaya in 1831, "accustomed to the singular attraction which *I exercise over the English*—its effects often astonish me!"—p. 334.

In another passage he gives us a kind of arithmetical measure of his own good qualities. In stating to his brother the narrowness of his allowance of 6000 francs per annum, he adds,—

"I estimate myself not according to money, but according to my own *personal good and amiable qualities*. By the vulgar method, I should require at least 150,000 francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should still probably remain beneath it."—p. 121.

Or, in other words the "personal good and amiable qualities" of Monsieur Victor Jacquemont are to those of ordinary men in the proportion of rather more than one hundred and fifty to six. This, however, must only be understood as of the relative merits of Jacquemont and an *Englishman*. With a *Frenchman*, the difference, though great, is not so enormous:

"If a thousand of my countrymen were to come into this country with *double or triple* what I brought, they could not probably succeed in getting into even tolerable society; by a peculiar (*unique*) favour I have obtained a dispensation from riches, and my relative poverty has only added to the gratification of my *amour propre*."—p. 168.

That is—to any Englishman I stand in point of personal merit at one hundred and fifty to six,—to an *ordinary Frenchman* at about two or three to one—but *one Frenchman in a thousand* might, perhaps, be equally successful! And what places the truth of these calculations beyond all doubt is, that it is the English themselves—arrogant and selfish as, on all other occasions, they are—who assign to M. Victor Jacquemont this exalted place in the scale of human nature.

Nor, after he has left the artificial order of society, where men may be estimated by money, does he find that he is at all depreciated; he is, if we may venture to pursue his own allusion, a kind of Spanish dollar, which is current all the world over. He writes—

Encamped at Moneah.—"I have the happiness to please every distinguished person that I have met."

Encamped at Sinniput.—"Welcomed as I every where am, though an entire stranger, because I always bring the most honourable recommendations, I am soon after caressed for my own sake."

From Delhi.—"My letters of introduction always procure me a very flattering reception, but I should consider myself singularly unlucky indeed, if I did not find out in the evening that it is for my own sake that I am thus welcomed. My manners immediately force English stiffness to unbend, and I metamorphose into *bonnes gens*—that is, into *Frenchmen*—all the English with whom I spend even twenty-four hours."

This would be very flattering to our national pride, if we could entirely believe it—to be within twenty-four hours of *perfection*, would imply a very advanced state of civilisation; and he, that in the lesson of one day can become a *Frenchman*, must be already very near the summit of human excellence; but our modesty—awakened by the contagion of Jacquemont—is afraid to in-

dulge in such presumptuous hopes, particularly when we recollect that in those passages in which he evidently speaks with the greatest enthusiasm and sincerity—we mean those which dilate on *his own transcendent qualities*—he seldom fails to enhance them by some very injurious comparisons with the dull, unhappy English—dull and unhappy, at least, when not instructed and enlivened by his vivifying presence. But, as we before hinted, it is not the English alone who are subject to his charm.

"Wade (the English resident) writes me word from Loodiana, that Ranjeet Sing has written to him about me, and that of all *European lords* he had seen, no one pleased him so much as I have done."—vol. ii. p. 9.

And then, lest it should be supposed that this was an unauthorised report of Captain Wade's, Jacquemont prudently confirms it by his own authority—

"He [Ranjeet] proves it by his attention to me."—*ib.*

Ranjeet Sing, it is well known, writes and acts to every European he sees exactly as he did to M. Jacquemont—but all the commonplaces of oriental civility passed for honest tributes of personal admiration with this happiest of men.

Then his thoughts recur to the countless number of *dear friends* whom he has left scattered along the lines he has traveled, like little Poncelet's pebbles in the forest—"whose friendship shows itself in his absence in a thousand ingenious ways,"—but he thinks it necessary explicitly to add—

"I owe it all to myself. I am the real architect of my fortunes. I do not allude to the 5000 rupees which I have collected in my strong box, [he however looked, as we see, to the main chance,] but to the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one."—vol. ii. p. 74.

His friends in France were, it seems, astonished, and somewhat incredulous, at the accounts he had given of the amiability of the English; but he apprises them that they have read his letters too hastily—that he meant not to say that the English were amiable in general, but only made so by his means and under his influence.

"You say," he writes to his father, "that since the English are so amiable to me they must be very different in India from what they are at home—there may be something in that—but I take to MYSELF the greatest part of the merit of this kind of MIRACLE."—vol. ii. p. 242.

"How singular is my fortune with the English! They assume to me an expression of kindness in spite of themselves as it were, and probably for the first time in their lives! Your friendship for me, my dear Zoé, would enjoy the MIRACLES I thus and without effort operate."—vol. ii. p. 260.

When a man gets to the performance of *miracles*, we think it high time to submit at once to his supremacy, and we therefore here close our feeble and imperfect exhibition of M. Victor Jacquemont's innumerable and indescribable virtues and accomplishments, as testified by the best informed and most unprejudiced of all witnesses—M. Victor Jacquemont himself.

Is not all this very surprising?—We talk of the march of mind and of the lights of the age—but has there appeared, since letters were invented,

such an extravagant tissue of personal vanity?—The only thing that we recollect at all like it is the strange Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; but here is a French *savant*, selected by his government as a man of *science and discretion*—noted in his own family, even to ridicule, for *excessive modesty*—who makes his first appearance in the world in higher flights of extravagant egotism than the crack-brained Italian did, even after he had astonished the world by the still unrivaled productions of his art!

As to M. Jacquemont's scientific qualifications for, or success in, the mission on which he was employed, we can pronounce no opinion; for, strange to say, amidst the vast mass of letters, and the great variety of topics which he introduces, there is scarcely an allusion to his scientific pursuits. We are told that his *collections* were large, and for aught we know they may be found to contain some very valuable articles,—but we confess that we do not anticipate much addition to natural knowledge from his own scientific essays. He seems not to have been of a discriminating or analytical turn of mind, and is miserably deficient in the first elements of induction. We shall give a few specimens. Happening to have fine weather during the first two thirds of his voyage, he frequently and decidedly expresses a total disbelief in storms—a slight gale off the cape only confirmed that opinion:—

"Two days after our departure, we encountered off the Cape of Tempests and as we doubled it, the gale rendered a matter of course by poetical tradition. It drowned a few of our fowls, and that was all. You know that decidedly there are no tempests. The longer I am afloat, the more I am convinced that they are only a happy fiction of poets. The word is hardly known to seamen, and they never make use of it. The maximum of the species, speaking prosaically—that is, sticking to the truth—is a very strong wind: it breaks a mast or two, and drowns nobody. It is not terrible to look at; it is only *exogenous* [engendering vexation], disagreeable, and ugly. The picturesque in it is very rare."—vol. i. p. 61.

This letter was closed at the Isle of Bourbon, on the 3d of February, but on that very day week, this *Parcus deorum cultor* was destined to receive, like Horace, (but not, we are sorry to add, with so good a result,) a lesson from the angry heavens. On the 10th February began a hurricane, which was attended with the most appalling appearances and the most calamitous results both ashore and afloat; the *Zélée* was blown out of the roads, and leaving Jacquemont, and, what was worse, all her officers—except one lieutenant and one midshipman—on shore. This event cured him of his presumption about storms; but he does not seem to have drawn from it the better and more extensive lessons with which it was pregnant. Before he has even landed in India, he had formed a decided opinion on the insalubrity of the mode of life prevalent there amongst the English:—

"I am fortifying myself in a devout love of abstemiousness, which, I have no doubt, will cause me to enjoy perfect health in India, amid *hepatitis, fevers, dropsies, and disorders without number, which afflict the rich English, who commit excesses at table seven hundred and twenty times a year.*"—p. 77.

To this subject he frequently recurs—and re-

peats his censure of the perilous absurdity of the English mode of life—or we should rather say of *death*—for "the English for the most part die," as he tells us, "from not following a regimen similar to his."—(p. 122.) Nor is it at Calcutta only that this mortiferous system prevails; in all the remote stations, even up to the Himalayah, he regrets that his excellent and hospitable friends were—in spite of his precept and example—digging their own graves by those habits which cannot fail to produce, as this sapient oracle warned them, "*hepatitis, fever, &c.*;" and we cannot doubt that he would have given us a similar account of the deleterious habits at Bombay, but that unfortunately—just as he reached that presidency, he himself—died of "*hepatitis and fever*;" and it so happens, that, at the last account we have seen from India, all the numerous friends to whom he had predicted early death—the Bentincks, Wades, Kennedies, Halls, &c.—were—every man of them—alive to lament his loss, and what they may probably consider a not much lighter misfortune—the publication of his letters. A pretty conclusive refutation of his medical hypothesis.

It is to the same presumptuous and thoughtless style of reasoning that we attribute those violent *boutades* against the English character in general, which contrast so strongly with his panegyrics on every individual Englishman he encounters. He had imbibed, it seems, from the old apothecary his father—who, for aught that appears, had never been in England, nor even spoken to an Englishman—the idea that the English were "stiff—proud—harsh—unamiable—with little natural affection," and "no idea whatsoever of the charms of *society*." M. Victor Jacquemont comes amongst them, and finds them to his infinite surprise, in every instance, and *without one single exception*—hospitable—kind—amiable—affectionate—social, and in short, the exact reverse of his preconception. How does this phenomenon strike the mind of our philosopher? If his father, hot from a history of Siam, had told him that all the elephants in India were *white*, while he had found, on the contrary, that every elephant, wild or tame, which he had seen, was, without a single exception in some thousand specimens, *brown*, would not a reasoning naturalist have suspected that the apothecary, who had never been in India and never perhaps had seen an elephant, except *one* in the *Jardins des Plantes*, might be mistaken, and that the real colour of the animal was certainly *brown*? Not so Jacquemont! In spite of the evidence of his own senses, he continues to be of his original opinion; but not being able otherwise to reconcile his father's *theory* with his own *experience*, he comes to this rational and scientific conclusion, that, although it is indisputably true that all elephants are naturally white, yet it invariably and '*miraculously*' happens, that *whenever a Frenchman approaches one of these animals he instantly becomes brown*;—or, to come to Jacquemont's point—all Englishmen are naturally *brutes*, but under the bewitching influence of a Frenchman, they miraculously change their natures, and become the most civilised and amiable of mankind.

The following, though not quite a corollary of

the former proposition, is nearly allied to it. He sneers at the multitude of native servants which every lazy Englishman requires, and he contrasts that with *his own personal activity and simplicity*. "I shall," he says, p. 119, "have but *six* servants, while an English captain of infantry" [a vastly inferior animal to M. Jacquemont] "would have *five-and-twenty*." And again—"An English ensign has a table in his tent, as well as chairs; for my part, I will eat kneeling or standing." (p. 123.) Now mark the sequel of this boast. We turn over a few pages, and we find that, in the pride of his heart, he acquaints his father (vol. i. p. 316), that he never has less than *fifty* attendants, exactly double what he had before ridiculed in an English captain of infantry; and he subsequently tells us that he had "chairs and a table, and not less than *sixty* attendants." And here we cannot but express some little wonder at the kind of state in which this worthy appears to have traveled. His allowance from his own government was originally but 6000 francs—i. e. 240*l.* a-year—about the same as the pay of an *English ensign* in India—and he frequently complains that the subsequent additions to his income were not available to him. How then were the expenses of his escort, and other services of that nature, defrayed? Was the Indian government at any charge for Jacquemont's journey?—We hope not. Lord William Bentinck has—as M. Jacquemont and better authority than M. Jacquemont's tell us—attempted a system of economy so strict as to occasion great dissatisfaction in our Indian army. We can have no objection to any safe and reasonable economy, but one instance (amongst many others that have reached us) mentioned by Captain Archer in his amusing "Tours in Upper India" (vol. i. p. 226), seems to us so unfeeling and so inhuman as to be almost incredible—the suppression of the *convalescent establishments* in the hills. We therefore hope it will turn out that—whatever Lord W. Bentinck may have thought fit to do with his own personal resources—the country which is so straitened in its finances as to be obliged to deny its own military servants the means of health and the chances of life, has not been put to any expense in furthering the mission of a *toad-eater*! We beg our French translator (if we are to have one) not to mistake this for *frog-eater*, and misrepresent it as a national reflection; we use it in its popular acceptance of a *scoundrel*—a part which Jacquemont seems to have played with Lord William Bentinck; and if only such a trifle as twenty pounds has been expended from the *public purse* upon Jacquemont, we shall consider it as in principle a most reprehensible and unjustifiable misappropriation.

In the same strain as that last quoted, M. Jacquemont frequently censures the English for their harsh, not to say, inhuman treatment of the poor natives:—

"The English treat them like dogs and beasts of burden, the labour of which these poor devils in truth perform. For some days I imitated cold English *hauteur*, but returned afterwards into my natural character of a good-natured fellow."—vol. i. p. 316.

Now, let us give a few sketches of the "good-natured fellow in his natural character:"—

"I have formed an escort as I could wish, of people accustomed to wait on officers, and to be harshly treated by them; and I am already so much modified by the contagion of example, that I will suffer no relaxation of discipline. A man [even the benevolent Jacquemont himself] is degraded, and brutalised, by living among such debased beings."—vol. ii. p. 133.

Again—

"An ill-tempered fellow on the road having called me 'you' this morning instead of 'your highness,' I was forced to give him a very severe lesson in politeness. I had fully as much right to do so as the Parisian philanthropist would have in boxing the ears of a rustic for *thee* and *thouing* him. I ought to be the more jealous about etiquette as the simplicity of my equipment, the hard life I lead, the privations and fatigues I endure along with my people, my dress of common stuff proper for this kind of life, and every thing in me and around me, tempt them to depart from it. 'My lord,' therefore, is not sufficient for me; I must have 'Your majesty,' or, at least, 'Your highness.'"—vol. ii. p. 213.

And again—

"I ascended them [the Snowy Mountains] twice, at the interval of a day—being stopped, on the first occasion, by the superstition and above all by the stupid cowardice of my men, much below the point which I had purposed reaching. I should in the same manner have been thwarted in the object of my second expedition, if, to the first promises encouraging them to follow, I had not added *threats of chastisement*, to be inflicted on those who refused to march. One only—my gardener, the most stupid and timid of the Hindoos—remained faithful to me; the rest of the band, squatting in the sun, on a rock which pierced the mantle of snow upon which we had been marching for two hours, became perfectly mutinous, and called back my poor gardener. . . . I darted like a stone upon the rock of revolt, and made an active use of the *bamboo*. The traitor whose voice I had recognised calling the gardener paid for all, and *very dearly* too. The least weakness on my part—a half measure—would have been the most dangerous of all measures. The culprit being besides the most active, the most robust, and habitually the most evil-intentioned of all, I gave it him so *heartily on his shoulders* from the first that he would not have been able to reply, had he made the attempt. As these poor devils, notwithstanding their piteous and humble condition, are of *high caste*, and essentially military, I really did not know how the others would take this *lesson*. Rajpoots, and mountaineers though they are, they took it as true Hindoos—that is, joining their hands and asking pardon."—vol. ii. pp. 210, 211.

All this Jacquemont relates with a view of exhibiting the effect of his own courage, firmness, and decision, over the intimidated Hindoos. Intimidated they no doubt were by the unjustifiable violence of such an assault, but we are much mistaken if Jacquemont did not owe his impunity to the character in which he traveled as the friend and *protégé* of the governor-general, who, we dare say, will be very sorry to learn how grossly and cruelly his patronage was abused. But Jacquemont, as we have just seen, pretends that these poor people were used to this treatment from British officers, and that he was forced to follow their example. We however know that, though individuals may have hasty tempers and exhibit occasional harshness, such are not the general characteristics of the treatment of the natives by British officers; and we happen, singularly enough, to have at hand a parallel case of

disobedience on the part of the natives to an English traveller in these mountains; but we shall see how differently it was dealt with. Capt. Mundy, in his very interesting "Pen and Pencil Sketches in India," informs us that a similar difficulty happened to him at the very outset of his excursion into the Himalaya—

"Our native servants at first took fright at the cold; and some of them refused even to enter the hills."

This, we see, was a much more serious disobedience than that of the servants of Jacquemont, who only refused to climb one particularly snowy summit on one particular occasion—whereas Captain Mundy's men were disposed absolutely to desert his service before there was any difficulty, and on a mere apprehension. Let us see then how an English staff-officer, the aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, behaved on such an occasion. We hear of no bamboo—no assault—no constraint: on the contrary, the more obstinate were allowed to depart, and

"the others were persuaded by the promised advantages of additional warm raiment to accompany us; and though they sometimes looked sufficiently miserable, yet they did not suffer in their health by the unwonted change of climate."—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 238.

Indeed, the whole spirit of Captain Mundy's book—its unaffected simplicity—its accurate details—its brilliant descriptions of scenery—its slight, but able sketches of manners—and, above all, its modest tone and gentleman-like spirit, afford a very striking and a very agreeable contrast with the confused and often unintelligible statements, and the eternal egotism of Jacquemont. It is remarkable, too, that we find in Captain Mundy's volumes—though his journey had no scientific objects, and he pretends to no scientific character—ten times the number of facts in natural history that can be extracted from Jacquemont. Indeed, in the whole of the Frenchman's work there is scarcely an allusion to the peculiar objects of his mission: all that we recollect is, that he sent his cousin Zoé a primrose, which bloomed, he says, at a height which, in the European Alps, would have been above the line of eternal snow; he talks also of having seen one animal which he *hopes* may be a new species of a well-known genus; and he mentions that he had made a journey in search of a bed of shells, at a great elevation in the Himalaya—but with what result we have yet to learn. He talks, too, very vaguely, of having four times passed over snowy ridges higher by 700 metres than Mont Blanc; again, of having crossed mountains 18,300 feet high; and he adds, that in a five days' march, his lowest encampment was at the height of 14,000 feet (p. 265)—but not a hint of how these heights were ascertained; nor do we find any allusion to barometers or barometrical calculations, except in the description of the hurricane at Bourbon, when he says that his barometers were blown out to sea in the *Zélee*; and on one occasion, in Cashmere, he mentions in a cursory way his having had recourse to logarithms for ascertaining the height of that valley.

It is true that Jacquemont says that he reserves

all his scientific observations for his official reports—and *there* they may have been entered—and *there* we may hereafter find them; but it certainly is singular, that a professed *savant* should have written such a mass of letters under such peculiar circumstances, without affording the slightest indication of any thing that has even the colour of science. We prejudice nothing; and certainly M. Jacquemont's discoveries, whatever they may be, will have lost none of their *éclat* by any premature disclosure to his private friends.

But whatever he may turn out to have been as a man of science, he was assuredly, notwithstanding his pretensions, a very ordinary traveller. He seems to have had very little enterprise, and we did not think it possible that, writing so much, he could have given us so little information concerning the features of the country or the manners of the people. In truth, he saw, felt, and described nothing, but in its relation to *himself*; and India was to him an immense mirror, which reflected nothing but his own image.

We before hinted that some of his proceedings might have had very serious consequences. On one occasion, particularly, he—shamefully, if he speaks truth—abused the protection which was afforded him. Our readers will recollect Lieutenant Webb's being stopped at the Nitee pass, in 1819, by the Chinese Tartars, and with what patience and propriety he submitted to the local authorities. We know, also, that several other British officers were induced by similar motives to check their enterprise and curiosity. But M. Jacquemont was restrained by no such consideration, and boasts that he made a hostile and wanton inroad upon the Chinese territory.

"My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility I was committing against his tea-ifying majesty of Peking, exceeded sixty men, six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance at fault on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Behar so much that they fled on my approach, instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who commands a turret of sandstone, fortified with two leather guns, at no great distance. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; put a multitude of questions to him without allowing him to speak, except in answer to them; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I designedly put on a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such demonstration might suffice. The Beharites had no idea of a double-barreled gun, still less of a percussion one.

"It was on that day that I encamped so high as sixteen thousand feet. During the night, some horsemen came to lie in ambush near my camp; however, I had intimation of their arrival, and of their small numbers. Not caring at all for them, I commenced my examination at day-break, followed by six servants at most. The Tartar-Chinese cavalry immediately got into motion, following my steps, but at a respectful distance. I commanded one of them to approach; and the fellow doing so without alighting to speak to me, I laid hold of him by his pig-tail and threw him off his horse. This comes, my friend, of living a year in India: a man thinks himself very sincerely insulted by every act

which is not servile. Here I was wrong, for the poor devil of a Beharite was ignorant of Indian etiquette. But I saw only one thing—the colour of his skin; and, forgetting the differences of places, I took his ignorance for deliberate insult: *inde ira*. His comrades had galloped away. The poor man remounted his nag with a good deal of trouble, and joined them as quickly as he could.”—pp. 265–268.

And this insolent outrage was, in fact, still worse than it even at first sight appears; for it was not merely an outrage—it was a deliberate abuse of the confidence which the British authorities had placed in him, and might have produced retaliatory measures of plunder and bloodshed on our own frontier.

“My being a Frenchman is far from disadvantageous to me: an Englishman could not have undertaken the journey which the French lord has just terminated so fortunately. The government forbids English subjects to approach the Chinese frontiers, in order to avoid the trouble of the complaints which violations of territory might excite. Being free from this restraint, and persuaded that my little caravan would march in these deserts like a conquering army, I fearlessly ran my chance.”—p. 298.

We must here observe, that not only was his personal conduct unjustifiable in violating the orders of the government under whose protection he traveled, but his attendants must have been persons supplied to him by the British authorities in consequence of Lord William Bentinck's commands. He goes on—

“Several times I found, in much greater numbers than my retinue, people assembled from all the villages around, to stop my progress; sometimes on the summit of a mountain, sometimes in a narrow defile, which a single man might have defended against thousands, sometimes on the banks of a torrent. I never hesitated to push forward without paying attention to their injunctions; and I had very seldom occasion to use any of these good people roughly, in order to disperse their astonished companions. Notwithstanding their bold appearance before the engagement, I never saw in them any signs of resistance by open force; but they endeavoured to famish me, in order to force me to retire; they did not dare positively to refuse to sell me provisions, but laid a very high price on them, and the farther I advanced the more they increased it. At length I adopted the resolution which I ought to have taken in the first instance. I dictated the price myself, on a very liberal scale, and warned them that, if they did not submit to it, I would plunder the village, and carry off their cattle: a menace which was sufficient for my purpose, and which I had never occasion afterwards to repeat.”—pp. 298, 299.

Again—

“They endeavoured to stop my progress by the excessive price they put upon the provisions of which my caravan stood in need. Their refusing them altogether, which they should have done as faithful Chinese subjects, would have been compelling me to plunder their villages, and take by force what I required; but their circumspection preserved them from such a measure. I, however, considered the excessive dearth of their consent as a refusal, and reformed the prices by my own authority, still leaving them very high. I added the formal threat of plunder, if my camp was not well provisioned on these conditions; and I was allowed to want nothing.”—pp. 314, 315.

All this would be very bad—and Lord William Bentinck would have much to answer for in having enabled him to commit such aggressions—but, to say the truth, we do not believe one word of it—he and his attendants might, perhaps, have pulled a solitary Chinese off his horse, but that he could have marched and countermarched, and taken the “town of Behar,” &c., and threatened to plunder villages and lay the country under contribution, and defy and repel its whole population—passes and defiles where children rolling down stones would be as formidable as artillery—we do *most entirely disbelieve*—nay, we have our suspicions about his ever having visited Behar at all; for it was on this expedition that he asserts that he had *four times* traversed ridges higher by 3500 feet than the summit of Mont Blanc (p. 257), and in regions, according to his account, hitherto unexplored by any European—yet not a syllable do we find of explanation or description of his line of march, nor of local features—no mention of time—no note of any observations—not a word of what he did—or felt—or suffered—or saw—except only the account we have just quoted of his personal scuffle with the inhabitants of Behar. Nor is this very suspicious silence to be attributed to haste or negligence. He loves to tell the tale of his invasion of China, as he complacently calls it—he repeats it to at least five different correspondents—to his cousin Miss Zoé Noiset (p. 217)—to his brother (p. 265)—to M. Elie de Beaumont, a naturalist (p. 291)—to M. Dunoyer, a man of letters (p. 294)—to M. de Tracy, a politician (p. 307)—but in all these repetitions we cannot discover any allusion to either *time* or *place*, by which we can trace whence he departed—in what direction he marched—how far he went—or by what line he returned. *Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*. His statements may be true, but they look to us very improbable; and we suspect the whole journey may be a fable, or at least an exaggeration, suggested to Jacquemont's mind by seeing on the maps of India a track laid down from the Sutledge to the village of Behar: for it is a very remarkable fact, that with all his lofty pretensions to activity and enterprise, we cannot find, on a careful examination of his journeys, that he went one mile in any direction where there is not a regular line of route laid down on the ordinary maps.

After this, as we believe, imaginary capture of Behar, he made another hostile excursion into Chinese Tartary, in which he states that he proceeded to a fort called *Dunker*—which he took. About this capture of *Dunker* we have still more serious doubts than about that of Behar. In the first place, we observe, that in *two* letters written to M. Beaumont, in a third to M. Dunoyer, and a fourth to M. Tracy, all expatiating on his personal prowess at Behar, and all subsequent to the supposed capture of *Dunker*, there is no allusion whatever to any such event; and, though he boasts that he extended his excursion very far to the northward, and though *Dunker* is the most northerly point of his track—he does not so much as mention its name, but designates his extreme position by the quotations of the latitude of 32°

10'. The whole and *sole* mention of the capture of the fort of Dunker is, in a subsequent letter to his father, in these loose terms :—

"Assisted by three servants, I literally took the fort of Dunker, in Spiti, which you will find somewhere astride on the 33d degree of latitude."—p. 315.

Considering the loquacious vanity with which he repeats all his other personal exploits, it is strange that this one, performed on the extreme verge of his Himalayan excursions, should not have been more particularly explained. After all, he *may* have visited Behar and Dunker—other persons had previously done so, and there are routes to both laid down in the maps—but it must be regretted that he should have slurred over so loosely and obscurely these the two most interesting, because the most remote and least known, portions of his travels.

But we have still more distinct grounds for doubting his accuracy in such matters. He occasionally hazards an assertion which we can detect, amidst the studied (as it would seem) obscurity of his movements, to be unfounded, as, for instance, when he writes to M. de Tracy—

"I proceeded as far as the mountains above the source of the Jumna; I also approached those of the Ganges."—p. 241.

And to M. de Beaumont—

"I went to the sources of the Jumna, and near those of the Ganges."—p. 291.

And to M. de Tracy—

"On the 12th April I visited the sources of the Jumna—I also approached those of the Ganges, and ascended considerably above them on the eternal snows of the colossal chain that separates India from Thibet."—p. 247.

Now, it is certain, that this story thus solemnly repeated three times over—of his approach to the sources of the Ganges—is, in the meaning he wishes to convey, utterly false. He never was higher up the Ganges than Hurdwar, a town as easy of access as Delhi—if, indeed, he was ever so far—for, though the map prefixed to his book traces his route to Hurdwar, his verbal narrative does not mention and seems to negative his having visited it. But be that as it may, it is certain that he never ascended the *Bhagarutee*, the sacred branch of the Ganges, which, as our readers know,* descends from the mysterious

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxiv. p. 127, for Mr. Fraser's interesting account of the sources of both the Ganges and the Jumna. We should also beg leave to refer our readers to Captain Skinner's "Excursions in India." He visited both Jumnotree and Gangotree, and his work is a most interesting delineation both of manners and scenery. We can give the same praise to Captain Archer's "Tours in Upper India;" but both these officers impair the ease of their narratives and the pleasure of their readers by the occasional affectation of a kind of literary merit which is—like many of M. Jacquemont's pleantries—quite out of place. Captain Skinner's quotations from Shakspeare, and Captain Archer's efforts to be facetious, have, we beg leave, with great respect for their talents, to say, the very contrary effect of what they intend. Their books are very clever, and with these slight blemishes very amusing—without them would be delightful.

Gangotree, which the Hindoos revere as the sources of the holy river. On the contrary, he took a different, much easier, and more frequented route, by Dehra, towards the sources of the Jumna; and although one of his letters is dated but one day's journey from Jumnotree, we cannot help doubting whether he had the courage and perseverance to accomplish the last stage of this perilous pilgrimage, which, however, many English gentlemen, and at least one English lady, have performed. We observe that in his letter to the most respected of his correspondents, M. de Tracy, he does not say that "*he visited the shores of the Jumna*," but only that he "*proceeded as far as the mountains above the source of the Jumna*." If he did reach scenes, which we are told by other travellers far exceed the most stupendous magnificence of the European Alps, is it not strange that he should give no account whatsoever of those very remarkable scenes? nor, indeed, does he so much as mention the fact itself, till more than a month after, when he says, in the cursory manner we have quoted, "*I have visited the sources of the Jumna*." The reader who will refer to Mr. Fraser's travels, or to our article referred to in the foot note, will think that such a scene would deserve some more distinct notice. But whether Jacquemont actually went up to the sources of the Jumna or not, it was his approach to them which gave him the only pretence he had for saying that he approached the sources of the Ganges—which, taking their rise on opposite sides of mountains covered with eternal snow, are at a comparatively short but utterly impassable distance from those of the Jumna. Jacquemont's assertion is exactly as if a traveller who had visited the sources of the Aveiron in the valley of Chamouni, should boast that he had approached the sources of the Po—some of which rise on the opposite side of Mont Blanc—distant only a few leagues in a direct line, but a journey of ten days or a fortnight by any practicable road.* When we find M. Jacquemont thus equivocating to some and lying to others of his most respected correspondents, we conclude that he is not more trust-worthy when he is *palavering* to his cousin Zoé and his brother Porphyre. We ought, however, in fairness to add, that there is one circumstance which might account for his omission of all local description, and which renders it possible that he may have visited the sources of the Jumna and the interior of the Himalaya, though he says nothing of the natural features of either; namely,—that Jacquemont, selected by the Parisian savans for this remarkable mission, had the strange qualification of being so shortsighted as not to be able to distinguish an object at more than a few yards distance:

"My sight has certainly grown shorter within the last

* Captain Skinner, who seems to have possessed extraordinary courage, activity, and strength, was fourteen days in traversing the shortest practicable line between Jumnotree and the sources of the Ganges. The toil of the journey was immense, but was amply repaid by the magnificence of scenery to which M. Jacquemont does not even allude.

year: I only take off my spectacles to read and write, and even with them I do not see far enough to make use of my carbine. The range of my fowling-piece [from thirty to fifty yards] is just the same as that of my eyes; so I have left my carbine at Sharunpore."—p. 207.

This really may be the cause not only of the extraordinary absence which we have noted of all local description, but of the very egotistical complexion of his letters. When a man cannot see what other people are about, he must naturally be a good deal occupied with himself. But, after making all allowances of this kind, we must repeat that M. Jacquemont was evidently by no means an adventurous traveller. He indeed promises—agreeably to his national proverb—"Monts et merveilles;" but the *monts* he never very willingly climbs, and the only *merveille* he thinks it worth while to produce is *himself*. He writes from the other side of the Himalaya:

"I shall return to India by the Burunda Pass, through what the Indian and European public improperly term the great chain of the Himalaya. The Burunda Pass scarcely exceeds fifteen thousand feet in elevation. This will be mere *child's play* to me, who have reached, four times, an elevation of eighteen thousand three hundred, and eighteen thousand six hundred feet."—p. 286.

"*Child's play!*" very well! but what was the result? He did *not* attempt the Burunda or any other of the difficult passes of the chain. This adventurous and curious explorer of the Himalaya returned *as he had gone*, by the valley of the Sutledge, along a road over a considerable portion of which he confesses he was luxuriously "carried in a kind of arm-chair."—p. 229.

He has, as we have seen, and in many more places than we have quoted, indulged himself in reflections on the over-attention of the English officers to their comforts, and extols his own superior hardihood. The following refutation of both these assertions is amusing. At Dehra, where he sojourned a short time, he complains grievously of the excessive severity of the climate and the desolation of the scene, but he nevertheless endures all these hardships with unabated strength and courage.

"At Dehra the lightning struck a tree under which my little tent had been pitched. Two of my people were in it with me, and both were for some instants paralysed in the left side. On the heights of *Missouri*, which overhang the valley of Dehra, the space around me was strewn with the splinters of a blasted rock; whilst, chilled with cold and wet, I made my anxious and slender repast. It seems in truth that they are aiming at me from on high. The two first shots have not touched me; but I must beware of the third."—pp. 206.

How grand! On the receipt of this letter Zoé no doubt assembled all the young ladies of Arras, and Porphyre all the students of the *Pays Latin*, to admire and sympathise with the magnanimous sufferer. Now hear how one of these effeminate English deals with exactly the same place in the same season of the year, Captain Mundy's visit to the heights of *Missouri* being in April, 1828, and M. Jacquemont's in April, 1830.

"April 15th.—Thermometer in our tents at Deyra 82° —At 4 a. m. this morning, my friend and myself started

on an expedition to the two mountain stations, Llandowr and Missouree. Mr. Shore was kind enough to send two capital ghoonts (mountain ponies) for us to Rajpore, a village at the foot of the mountains, seven miles from Deyra. We galloped on our own horses to this place, where we found the rough little brutes, with two guides, awaiting us. We immediately mounted upon the well-padded saddles and commenced the ascent, being duly cautioned by the men to lay the bridle on the necks of our ponies, and allow them to rest when they pleased. . . . The journey is certainly a nervous one for beginners, for though we have both rambled through the Alps, we have been rather accustomed to trust to our own feet than ride in mountainous expeditions. . . . We reached the little half-built colony without accident, and breakfasted with Major Brutton of the Eleventh Dragoons, who commands the depot of European invalids. . . .

After inspecting the several buildings, and enjoying the most splendid view of the snowy range, the beautiful Doon, (Valley of Dehra,) the mountains beyond it, and in the dim distance beyond them the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan, we remounted our ghoonts, and set off for Missouree, which is somewhat lower than, and three miles distant from, Llandowr. Among the various and beautiful trees and shrubs of these mountainous regions, I was delighted to recognise many old English friends. The oak and the rhododendron are the largest timber trees; and of the latter, which in Europe and America is a mere shrub, the beams of the Llandowr houses are formed. At this period they are covered with a luxuriant crimson flower, and their stems, as well as those of the oak, are thickly clothed with a long and hoary moss. During our descent I also discovered the cherry, pear, barberry and raspberry, which are unknown in the plains. Missouree is situated on a table-hill, and is less wooded than Llandowr: but it has greatly the advantage in point of space. We called upon Major Young, who resides here, and he obligingly furnished us with directions for hunting tigers in our progress through the Doon towards Simla. The descent we found infinitely more fatiguing than the ascent, but our nerves grew callous in proportion to our fatigue; though we were obliged to dismount in a few bad places. At Rajpore we found our gig, and drove into Deyra just in time to dress for dinner. It was a good day's work. We rode twenty-six miles, nineteen of mountain equitation, and drove seven miles."—*Mundy's Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 185.

Thus we see that, in circumstances of such suffering and horror, that the magnanimous Jacquemont saw reason to suspect that the *vengeance of offended heaven* was specially aimed at him, these *bêtes* of English, with an "awkward affectation of manliness" (vol. i. p. 92), seek for health and pleasure, and after a good day's sport, *drive home in their gigs to dress for dinner*. We cannot now, for the last time, mention Captain Mundy's lively and interesting work* without requesting our readers not to judge it by the short and mutilated extracts we have made. We think it fully equal to Jacquemont's in point of amusement, and vastly above it in every other respect; and there is one very curious circumstance connected with the two works which we must notice, though we cannot explain. Captain Mundy's tour was made in 1828 and 1829, and his book published in London in 1832. Jacquemont died in the beginning of 1832, and never could have seen Captain Mun-

* Pen and Pencil Sketches of India. By Captain Mundy, late aide-de-camp to Lord Combermere. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833.

dy's volumes; yet there are some remarkable passages in Jacquemont's letters which seem identical with facts stated by Captain Mundy. Any reader who will take the trouble to compare Jacquemont's account of the robbery in his tent, (vol. i. p. 214;) of the fall of his horse over a precipice, and his being caught in a tree half way down, (p. 350;) and of the residence, court, and person of the Rajah of Nahun, (p. 352,) with Captain Mundy's relation in similar words of similar accidents and circumstances occurring in the same neighbourhood—any person, we say, who will make the comparison, will, we think, see a strong similitude. Jacquemont could not have seen, as we have said, Captain Mundy's book, and it is impossible to believe that his editor can have interloped such passages; yet the coincidences are curious. We are almost induced to suspect that, as Captain Mundy's adventures were of course well known at Simla, near which place they occurred, and where Jacquemont made two or three long visits as the guest of Captain Kennedy the resident there, the Frenchman may have heard the stories, and, with his usual accuracy and modesty, thought himself justified in repeating them for the amusement of his domestic circle, as having occurred to himself. It would be strange that circumstances so nearly resembling each other should have occurred to two different travellers and so nearly in the same neighbourhood.

We will pursue no further our hostile criticism on M. Jacquemont, though we are far from having exhausted the topic. We now turn to the more agreeable task of saying, that, with the drawback of his monstrous vanity and the partialities and inaccuracies which such extravagant egotism must produce, his letters are amusing, and, where his personal and national prejudices do not interfere, show considerable tact and discrimination. There is a great deal of tautology, and the same story is sometimes tediously repeated, but that is the fault not of himself, but of the form in which he writes, as he is obliged to repeat the same events to different correspondents. By the omission of some of these duplicate letters, and of those passages which offend religion and delicacy, (and these might easily have been removed,) the book would have been an agreeable, though very loose, gossip on the state of Indian manners and society. Jacquemont seems to have had a good deal of conversational pleasantries, and the art of telling a story agreeably, though there are every where traces of effort and affectation. Of course our limits will not allow us to give many specimens of qualities which are in their nature rather diffuse; but, as an example, we shall select a passage which we think is in his best style:—

"A few broken legs, and shattered shoulders, are so much a matter of course in Indian hunting, that none is ever undertaken without a surgeon. As for hunting lions and tigers, it is (for gentlemen I mean) a most harmless amusement, since the game is never sought on horseback, but only on an elephant. Each hunter is perched, like a witness in an English court of justice, in a strong and lofty box, fastened upon the animal's back. He has a little park of artillery near him; namely, a

couple of carbines and a brace of pistols. It sometimes happens, but very seldom, that the tiger, when brought to bay, leaps on the elephant's head, but that does not concern us; it is the affair of the conductor (mahout), who is paid twenty-five francs a month, to run the risk of such accidents. In case of death, the latter has at least the satisfaction of a complete revenge, for the elephant does not play the clarinet unconcernedly with his trunk, when he feels he has a tiger for his head-dress: he does his best, and the hunter assists him with a ball point-blank. The mahout is, you see, a sort of *responsible editor*. Another poor devil is behind you, whose duty is to carry a parasol over your head. His condition is still worse than that of the mahout; when the elephant is frightened, and flies from the tiger, which charges him and springs on his back, the true employment of this man is to be eaten in the gentleman's place. India is the Utopia of social order for the aristocracy: in Europe, the poor carry the rich upon their shoulders, but it is only metaphorically; here it is without figure. Instead of workers and consumers, or governed and governors—the subtle distinction of European politics—in India there are only the carried and the carrying, which is much clearer."—pp. 194, 195.

This, although the pleasantries are rather too elaborate, is lively enough—the best hit, however, that of the "*responsible editor*," will be lost upon those readers who are not versed in the modern practice of the French courts in the trials of newspaper libels.

At Loodiana, on the banks of the Sutlege, M. Jacquemont was introduced to two ex-kings of Cabul,—Shah Zeman, who had been blinded as well as dethroned, and Shah Soojah, his brother, who had also been dethroned, but escaped with his eyes still about him into the Himalaya mountains. The adventures of Shah Soojah, who, after having been twice dethroned, is now a third time a king, are of the most romantic character. They have been recorded by himself in Persian, and translated and published in the Calcutta journals. Of the two brothers M. Jacquemont says:

"There are two ex-majesties here, who preserve the title, and before whom I did not appear without taking off my shoes; these are Shah Zeman and Shah Shaudjah his brother, formerly kings of Cabul, Afghanistan, and Cashmere; and great sovereigns twenty years ago. The British government sent them a magnificent embassy, and sought their alliance, at the period when the presence of General Gardanne, at Tehran, raised some suspicion in the cabinet of Calcutta with regard to the views, generally not very pacific, of your friend, the great man, as Courier used to say. Mr. Elphinstone, the British ambassador, disputed for a fortnight with the grand master of the ceremonies, and the chamberlain of Shah Shaudjah, about the etiquette of his presentation to the king. The latter agreed at last to exact from Mr. Elphinstone only thirty-nine bows; while he himself, the king, would show his nose at the window, the ambassador remaining with his whole suite in the courtyard, at a distance of three or four hundred paces.

"His ex-majesty has the most magnificent black beard I ever saw; and I found him a very gracious personage. A pensioner on British generosity, to which, in truth, he has no claim, [we must be allowed to smile at the coolness of Jacquemont in this description.] Shah Shaudjah lives here in freedom, but under the surveillance of the British political agent, my present host. By this officer I was conducted to a private audience of the shah, with whom I spent an hour, conversing about Cashmere, whither I am going, and where he formerly

made war, from Cabul, his country,—from his mountains, of which he spoke to me with affecting eloquence. Do you recollect that the women broke open the doors of the *hotel Sinec*, to see the Tunis envoy's handsome secretary? I know not what they would do if Shah Shaudjah went to Paris; the national guard would not be sufficient to preserve public order, he is so handsome! The old emperor, Shah Zeman, who had his eyes put out, spends his time in devotion, which, however, does not prevent his having a large seraglio. He related to me his pilgrimage to Mecca, which he undertook after he became blind."—vol. i. pp. 372, 373.

Of Runjeet Sing M. Jacquemont gives the following account. It corresponds, as to essentials, with the portraiture of Burnes, and supplies some amusing *traits* which our countryman's gravity feared perhaps to introduce.

"*Lahore, March 16, 1830.*—I have several times spent a couple of hours in conversing with Runjeet, *de omni re scribibi et quibusdam aliis*. His conversation is like a nightmare. He is almost the first *inquisitive* Indian I have seen; and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation. He has asked a hundred thousand questions of me about India, the British, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general, and the next, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a myriad of others of the same kind.

"This pattern of an Asiatic king is, however, no saint: far from it. He is bound by neither law nor honour, when his interests do not enjoin him to be just or faithful; but he is not cruel. He cuts off the nose, ears, and a hand of very great criminals; but he never puts any to death. He is passionately fond of horses, quite to madness; and he carries on a murderous and expensive war against a neighbouring province, in order to obtain a horse which has been refused him either as a gift or a purchase. He has great bravery, a somewhat rare quality amongst the princes of the east; and although he has always succeeded in his military undertakings, it is by perfidious treaties and negotiations alone that, from a simple country gentleman, he has become absolute king of the Punjab, Cashmere, &c., and is better obeyed by his subjects than the Mogul emperors in the zenith of their power. A shiekh by profession, a sceptic in reality, he every year pays his devotions at Umbrisir; and, what is very singular, these devotions are paid at the tombs of several Mohamedan saints; yet these pilgrimages offend none of the puritans of his own sect.

"He is a shameless scoundrel, and cares not a bit more about it than Henri III. formerly among us. It is true that between the Indus and the Sutlege, it is not even a peccadillo to be a scoundrel. But what horribly offends the morality of these good people is, that the king, not content with the women in his own seraglio, often fancies those of others; and what is worse, those which belong to every body. In spite of the mystery which the orientals, even of the lowest class, throw over their intrigues, whether purchased or not, Runjeet has often exhibited himself to the good people of Lahore, mounted on an elephant, with a Mussulman courtessan."—vol. i. pp. 395—400.

M. Jacquemont says that it was only after his entrance into the Punjab that he fully appreciated the benefit of British rule in India. Before he even reached Bengal, however, he had found out that "the colossal magnitude of English sway was a blessing;" that "the British colonial institutions were admirable, as seen at the cape," and "those of the French execrable as exhibited at the Isle of Bourbon" and Pondicherry; at all which places

he touched on his way thither. In p. 244, vol. ii., he remarks,—

"It is evident that it is not by physical force that the English keep under the immense population of these vast regions. The European army consists of only 20,000 men; that is all. The principle of their power is elsewhere. It is in the respect with which their character inspires these nations."

Even the mode in which we have obtained our paramount sway in India, for which we have been so often and so largely abused by foreigners, appears neither unjust nor wonderful in the eyes of M. Jacquemont. He remarks (p. 233)—

"In France, we consider as an hypocritical farce the excuse of *necessity*, alleged by the English, for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions; nothing, however, is more true, and certainly no European government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company."

We believe it may be truly asserted, that in all the wars in which the British have been engaged in India, the native potentates were, more or less, the aggressors. Ambition is, in their eyes, as in the eyes of more civilised nations, a godlike virtue—"super et Garamantes et Indos proferet imperium." It is true that the Company have generally indemnified themselves for the expenses of wars, thus forced on them, by extension of territory, so as at once to reduce the strength of their adversaries, and augment their own; but their policy and their interest are and have been essentially pacific. Even the most successful wars, followed by acquisitions of territory and even of money, such as those waged against Tippoo, have not ultimately enriched their treasury; whilst some hostilities, even when prosecuted to a glorious termination, such as the late war with the Burmese, have entailed upon them ruinous expense. It must be confessed, no doubt, that territory has often been acquired in a more questionable way, by compelling the native princes, to whom we have supplied subsidiary troops, to cede portions of their possessions in payment of the military entertained for their protection and defence; but this has, in almost all instances, been the consequence of the non-payment of the stipulated subsidy, arising out of the vicious mismanagement of the native princes themselves; and has generally, if not always, been necessary to protect their subjects from extortion and oppression. Jacquemont, in bearing testimony to the general moderation of the Company's policy, adds a remarkable instance of the wanton bad faith, ingratitude, and folly, by which these princes provoke the reluctant interference of the English.

"The Indian princes have obliged the Company to absorb them all into its power, one after the other. They have all succumbed, in the rashest, the most stupid enterprises against the Colossus, which would have left them in peace, had they not madly provoked its interference. Thirty years ago, the English drove the Mahrattas out of Delhi, where they found, imprisoned in a fort, a blind old man, whose long life had been but an uninterrupted series of misfortunes. This was Shah Allom, the descendant of Timour. He had never reigned but by name. The English leave him his vain title, and pay him all the honours formerly enjoyed by the Mogul emperors. They give him a magnificent pension (four millions of francs);

guaranteeing this title, these honours, and these advantages, to his family. What use do you think he once made of the guns which have been given him for form sake to fire a salute whenever he leaves his palace? *He fired them at the English troops.* In less than five minutes the imperial palace was attacked, and the guns retaken. Well! such are the Indian princes. They are all like children, who cannot be trusted with a razor in their hands; not the princes only, but the whole population, which is utterly destitute of reason and moral sense."—vol. ii. pp. 97—98.

It must be recollected, too, that these native governments are themselves a series of fluctuating usurpations—that our territorial appropriations have seldom invaded long established rights, and, what never can be said of the change of native dynasties, have been always attended by decisive advantage to the mass of the people who have thus come under our sway.

But where, it will be said, is this system to end? The answer is, on the Indus to the west, as it has already ended on the Irrawaddy to the east. The north is barricaded by the Himalaya Mountains, and the south is guarded by the sea. Beyond these limits of Hindooism no indemnities can be found. If we cannot defend India, thus defined, out of her own resources, we must abandon her. M. Jacquemont gives it as his opinion (p. 217, vol. ii.), that "the sway of the British in India, though it may last centuries, may be terminated in a day." In this we must all agree with him. It is impossible that a people differing in blood, complexion, language, manners, and religion, from conquerors, who neither domesticate themselves among them during their stay, nor stay longer than they can help, can ever cordially like such intruders. Our superiority in arms first compelled them to submit, and the general justice and humanity of our government have certainly gone very far to reconcile them to our dominions. But the *prestige* of our superiority is now, we fear, rapidly evaporating before the entire freedom of the native, as well as the European press—the diffusion of English education—the multiplication of half castes—and the increasing numbers of European settlers and adventurers of all descriptions. The late fanatic insurrection within a few miles of Calcutta, and the long continued Cole war at no great distance from it, are pregnant instances of the decay of that moral ascendancy which Europeans once exercised over the native mind.

M. Jacquemont is, however, of opinion that "the British power in India will never perish by foreign aggression; and in this opinion also we are inclined to agree with him. Yet, although the probabilities are that any western power which might invade India would be ultimately repulsed, prudence requires that a watchful eye should be kept on the movements not only of the Russians, but of others. What has been done may be done again. As to Russia, there can be little doubt that, supposing her to have *fully attained and secured* certain older as well as nearer objects, she might, without difficulty, land an army on the southern and eastern shores of the Caspian. She has already steam-vessels on that inland sea; and, by the Volga, troops might be embarked al-

most at the gates of Moscow, and conveyed, with little trouble or expense, to Astrabad on the south, or the Bay of Balkan on the east coast of the Caspian. From either or both those points the occupation of Khiva, which M. Mouraviev was sent to reconnoitre in 1820, would not be difficult; for the distance does not exceed two hundred or three hundred miles, across a region which is called indeed a desert, but in which Tartar camps and villages are found frequently interspersed; forage is procured for camels, the ships of the desert—and water at a depth of only eighteen feet; a country in which the Khan of Khiva, in 1831, maintained a large army for several weeks, according to Lieutenant Burnes, and which, in fact, has never opposed any serious obstacle to the progress of an invader, either on the side of Persia or Tartary. From Khiva, on the Oxus, the route is open upon, and along, the banks of that river to Bokhara, also reconnoitred by the Russian embassy under M. Mayendorff, in 1820: whence the road to Cabul has again and again been traversed by conquering armies. This is one route. The other, from Asterabad to Cabul, by Herat, presents no physical obstacles whatever. Both routes might be undertaken in combination and at the same time. From Cabul to the Indus there is no difficulty.

"The Russians," M. Jacquemont remarks, "might present themselves in force on the banks of the Indus almost without meeting any obstacle on their route. They would march at their ease through Persia, and it is beyond doubt the Afghans would spontaneously swell the number of any army marching to the conquest of India. . . . Runjeet Sing, the ruler of Punjab, will promise, sign, swear all that is asked, and will then consider himself quite free to act according to his fancy. If he thinks that by aiding the Russians, they will succeed in driving the British from India, he will most certainly assist them, being well persuaded that these new comers will not be able to maintain their conquest, and that then his own time will come to attempt gaining possession of India. And such," he adds, "is the stupidity of the Indian princes, that they would either forsake the British government, or act against it, the moment a Russian army crossed the Sutlege. Yet what other nation in Europe would have left the vanquished in India so fair a portion?"—vol. ii. p. 202.

Turkey as well as Persia may now, we fear, be said to be quite at the mercy of the czar. Whilst Persia could oppose his advancing armies in front, and Turkey attack them in the flank and rear of their line of operation, an attempt upon India could never have been hazarded; but our recent diplomacy has cleared the way. We can now suppose various circumstances of the European world, under which the scheme of Napoleon for the invasion of India might be revived by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, in whose minds the missions of Messrs. Mouraviev and Mayendorff to Khiva and Bokhara sufficiently show that the project has never been abandoned as entirely impracticable. Yet, with common precaution on our part, it never could succeed. Armies of horse and foot, accompanied by field artillery, might be transported from Moscow to the Indus, and a Russian army advancing through Persia, Tartary, and Afghanistan might, and probably would, have its numbers rather

augmented than thinned in its progress; but if we had a few strongly fortified posts on the banks of the Indus, the Sutlege, and other Punjab rivers, how can an army, unprovided, as a Russian army must be, with a battering train and a sufficiency of siege ammunition, either take such posts or leave them in the rear? At present, we have no fortification of strength beyond Agra, whence all military supplies are furnished even to the troops on the Sutlege; but when the Indus shall be open, as it soon must be, to Bombay, no time should be lost in erecting a fortress on its banks which might bid defiance, not only to all native attacks, but to any which could be made with "*matériel*" to be brought from Europe. The line of the Sutlege, from the Himalaya mountains to the Great Indian Desert, (so far at least a desert that no large body of men ever has passed it,) is a very strong line of defence—not exceeding one hundred miles in extent—in a country in which an invading army from the north could not long subsist, especially during the intense heats of summer, but in which our native and seasoned European troops could easily maintain themselves if protected and provided with *munitions de guerre et de bouche*.

So much for Indian politics, as to which we perhaps have said more on this occasion than may seem to be called for by the value of M. Jacquemont's decisions on any subject—or even of his reluctant testimony to the excellence of our administration in that vast empire.

Of his opinions concerning his own country we shall offer a specimen. Of the July revolution he received the first news with great enthusiasm, but seems to have been surprised, as well as displeased, with the subsequent account of the results of that fraudulent insult on common sense.

"What blunders the Chamber of Deputies committed in the first week of last August! I see by the English papers that M. de Lafayette has resigned the command of the national guard, which proves that there is discord in the camp of our friends. But now that we have returned to the famous legal order, how can we sweep off the peers by an ordinance? Peyronnet would cry out from his prison, 'set me at liberty, since you have infringed the new charter, as I did the old!'"—p. 109.

And subsequently—

"My letters last winter expressed the enthusiasm with which the revolution inspired me, and the bitter regret I have sometimes felt at being so far from France at that memorable period. Since then my opinion concerning those great events has much changed. It has been modified, like your own, in proportion as I saw so many base, absurd, and ignoble consequences proceed from so noble a principle. I see many people speak in the tribune of the events of the great week, as being their handiwork—as if they had fired a gun in the streets with the working mechanics, and as if it was not solely by the muskets of these mechanics that the revolution was achieved."—p. 173.

We can have no great faith in his appreciation of our own national prospects, but as a specimen of the opinion of the radical youth of France it may be worth quoting:—

"However, the thing [a revolution] is brewing in that quarter [England]. You and I are destined to see the shell burst. The abolition of the rotten boroughs will do

no more good there than did Catholic emancipation in Ireland. That which the Irish most wanted before all—especially before the equality of political rights—was potatoes to eat: emancipation has not put a single one more into their mouths. What the English people now want is bread. They have the simplicity to believe that a reformed parliament will give it them: an error which they will soon rectify when they come to put their new electoral laws to the test. I would not exchange the lot of France for the next thirty years for that of England."—pp. 210, 211.

On the whole, it is observable that, as Jacquemont recovered from the first vulgar intoxication of his reception at Calcutta, he grew better—his vanity became rather less obtrusive—his prejudices less obstinate—his affectation moderated—his views enlarged—and his natural good sense developed. He might, we think, had he lived, have realised the old observation, that a young Frenchman is the most intolerable, and an old Frenchman the most agreeable of social men. His deathbed letter to his brother is affecting—the very circumstances of the case, of a young man dying, placidly and unrepining, (just as he had successfully completed what he thought a splendid mission,) amidst strangers—and in a distant land—are of themselves sufficient to touch any heart; but ours is pained still more deeply, when we see that the pangs of early death and the prospect of a stranger-grave were not alleviated by the hopes of immortality—of meeting in another world those friends whom he loved in this, and of foreseeing, beyond that stranger-grave, a re-union of an affectionate family in the bosom of their common Father.

We must now make a few observations on the translation which we have generally employed in our extracts, but which is frequently incorrect. We seldom think it worth while to make remarks on the translation of such books as these, when they express with any thing like accuracy the meaning of the author. But this translator has advanced rather higher pretensions. He has prefixed an introduction to the work, in which, as from the critical chair, he pronounces a high panegyric on M. Jacquemont and his writings, a somewhat pompous eulogy on the taste and discrimination of Jacquemont's friends and *sponsors* in London, and a censure on the illiberality of others who were not quite so forward in patronising a person whom they knew nothing about. This obliges us to observe that we think the translator a very inadequate authority, and that, before he passes such decided opinions, it would be as well that he understood a little more accurately the language of the book which he undertakes not only to translate but to panegyricise. We shall amuse our readers with a few specimens of this writer's qualifications for his task.

We begin with an instance or two not of ignorance but *bad faith*. Jacquemont, *amusing* himself at the expense of the chaplain of the ship, (whom, as we have seen, he taught the sailors to insult in the performance of the most solemn of his duties,) says, that the poor man was obliged to hear "*les plus belles impiétés*."—vol. i. p. 24. But lest this should shock English readers at the outset, the translator renders it—in complete con-

tradition to the sense and to the writer's feelings—"the most dreadful impieties." A similar instance is where Jacquemont, describing his traveling library of three small volumes, one of which is *Tristram Shandy*—calls it '*la pièce de résistance*!'—the *solid dish*! The idea of *Tristram Shandy* being any man's *solid dish* is too ludicrous, and therefore our honest translator softens it into "*Tristram Shandy is a feast of itself*." We note this trifle the rather because the mention of *Tristram Shandy* in this letter, dated 19th December, 1828, led, as we apprehend, to a little subsequent *embarras* in M. Jacquemont's respectable family. We have seen that M. Jacquemont had a young female cousin residing at Arras, Mademoiselle Zoé de Noizet, and we find that in July, 1831, Jacquemont learned, by a letter from his fair cousin, that, after his example, she had been endeavouring to perfect herself in the English tongue, and for that purpose had undertaken—of all the books in the world—to translate *Tristram Shandy*. Jacquemont, who in the interval had probably so far improved his English as to be able to see the drift of *Tristram Shandy*, is exceedingly surprised at the choice which poor Miss Zoé had made, and he writes to her to express, as decently as he can, that it is altogether an *improper book* for her purpose. He had, no doubt, totally forgotten the style in which, two years and a half before, he had talked of *Tristram Shandy*; but what wonder that the poor girl and the poor girl's friends thought that if she were to learn English, no book could be more proper than that which her clever literary cousin had taken with him all the way to India as his *solid dish*? We, however, can easily imagine Zoé's perplexity in endeavouring to discover, in the obscure and filthy sensualities of Sterne, the moral meaning which had recommended the book to the *savant*. But it is clear that to this hour the learned family of the Jacquemonts have not discovered their error; for however indifferent they might be about Lady W. and Lady G., they would not, knowingly, exhibit their young relation in so ridiculous a light. Nor do we think the *savant* himself ever knew very much about English literature, which he so confidently talks of, for we find him saying, so late as May, 1831—

"That he has no appetite for his dinner if he has not *Locke or Sterne*, or some other illustrious dead, to bear him company at table."—vol. ii. p. 72.

We need hardly suggest, that no man who had ever read and understood a page of any of Locke's works, would have classed him with the author of "*Tristram Shandy*." In truth, Jacquemont knows no more about Locke than dear Zoé did of Sterne. And although he talks of his great proficiency in English—and of the set speeches which he made in that tongue to Lord William Bentinck on his first arrival—we find that even after having spent *six* months in the society at Calcutta, where, he says, he spoke nothing but English, he can make no better attempt at our language than the following:—

"Conclude from this chapter, if you will, that *I am, perhaps, a too great admirer of the foretold lady, and that*

it is high time for me to depart with the occasions of meeting her often."—vol. i. p. 144.

But we must return to our translator. The preceding examples are of wilful though trifling misrepresentations; what follows is pure ignorance:—

"I have always had but little faith in the theory which accounts for the trade-winds constantly blowing from the same quarter. You may just as well give the same reason to explain why your daughter is dumb."—vol. i. p. 23

This grave incoherent nonsense about a dumb daughter and the trade-winds is in the original a pleasant allusion to a passage in Molière, which has become a *proverbial* expression for any inconclusive reasoning:—*Voilà justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette. (Médecin Malgré lui, a. ii. s. 6.)*

When Jacquemont is describing the discomforts of his mode of living in the mountains, the translator makes him eat "*a careful repast*," the very reverse of the truth, for the repast was a miserable *improvisation*—the original expression is "*soucieux*,"—and the meaning—an *anxious* and scanty meal.

The *Zélée*, in getting out of the harbour of Rio, runs foul of a merchantman, and a good deal of damage is done; "but no matter; the French agent will pay the damage," p. 27. Poor Jacquemont, instead of this matter of fact *platitude*, meant a sly political joke—"Le contribuable français est là qui paiera les avaries"—i. e. "The poor French tax-payer will have to pay the damage"—as if an Englishman should have said, "Our ignorant captain has caused the damage, but *John Bull*, '*le contribuable Anglais*,' must pay for it."

These mistakes are only ludicrous; but some are more serious. In the account of the strange affair between the *Zélée* and the English merchantman, the translation says the *Zélée* was worked in a particular manner, "so as not to wait for his (the Englishman's) broadside," vol. i. p. 62. This would imply that the English ship had a *broadside* to fire, and that the conduct of the French captain had so much of an excuse. The original expresses directly the contrary—"Immédiatement après une bordée à boulets et à mitraille, et tandis qu'on rechargeait toutes les pièces d'un bord, le navire manœuvrait de manière à ne pas faire attendre sa *seconde* bordée." "Immediately after the first broadside of round and grape, and while they were re-loading the guns, the [French] ship was manœuvred so as not to delay her *second broadside*."

Another very serious mistake occurs in the version of Jacquemont's impertinence about Lady W. Bentinck, which we have already alluded to. The translator makes Jacquemont say that "*Lady William's attempt to convert him had failed, and that he even feared that she was a little less sure of her aim than she was at first*,"—p. 88. This is quite inoffensive, and would only imply that she began to doubt whether she should succeed in converting him. But the real meaning is, as we have rendered it, that she not only failed to convert him, but had herself become a little less confident in her own belief—*sûre de son fait*—than she was before.

The following version also contradicts the meaning of the original. Jacquemont calls the Hindoostanee "a contemptible patois, not worth learning"—"the language of the court and courtiers."—p. 90. It surprises one that the language of court and courtiers, generally considered the most correct and polite, should, in this instance, be a "contemptible jargon." The French is, "*de cour et des courtiers*,"—i. e. "*lawyers and brokers*."

The following passage must perplex an English reader:

"In half an hour Shah Mohammed dismissed his court; and I retired in procession with the resident. *The drums beat in the fields* as I passed before the troops with my dressing-gown of worked muslin. Why were you not present to enjoy the honours conferred upon your progeny?"—vol. i. p. 190.

Again—

"At Lahore, I lived in a little palace of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; a battalion of infantry was on duty near me; *the drums beat in the fields* when I put my head out of doors; and when I walked in the cool of the evening, in the alleys of my garden, fountains played around me by thousands."—vol. ii. p. 216.

One cannot conceive how drums *beating in the fields* can have any thing to do with the honours paid Jacquemont in the cities of Delhi and Lahore; but the French phrase, *Les tambours battirent aux champs quand je passais*, means no more than that when he passed the guard was turned out, and the drums *beat a salute*.

In the same way, when Jacquemont tells a story of a poor Swiss professor, who, having proved that the history of William Tell was a fable of the eleventh century, was condemned to death for having overturned a belief which is one of the dearest heir-looms of a Swiss peasant; the translator makes him add that, "*fortunately being contumacious*," he escaped with his life."—p. 290. One wonders why, if the error was so criminal, the being *contumacious* in it should have procured a mitigation of the punishment. The explanation is that *absent* offenders are condemned as "*contumaces*"—and Jacquemont meant to say, that being *fortunately absent*, he was condemned in effigy only, and so his life was saved.

We suppose these instances, selected at random, from the first half of the first volume, will satisfy our readers as to the qualifications of the translator in the niceties of the French idiom; and that they will agree in our opinion, that it would have been as well if, instead of criticising other people, he had employed himself in learning his own business.

Fodder.—One of the most simple and valuable discoveries in agriculture is, to mix layers of green or new cut clover with layers of straw. By this means the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which, thus impregnated, both horses and cattle eat greedily, and the clover is dried and prevented from heating. This practice is particularly calculated for second crops of clover and rye grasses.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

Continued from page 315.

"I beg your pardon, Newland," said the major, returning from his dressing-room, resplendent with chains and bijouterie; "but I must have your Christian name."

"It's rather a strange one," replied I; "it is Japhet."

"Japhet! by the immortal powers, I'd bring an action against my godfathers and godmothers; you ought to recover heavy damages."

"Then I presume you would not have the name," replied I, with a knowing look, "for a clear ten thousand a year."

"Whew! that alters the case—it's astonishing how well any name looks in large gold letters. Well, as the old gentleman, whoever he might have been, made you compensation, you must forgive and forget. Now where shall we go?"

"With your permission, as I came to town in these clothes, made by a German tailor—Darnstadt's tailor by-the-by—but still if tailor to a prince, not the prince of tailors—I would wish you to take me to your own: your dress appears very correct."

"You show your judgment, Newland, it is correct; Stultz will be delighted to have your name on his books, and to do justice to that figure. *Allons donc*."

We sauntered up St. James's Street, and before I had arrived at Stultz's, I had been introduced to at least twenty of the young men about town. The major was most particular in his directions about the clothes, all of which he ordered; and as I knew that he was well acquainted with the fashion, I gave him *carte blanche*. When he left the shop, he said, "Now, my dear Newland, I have given you a proof of friendship which no other man in England has had. Your dress will be the *ne plus ultra*. There are little secrets only known to the initiated, and Stultz is aware that this time I am in earnest. I am often asked to do the same for others, and I pretend so to do; but a wink from me is sufficient, and Stultz dares not dress them. Don't you want some bijouterie? or have you any at home?"

"I may as well have a few trifles," replied I.

We entered a celebrated jeweller's, and he selected for me to the amount of about forty pounds. "That will do—never buy much; for it is necessary to change every three months at least. What is the price of this chain?"

"It is only fifteen guineas, major."

"Well, I shall take it; but recollect," continued the major; "I tell you honestly, I never shall pay you."

The jeweller smiled, bowed, and laughed; the major threw the chain round his neck, and we quitted the shop.

"At all events, major, they appear not to believe your word in that shop."

"My dear fellow, that's their own fault, not mine. I tell them honestly I never will pay them; and you may depend upon it I intend most sacredly to keep my word. I never do pay any body, for the best of all possible reasons, I have no money; but then I do them a service—I make them fashionable, and they know it."

"What debts do you pay then, major?"

"Let me think—that requires consideration. Oh! I pay my washer-woman."

"Don't you pay your debts of honour?"

"Debts of honour! why I'll tell you the truth; for I know that we shall hunt in couples. If I win I take the money; but if I lose—why then I forget to pay; and I always tell them so before I sit down to the table. If they won't believe me, it's not my fault. But what's the hour? Come, I must make a few calls, and will introduce you."

We sauntered on to Grosvenor Square, knocked, and were admitted into a large, elegantly furnished mansion. The footman announced us—"My dear Lady Maelstrom,

allow me the honour of introducing to you my very particular friend, Mr. Newland, consigned to my charge by my Lord Windermear during his absence. He has just arrived from the continent, where he has been making the grand tour."

Her ladyship honoured me with a smile. "By-the-by, major, that reminds me—do me the favour to come to the window. Excuse us one moment, Mr. Newland."

The major and Lady Maelstrom walked to the window, and exchanged a few sentences, and then returned. Her ladyship, holding up her finger, and saying to him as they came towards me, "Promise me now that you won't forget."

"Your ladyship's slightest wishes are to me imperative commands," replied the major, with a graceful bow.

In a quarter of an hour, during which the conversation was animated, we rose to take our leave, when her ladyship came up to me, and offering her hand, said, "Mr. Newland, the friendship of Lord Windermear, and the introduction of Major Carbonell, are more than sufficient to induce me to put your name down on my visiting list. I trust I shall see a great deal of you, and that we shall be great friends."

I bowed to this handsome announcement, and we retired. As soon as we were out in the square, the major observed, "You saw her take me on one side—it was to pump. She has no daughters, but about fifty nieces, and match-making is her delight. I told her that I would stake my honour upon your possessing ten thousand a year; how much more I could not say. I was not far wrong, was I?"

I laughed. "What I may be worth, major, I really cannot say; but I trust that the event will prove that you are not far wrong. Say no more, my dear fellow."

"I understand—you are not yet of age—of course have not yet come into possession of your fortune."

"That is exactly the case, major. I am now but little more than nineteen."

"You look older; but there is no getting over baptismal registries with the executors. Newland, you must content yourself for the two next years in playing Moses, and only peep at the promised land."

We made two or three more calls, and then returned to St. James's Street. "Where shall we go now? By-the-by, don't you want to go to your banker's?"

"I will just stroll down with you, and see if they have paid any money in," replied I carelessly.

We called at Drummond's, and I asked them if there was any money paid in to the credit of Mr. Newland.

"Yes, sir," replied one of the clerks; "there is one thousand pounds paid in yesterday."

"Very good," replied I.

"How much do you wish to draw for?" enquired the major.

"I don't want any," replied I. "I have more money than I ought to have in my desk at this moment."

"Well, then, let us go and order dinner; or perhaps you would like to stroll about a little more; if so, I will go and order the dinner. Here's Harcourt, that's lucky. Harcourt, my dear fellow, know Mr. Newland, my very particular friend. I must leave you now; take his arm, Harcourt, for half an hour, and then join us at dinner at the Piazza."

Mr. Harcourt was an elegant young man of about five and twenty. Equally pleased with each other's externals, we were soon familiar: he was witty, sarcastic, and well-bred. After half an hour's conversation he asked me what I thought of the major. I looked him in the face, and smiled. "That look tells me that you will not be his dupe, otherwise I had warned you: he is a strange character; but if you have money enough to afford to keep him, you cannot do better, as he is acquainted with, and received by, every body. His connections are good; and he once had a very handsome

fortune, but it was soon run out, and he was obliged to sell his commission in the Guards. Now he lives upon the world; which, as Shakspeare says, is his oyster; and he has wit and sharpness enough to open it. Moreover, he has some chance of falling into a peerage; that prospect, and his amusing qualities, added to his being the most fashionable man about town, keeps his head above water. I believe Lord Windermear, who is his cousin, very often helps him."

"It was Lord Windermear who introduced me to him," observed I.

"Then he will not venture to play any tricks upon you, further than eating your dinners, borrowing your money, and forgetting to pay it."

"You must acknowledge," said I, "he always tells you beforehand that he will never pay you."

"And that is the only point in which he adheres to his word," replied Harcourt, laughing; "but, tell me, am I to be your guest to-day?"

"If you will do me that honour."

"I assure you I am delighted to come, as I shall have a further opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance."

"Then we had better bend our steps towards the hotel, for it is late," replied I; and we did so accordingly.

On our arrival we found the table spread, champagne in ice under the sideboard, and apparently every thing prepared for a sumptuous dinner, the major on the sofa giving directions to the waiter, and Timothy looking all astonishment. "Major," said I, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your kindness in taking all this trouble off my hands, that I might follow up the agreeable introduction you have given me to Mr. Harcourt."

"My dear Newland, say no more; you will, I dare say, do the same for me if I require it, when I give a dinner. (Harcourt caught my eye, as if to say, "You may safely promise that.") But, Newland, do you know that the nephew of Lord Windermear has just arrived? Did you meet abroad?"

"No," replied I, somewhat confused; but I soon recovered myself. As for Tim, he bolted out of the room.

"What sort of a person is he?"

"That you may judge for yourself, my dear fellow, for I asked him to join us, I must say, more out of compliment to Lord Windermear than any thing else; for I am afraid that even I could never make a gentleman of him. But take Harcourt with you to your room, and by the time you have washed your hands, I will have dinner on the table. I took the liberty of desiring your valet to show me in about ten minutes ago. He's a shrewd fellow that of yours, where did you pick him up?"

"By mere accident," replied I; "come, Mr. Harcourt."

On our return we found the real Simon Pure, Mr. Estcourt, sitting with the major, who introduced us, and dinner being served, we sat down to table.

Mr. Estcourt was a young man, about my own age, but not so tall by two or three inches. His features were prominent, but harsh; and when I saw him, I was not at all surprised at Lord Windermear's expressions of satisfaction, when he supposed that I was his nephew. His countenance was dogged and sullen, and he spoke little; he appeared to place an immense value upon birth, and hardly deigned to listen, except the aristocracy were the subject of discourse. I treated him with marked deference, that I might form an acquaintance, and found, before we parted that night, that I had succeeded. Our dinner was excellent, and we were all, except Mr. Estcourt, in high good humour. We sat late—too late to go to the theatre, and promising to meet the next day at noon, Harcourt and the major took their leave.

Mr. Estcourt had indulged rather too much, and after their departure became communicative. We sat up for more than an hour; he talked of nothing but his family

and his expectations. I took this opportunity of discovering what his feelings were likely to be when he was made acquainted with the important secret which was in my possession. I put a case somewhat similar, and asked him whether in such circumstances he would waive his right for a time, to save the honour of his family.

"No, by G-d!" replied he, "I never would. What! give up even for a day my right—conceal my true rank for the sake of relatives? never—nothing would induce me."

I was satisfied, and then casually asked him if he had written to Lord Windermear to inform him of his arrival.

"No," replied he; "I shall write to-morrow." He soon after retired to his own apartment, and I rang for Timothy.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Timothy, "what is all this—and what are you about? I am frightened out of my wits. Why, sir, our money will not last two months."

"I do not expect it will last much longer, Tim; but it cannot be helped. Into society I must get, and to do so, must pay for it."

"But, sir, putting the expense aside, what are we to do about this Mr. Estcourt? All must be found out."

"I intend that it shall be found out, Tim," replied I; "but not yet. He will write to his uncle to-morrow; you must obtain the letter, for it must not go. I must first have time to establish myself, and then Lord Windermear may find out his error as soon as he pleases."

"Upon my honour, Japhet, you appear to be afraid of nothing."

"I fear nothing, Tim, when I am following up the object of my wishes. I will allow no obstacles to stand in my way, in my search after my father."

"Really, you seem to be quite mad on that point, Japhet."

"Perhaps I may be, Tim," replied I, thoughtfully. "At all events, let us go to bed now, and I will tell you to-morrow morning, all the events of this day."

Mr. Estcourt wrote his letter, which Tim very officiously offered to put into the post, instead of which we put it between the bars of the grate.

I must now pass over about three weeks, during which I became very intimate with the major and Mr. Harcourt, and was introduced by them to the clubs, and almost every person of fashion. The idea of my wealth, and my very handsome person and figure, ensured me a warm reception, and I soon became one of the stars of the day. During this time I also gained the entire confidence of Mr. Estcourt, who put letter after letter into the hands of Timothy, who, of course, put them into the usual place. I pacified him as long as I could, by expressing my opinion, that his lordship was on a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood of his seat; but at last he would remain in town no longer. You may go now, thought I, I feel quite safe.

It was about five days after his departure, as I was sauntering, arm in arm, with the major, who generally dined with me about five days in the week, that I perceived the carriage of Lord Windermear, with his lordship in it. He saw us, and pulling his cheek-string, alighted, and coming up to us, with the colour mounting to his forehead with emotion, returned the salute of the major and me.

"Major," said he, "you will excuse me, but I am anxious to have some conversation with Mr. Newland; perhaps," continued his lordship, addressing me, "you will do me the favour to take a seat in my carriage?"

Fully prepared, I lost none of my self-possession, but, thanking his lordship, I bowed to him, and stepped in. His lordship followed, and saying to the footman, "Home—drive fast," fell back into the carriage, and never uttered one word until we had arrived, and had entered the dining-parlour. He then took a few steps

up and down, before he said, "Mr. Newland, or whatever your name may be, I perceive that you consider the possession of an important secret to be your safe-guard. To state my opinion of your conduct is needless; who you are, and what you are, I know not; but," continued he, no longer controlling his anger; "you certainly can have no pretensions to the character of a gentleman."

"Perhaps your lordship," replied I, calmly, "will inform me upon what you may ground your inference."

"Did you not, in the first place, open a letter addressed to another?"

"My lord, I opened a letter brought to me with the initials of my name, and at the time I opened it, I fully believed that it was intended for me."

"We will grant that, sir; but after you had opened it, you must have known that it was for some other person."

"I will not deny that, my lord."

"Notwithstanding which, you apply to my lawyer, representing yourself as another person, to obtain sealed papers."

"I did, my lord; but allow me to say, that I never should have done so, had I not been warned by a dream."

"By a dream?"

"Yes, my lord. I had determined not to go for them, when in a dream I was ordered so to do."

"Paltry excuse! and then you break private seals."

"Nay, my lord, although I did go for the papers, I could not, even with the idea of supernatural interposition, make up my mind to break the seals. If your lordship will recollect, it was you who broke the seals, and insisted upon my reading the papers."

"Yes, sir, under your false name."

"It is the name by which I go at present, although I acknowledge it is false; but that is not my fault—I have no other at present."

"It is very true, sir, that in all I have now mentioned, the law will not reach you; but recollect, that by assuming another person's name—"

"I never did, my lord," interrupted I.

"Well, I may say, by inducing me to believe that you were my nephew, you have obtained money under false pretences; and for that I now have you in my power."

"My lord, I never asked you for the money; you yourself paid it into the banker's hands, to my credit, and to my own name. I appeal to you now, whether, if, after you so deceived yourself, the law can reach me?"

"Mr. Newland, I will say, that much as I regret what has passed, I regret more than all the rest, that one so young, so prepossessing, so candid in appearance, should prove such an adept in deceit. Thinking you were my nephew, my heart warmed towards you, and I must confess, that since I have seen my real nephew, the mortification has been very great."

"My lord, I thank you; but allow me to observe, that I am no swindler. Your thousand pounds you will find safe in the bank, for penury would not have induced me to touch it. But now that your lordship appears more cool, will you do me the favour to listen to me? When you have heard my life up to the present, and my motives for what I have done, you will then decide how far I am to blame."

His lordship took a chair, and motioned to me to take another. I narrated what had occurred when I was left at the Foundling, and gave him a succinct account of my adventures subsequently—my determination to find my father—the dream which induced me to go for the papers—and all that the reader has already been acquainted with. His lordship evidently perceived the monomania which led me, and heard me with great attention.

"You certainly, Mr. Newland, do not stand so low in my opinion as you did before this explanation, and I

must make allowances for the excitement under which I perceive you to labour on one subject; but now, sir, allow me to put one question, and beg that you will answer candidly. What price do you demand for your secrecy on this important subject?"

"My lord!" replied I, rising with dignity; "this is the greatest affront you have put upon me yet; still I will name the price by which I will solemnly bind myself, by all my future hopes of finding my father in this world, and of finding an eternal Father in the next, and that price, my lord, is a return of your good opinion."

His lordship also rose, and walked up and down the room with much agitation in his manner. "What am I to make of you, Mr. Newland?"

"My lord, if I were a swindler, I should have taken your money; if I had wished to avail myself of the secret, I might have escaped with all the documents, and made my own terms. I am, my lord, nothing more than an abandoned child trying all he can to find his father." My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears. As soon as I could recover myself, I addressed his lordship, who had been watching me in silence, and not without emotion. "I have one thing more to say to you, my lord." I then mentioned the conversation, between Mr. Estcourt and myself, and pointed out the propriety of not making him a party to the important secret.

His lordship allowed me to proceed without interruption, and after a few moments' thought, said, "I believe that you are right, Mr. Newland; and I now begin to think that it was better that this secret should have been entrusted to you than him." You have now conferred an obligation on me and command me. I believe you to be honest, but a little mad, and I beg your pardon for the pain which I have occasioned you."

"My lord, I am more than satisfied."

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mr. Newland?"

"If, my lord, you could at all assist me, or direct me in my search—"

"Then I am afraid I can be of little use; but I will give you the means of prosecuting your search, and in so doing, I am doing but an act of justice, for in introducing you to Major Carboneil, I am aware that I must have very much increased your expenses. It was an error which must be repaired, and therefore, Mr. Newland, I beg you will consider the money at the bank as yours, and make use of it to enable you to obtain your ardent wish."

"My lord——"

"I will not be denied, Mr. Newland; and if you feel any delicacy on the subject, you may take it as a loan, to be repaid when you find it convenient. Do not, for a moment, consider that it is given to you because you possess an important secret, for I will trust entirely to your honour on that score."

"Indeed, my lord," replied I, "your kindness overwhelms me, and I feel as if, in you, I had already almost found a father. Excuse me, my lord, but did your lordship ever——"

"I know what you would say, my poor fellow: no; I never did. I never was blessed with children. Had I been, I should not have felt that I was disgraced by having one resembling you. Allow me to entreat you, Mr. Newland, that you do not suffer the mystery of your birth to weigh so heavy on your mind; and now I wish you good morning, and if you think I can be useful to you, I beg that you will not fail to let me know."

"May heaven pour down blessings on your head," replied I, kissing respectfully his lordship's hand; "and may my father, when I find him, be as like unto you as possible." I made my obeisance, and quitted the house.

I returned to the hotel, for my mind had been much agitated, and I wished for quiet, and the friendship of Timothy. As soon as I arrived I told him all that had passed.

"Indeed," replied Timothy, "things do now wear a pleasant aspect; for I am afraid, that without that thousand, we could not have carried on for a fortnight longer. The bill here is very heavy, and I'm sure the landlord wishes to see the colour of his money."

"How much do you think we have left? It is high time, Timothy, that we now make up our accounts, and arrange some plans for the future," replied I. "I have paid the jeweller and the tailor, by the advice of the major, who says, that you should always pay your first bills as soon as possible, and all your subsequent bills as late as possible; and if put off *sine die*, so much the better. In fact, I owe very little now, but the bill here, I will send for it to-night."

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord. "O Mr. Wallace, you are the very person I wished to see; let me have my bill, if you please."

"It's not of the least consequence, sir," replied he; "but if you wish it, I have posted down to yesterday," and the landlord left the room.

"You were both of one mind, at all events," said Timothy, laughing; "for he had the bill in his hand, and concealed it the moment you asked for it."

In about ten minutes the landlord re-appeared, and presenting the bill upon a salver, made his bow and retired. I looked it over, it amounted to £104, which, for little more than three weeks, was pretty well. Timothy shrugged up his shoulders, while I ran over the items. "I do not see that there is anything to complain of, Tim," observed I, when I came to the bottom of it; "but I do see that living here, with the major keeping me an open house, will never do. Let us see how much money we have left."

Tim brought the dressing case in which our cash was deposited, and we found, that after paying the waiters, and a few small bills not yet liquidated, that our whole stock was reduced to fifty shillings.

"Merciful heaven! what an escape," cried Timothy; "if it had not been for this new supply, what should we have done?"

"Very badly, Timothy; but the money is well spent, after all. I have now entrance into the first circles. I can do without Major Carboneil; at all events, I shall quit this hotel, and take furnished apartments, and live at the clubs. I know how to put him off."

I laid the money on the salver, and desired Timothy to ring for the landlord, when he should come up but the major and Harcourt. "Why, Newland! what are you going to do with that money?" said the major.

"I am paying my bill, major."

"Paying your bill, indeed; let us see—£104. O this is a confounded imposition. You mustn't pay this." At this moment the landlord entered. "Mr. Wallace," said the major, "my friend Mr. Newland was about, as you may see, to pay you the whole of your demand; but allow me to observe, that being my very particular friend, and the Piazza having been particularly recommended by me, I do think that your charges are somewhat exorbitant. I shall certainly advise Mr. Newland to leave the house to-morrow, if you are not more reasonable."

"Allow me to observe, major, that my reason for sending for my bill, was to pay it before I went into the country, which I must do to-morrow, for a few days."

"Then I shall certainly recommend Mr. Newland not to come here when he returns, Mr. Wallace, for I hold myself, to a certain degree, after the many dinners we have ordered here, and of which I have partaken, as I may say, *particeps criminis*, or in other words, as having been a party to this extortion. Indeed, Mr. Wallace, some reduction must be made, or you will greatly hurt the credit of your house."

Mr. Wallace declared, that really he had made nothing

but the usual charges; that he would look over the bill again, and see what he could do.

"My dear Newland," said the major, "I have ordered your dinners, allow me to settle your bill. Now, Mr. Wallace, suppose we take off *one-third*?"

"*One-third*, Major Carbondell! I should be a loser."

"I am not exactly of your opinion; but let me see—now take your choice. Take off £30, or you lose my patronage, and that of all my friends. Yes or no?"

The landlord, with some expostulation, at last consented, and he receipted the bill, leaving £20 of the money on the salver, made his bow, and retired.

"Rather fortunate that I slipped in, my dear Newland; now there are £20 saved. By-the-by, I'm short of cash. You've no objection to let me have this? I shall never pay you, you know."

"I do know you *never* will pay me, major; nevertheless, as I should have paid it to the landlord had you not interfered, I will lend it to you."

"You are a good fellow, Newland," said the major, pocketing the money. "If I had borrowed it, and you had thought you would have had it repaid, I should not have thanked you; but as you lend me with your eyes open, it is nothing more than a very delicate manner of obliging me, and I tell you candidly, that I will not forget it. So you really are off to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied I, "I must go, for I find that I am not to make ducks and drakes of my money, until I come into possession of my property."

"I see, my dear fellow. Executors are the very devil; they have no feeling. Never mind; there's a way of getting to windward of them. I dine with Harcourt, and he has come to ask you to join us."

"With pleasure."

"I shall expect you at seven, Newland," said Harcourt, as he quitted the room with the major.

"Dear me, sir, how could you let that gentleman walk off with your money?" cried Timothy. "I was just rubbing my hands with the idea that we were £90 better off than we thought, and away it went, like smoke."

"And will never come back again, Tim; but never mind that, it is important that I make a friend of him, and his friendship is only to be bought. I shall have value received. And now, Tim, we must pack up, for I leave this to-morrow morning. I shall go down to ———, and see little Fleta."

I dined with Harcourt; the major was rather curious to know what it was which appeared to flurry Lord Windermear, and what had passed between us. I told him that his lordship was displeased on money matters, but that all was right, only that I must be more careful for the future. "Indeed, major, I think I shall take lodgings. I shall be more comfortable, and better able to receive my friends."

Harcourt agreed with me, that it was a much better plan, when the major observed, "Why, Newland, I have a room quite at your service; suppose you come and live with me?"

"I am afraid I shall not save by that," replied I, laughing, "for you will not pay your share of the bills."

"No, upon my honour I will not; so I give you fair warning; but as I always dine with you when I do not dine elsewhere, it will be a saving to you—for you will *save your lodgings*, Newland; and you know the house is my own, and I let off the rest of it; so, as far as that bill is concerned, you will be safe."

"Make the best bargain you can, Newland," said Harcourt; "accept his offer, for depend upon it, it will be a saving in the end."

"It certainly deserves consideration," replied I; "and the major's company must be allowed to have its due weight in the scale; if Carbondell will promise to be a little more economical——"

"I will, my dear fellow—I will act as your steward,

and make your money last as long as I can, for my own sake, as well as yours. Is it a bargain? I have plenty of room for your servant, and if he will assist me a little, I will discharge my own." I then consented to the arrangement.

The next day I went to the banker's, drew out £150, and set off with Timothy for ———. Fleta threw herself into my arms, and sobbed with joy. When I told her Timothy was outside, and wished to see her, she asked why he did not come in; and, to show how much she had been accustomed to see, without making remarks, when he made his appearance in his livery, she did not by her countenance express the least surprise, nor, indeed, did she put any questions to me on the subject. The lady who kept the school praised her very much for docility and attention, and shortly after left the room. Fleta then took the chain from around her neck into her hand, and told me that she did recollect something about it, which was, that the lady whom she remembered, wore a long pair of ear-rings of the same make and materials. She could not, however, call to mind any thing else. I remained with the little girl for three hours, and then returned to London—moved my luggage, and installed myself into the apartments of Major Carbondell.

The major adhered to his promise; we certainly lived well, for he could not live otherwise; but in every other point, he was very careful not to add to expense. The season was now over, and every body of consequence quitted the metropolis. To remain in town would be to lose caste, and we had a conference where we should proceed.

"Newland," said the major, "you have created a sensation this season, which has done great honour to my patronage; but I trust next spring, that I shall see you form a good alliance, for believe me, out of the many heartless beings we have mingled with, there are still not only daughters, but mothers, who are not influenced by base and sordid views."

"Why, Carbondell, I never heard you venture upon so long a moral speech before."

"True, Newland, and it may be a long while before I do so again; the world is my oyster, which I must open, that I may live; but recollect, I am only trying to recover my own, which the world has swindled me out of. There was a time when I was even more disinterested, more confiding, and more innocent, than you were when I first took you in hand. I suffered, and was ruined by my good qualities; and I now live and do well by having discarded them. We must fight the world with its own weapons; but still, as I said before, there is some good in it, some pure ore amongst the dross; and it is possible to find high rank and large fortune, and at the same time an innocent mind. If you do marry I will try hard but you shall possess both; not that fortune can be of much consequence to you."

"Depend upon it, Carbondell, I never will marry without fortune."

"I did not know that I had schooled you so well; be it so—it is but fair that you should expect it; and it shall be an item in the match if I have any thing to do with it."

"But why are you so anxious that I should marry, Carbondell?"

"Because I think you will, in all probability, avoid the gaming table, which I should have taken you to myself had you been in possession of your fortune when I first knew you, and have had my share of your plucking; but now I do know you, I have that affection for you, that I think it better you should not lose your all; for observe, Newland, my share of your spoliation would not be more than what I have, and may still receive from you; and if you marry and settle down, there will always be a good house and a good table for me, as long as I find favour with your wife; and at all events, a friend in

need, that I feel convinced of. So now you have my reasons; some smack of the disinterestedness of former days, others of my present worldliness; you may believe which you please." And the major laughed as he finished his speech.

"Carbournell," replied I, "I will believe that the better feelings predominate—that the world has made you what you are; and that you have been ruined by the world, you would have been disinterested and generous; even now, your real nature often gains the ascendancy, and I am sure that in all that you have done, which is not defensible, your poverty, and not your will has consented. Now, blunted by habit and time, the suggestions of conscience do not often give you any uneasiness."

"You are very right, my dear fellow," replied the major; "and in having a better opinion of me than the world in general, you do me, I trust, no more than justice. I will not squander your fortune, when you come to it, if I can help it; and you'll allow that's a very handsome promise on my part."

"I'll defy you to squander my fortune," replied I, laughing.

"Nay, don't defy me, Newland, for if you do, you'll put me on my mettle. Above all, don't lay me a bet, for that will be still more dangerous. We have only spent about four hundred of the thousand since we have lived together, which I consider highly economical. What do you say, shall we go to Cheltenham? You will find plenty of Irish girls, looking out for husbands, who will give you a warm reception."

"I hate your fortune and establishment hunters," replied I.

"I grant that they are looking out for a good match, so are all the world; but let me do them justice. Although, if you proposed, in three days they would accept you; yet once married, they make the very best wives in the world. But recollect we must go somewhere; and I think Cheltenham is as good a place as any other. I do not mean for a wife, but—it will suit my own views."

The last observation decided me, and in a few days we were at Cheltenham; and having made our appearance at the rooms, were soon in the vortex of society. "Newland," said Carbournell, "I dare say you find time hang rather heavy in this monotonous place."

"Not at all," replied I; "what with dining out, dancing, and promenading, I do very well."

"But we must do better. Tell me, are you a good hand at whist?"

"Not by any means. Indeed, I hardly know the game."

"It is a fashionable and necessary accomplishment. I must make you master of it, and our mornings shall be dedicated to the work."

"Agreed," replied I; and from that day every morning after breakfast till four o'clock, the major and I were shut up, playing two dummies, under his instruction. Adept as he was, I very soon learnt all the finesse and beauty of the game.

"You will do now, Newland," said the major one morning, tossing the cards away. "Recollect if you are asked to play, and I have agreed, do not refuse; but we must always play against each other."

"I don't see what we shall gain by that," replied I; "for if I win you'll lose."

"Never do you mind that, only follow my injunctions, and play as high as they choose. We only stay here three weeks longer, and must make the most of our time."

I confess I was quite puzzled at what might be the major's intentions; but that night we sauntered into the club. Not having made our appearance before, we were considered as new hands by those who did not know

the major, and were immediately requested to make up a game. "Upon my word, gentlemen, in the first place, I play very badly," replied the major; "and in the next," continued he, laughing, "if I lose, I never shall pay you, for I am cleaned out."

The way in which the major said this only excited a smile; he was not believed, and I was also requested to take a hand. "I'll not play with the major," observed I, "for he plays badly, and has bad luck into the bargain; I might as well lay my money down on the table."

This was agreed to by the other parties, and we sat down. The first rubber of short whist was won by the major and his partner; with the bets it amounted to eighteen pounds. I pulled out my purse to pay the major; but he refused, saying, "No, Newland, pay my partner; and with you, sir," said he, addressing my partner, "I will allow the debt to remain until we rise from the table. Newland, we are not going to let you off yet, I can tell you."

I paid my eighteen pounds, and we recommenced. Although his partner did not perhaps observe it, for he was but an indifferent player, or if he did observe it, had the politeness not to say anything, the major now played very badly. He lost three rubbers one after another, and with bets and stakes, they amounted to one hundred and forty pounds. At the end of the last rubber he threw up the cards, exclaiming against his luck, and declaring that he would play no more. "How are we now, sir?" said he to my partner.

"You owed me, I think, eighteen pounds."

"Eighteen from one hundred and forty, leaves one hundred and twenty-two pounds, which I now owe you. You must, I'm afraid, allow me to be your debtor," continued the major, in a most insinuating manner. "I did not come here with the intention of playing. I presume I shall find you here to-morrow night."

The gentlemen bowed, and appeared quite satisfied. Major Carbournell's partner paid me one hundred and forty pounds, which I put in my pocket book, and we quitted the club.

As soon as we were in the street, I commenced an enquiry as to the major's motives. "Not one word, my dear fellow, until we are at home," replied he. As soon as we arrived, he threw himself in a chair, and crossing his legs, commenced:—"You observe, Newland, that I am very careful that you should do nothing to injure your character. As for my own, all the honesty in the world will not redeem it; nothing but a peerage will ever set me right again in this world, and a coronet will cover a multitude of sins. I have thought it my duty to add something to our finances, and intend to add very considerably to them before we leave Cheltenham. You have won one hundred and twenty-eight pounds."

"Yes," replied I; "but you have lost it."

"Granted; but as in most cases I never mean to pay my losses, you see that it must be a winning speculation as long as we play against each other."

"I perceive," replied I; "but am not I a confederate?"

"No; you paid when you lost, and took your money when you won. Leave me to settle my own debts of honour."

"But you will meet him again to-morrow night."

"Yes, and I will tell you why. I never thought it possible that we could have met two such bad players at the club. We must now play against them, and we must win in the long run; by which means I shall pay off the debt I owe him, and you will win and pocket money."

"Ah," replied I, "if you mean to allow him a chance for his money, I have no objection—that will be all fair."

"Depend upon it, Newland, when I know that people play as badly as they do, I will not refuse them; but when we sit down with others, it must be as it was before—we must play against each other, and I shall owe

the money. I told the fellow that I never would pay him."

"Yes; but he thought you were only joking."

"That is his fault—I was in earnest. I could not have managed this had it not been that you are known to be a young man of ten thousand pounds per annum, and supposed to be my dupe. I tell you so candidly; and now, good night."

I turned the affair over in my mind as I undressed—it was not honest—but I paid when I lost, and I only took the money when I won,—still I did not like it; but the bank notes caught my eye as they lay on the table, and—I was satisfied. Alas! how easy are scruples removed when we want money! How many are there who when in a state of prosperity and affluence, when not tried by temptation would have blushed at the bare idea of a dishonest action, who have raised and held up their hands in abhorrence, when they have heard that others have been found guilty; and yet, when in adversity, have themselves committed the very acts which before they so loudly condemned! How many of the other sex, who have expressed their indignation and contempt at those who have fallen, who, when tempted, have fallen themselves! Let us therefore be charitable; none of us can tell to what we may be reduced by circumstances; and when we acknowledge that the error is great, let us feel sorrow and pity rather than indignation, and pray that we also may not be "*led into temptation*."

As agreed upon, the next evening we repaired to the club, and found the two gentlemen ready to receive us. This time the major refused to play unless it was with me, as I had such good fortune, and no difficulty was made by our opponents. We sat down and played till four o'clock in the morning. At first, notwithstanding our good play, fortune favoured our adversaries; but the luck soon changed, and the result of the evening was, that the major had a balance in his favour of forty pounds, and I rose a winner of one hundred and seventy-one pounds, so that in two nights we had won three hundred and forty-two pounds. For nearly three weeks this continued, the major not paying when not convenient, and we quitted Cheltenham with about eight hundred pounds in our pockets; the major having paid about one hundred and twenty pounds to different people who frequented the club; but they were Irishmen, who were not to be trifled with. I proposed to the major that we should pay those debts, as there still would be a large surplus: he replied, "Give me the money." I did so. "Now," continued he, "so far your scruples are removed, as you will have been strictly honest; but, my dear fellow, if you knew how many debts of this sort are due to me, of which I never did touch one farthing, you would feel as I do—that it is excessively foolish to *part with money*. I have them all booked here, and may some day pay—when convenient; but, at present, most decidedly it is not so." The major put the notes into his pocket, and the conversation was dropped.

The next morning we had ordered our horses, when Timothy came up to me, and made a sign, as we were at breakfast, for me to come out. I followed him.

"Oh! sir, I could not help telling you, but there is a gentleman with—"

"With what?" replied I, hastily.

"With your *nose*, sir, exactly—and in other respects very like you—just about the age your father should be."

"Where is he, Timothy?" replied I, all my feelings in search of my father, rushing into my mind.

"Down below, sir, about to set off in a post-chariot and four, now waiting at the door."

I ran down with my breakfast napkin in my hand, and hastened to the portico of the hotel—he was in his carriage, and the porter was then shutting the door. I looked at him. He was as Timothy said, *very like me in-*

deed, the *nose* exact. I was breathless, and I continued to gaze.

"All right," cried the ostler.

"I beg your pardon, sir—," said I, addressing the gentleman in the carriage, who perceiving a napkin in my hand, probably took me for one of the waiters, for he replied very abruptly, "I have remembered you;" and pulling up the glass, away wheeled the ebariot, the nave of the hind wheel striking me a blow on the thigh which numbed it so, that it was with difficulty I could limp up to our apartments, when I threw myself on the sofa in a state of madness and despair.

"Good heavens, Newland, what is the matter?" cried the major.

"Matter," replied I, faintly. "I have seen my father."

"Your father, Newland, you must be mad. He was dead before you could recollect him—at least so you told me. How then, even if it were his ghost, could you have recognised him?"

The major's remarks reminded me of the imprudence I had been guilty of.

"Major," replied I, "I believe I am very absurd; but he was so like me, and I have so often longed after my father, so long wished to see him face to face—that—that—I'm a great fool, that's the fact."

"You must go to the next world, my good fellow, to meet him face to face, that's clear; and I presume, upon a little consideration, you will feel inclined to postpone your journey. Very often in your sleep I have heard you talk about your father, and wondered why you should think so much about him."

"I cannot help it," replied I. "From my earliest days my father has ever been in my thoughts."

"I can only say, that very few sons are half so dutiful to their fathers' memories—but finish your breakfast, and then we start for London."

I complied with his request as well as I could, and we were soon on our road. I fell into a reverie—my object was to again find out this person, and I quietly directed Timothy to ascertain from the post-boys the directions he gave at the last stage. The major perceiving me not inclined to talk, made but few observations; one, however, struck me. "Windermear," said he, "I recollect one day, when I was praising you, said carelessly, 'that you were a fine young man, but a little *tête montée* upon one point.' I see now it must have been upon this." I made no reply, but it certainly was a strange circumstance that the major never had any suspicions from this point—yet he certainly never had. We had once or twice talked over my affairs. I had led him to suppose that my father and mother died in my infancy, and that I should have had a large fortune when I came of age; but this had been entirely by indirect replies, not by positive assertions: the fact was, that the major, who was an adept in all deceit, never had an idea that he could have been deceived by one so young, so prepossessing, and apparently so ingenuous as myself. He had, in fact, deceived himself. His ideas of my fortune arose entirely from my asking him, whether he would have refused the name of *Japhet* for ten thousand pound per annum. Lord Windermear, after having introduced me, did not consider it at all necessary to acquaint the major with my real history, as it was imparted to him in confidence. He allowed matters to take their course, and me to work my own way in the world. Thus do the most cunning overreach themselves, and with their eyes open to any deceit on the part of others, prove quite blind when they deceive themselves.

Timothy could not obtain any intelligence from the people of the inn at the last stage, except that the chariot had proceeded to London. We arrived late at night, and, much exhausted, I was glad to go to bed.

From the United Service Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

NO. III.

We have this month the satisfaction of presenting to our readers the first portion of a narrative, which comprehends not only some striking historical details, but a good deal of stirring adventure. The original is contained in a series of letters addressed by the author to his sister, with which we have taken no other liberty than here and there to alter an expression, and to omit the customary head and tail pieces of epistolary communications. We do not know whether there be any members of the old 71st regiment now alive, but if there be, the name of the writer, which we are requested to conceal, will be no secret to them. For ourselves we lament that any restrictions in this respect should be imposed on us, where none, we are quite sure, can be necessary. But all men have their prejudices.

On the 21st of April, 1776, the Frazer Highlanders—then numbered as the 71st regiment of the line—embarked at Greenock on board of a fleet destined for North America. The battle of Bunker's Hill having been by this time fought, and the last hope of an amicable arrangement between the mother country and the colonies laid aside, it was deemed advisable, by those at the head of affairs, to send over without delay as large a force as possible; and as there were but few old corps disposable for service, even regiments, which, like our own, had not yet completed their first drill, were directed to hold themselves in readiness. I had then the honour to rank as a lieutenant in the 71st, having, like most of my brother officers, raised men for my commission; and am, therefore, enabled to speak with confidence both as to the condition of the regiment and the temper and feelings of the men composing it. The latter were excellent, nothing, indeed, could be superior; for the recruits, having been collected chiefly from the lands of their chief, were, with few exceptions, young, able-bodied, and full of attachment to their superiors, whom, for the most part, they followed from motives of hereditary affection. But the former was, according to the criterion of the horse guards, bad enough. As a battalion, indeed, we knew nothing. Not only were we ignorant of the most common field-movements, but the very manual and platoon exercise was strange to us; yet we obeyed the order of embarkation with the highest satisfaction, and looked forward to what might rise out of it without a shadow of distrust.

For some time after clearing the Frith of Clyde, no occurrence befel worthy of being recorded. A large convoy always moves slowly; and as our fleet consisted of upwards of a hundred sail, including store-ships, transports, and a due allotment of men-of-war, we made no exception to the general rule. Nevertheless both officers and soldiers turned even delay to good account, and bore it with philosophic equanimity. The greater portion of every fine day was devoted to giving the men some knowledge of such portions of their duty as could be explained to them on board of ship. In the first place they were trained to obey the word of command when uttered in English—a language of which, when they first joined, they knew nothing. In the next place, they were taught to face, and wheel, and even to march, to handle their arms with gracefulness, and to fire; while occasionally an attempt was made to deploy from such a column as the narrow quarter-deck of a transport would

admit of, into such a line as was compatible with a rolling sea. I must confess that the result of the latter manœuvre was generally to set both men and officers laughing, and that, after repeated trials, it was laid aside.

We had accomplished, according to the skipper's reckoning, the better half of our voyage, when the heavens became black with clouds, and a furious storm set in. How it fared with other vessels we could not tell, for we were driven before the wind with a rapidity which caused us from hour to hour to calculate on foundering, till every trace of convoy and partners was lost. The misery which we endured during the continuance of that gale I shall never forget. Indifferently provisioned at the best, and crowded even in fine weather, our condition throughout three days and nights, of closed hatches and cold stoves, may be imagined but cannot be described. At last, however, the fury of the elements became exhausted; and the heavy rolling swell which always succeeds a tempest wore itself out; so that the men began again to emerge, like ghosts out of their graves, from between decks. But such a change in their appearance! Pale, filthy, and sick with long confinement and the motion of the vessel, their mothers would have scarcely recognised the fine young Highlanders whom they had brought into the world; nor were the youths themselves by any means disposed to think that, in ushering them into a state of so much trouble and annoyance, their mothers had done right. But the sorrows of a recruit are seldom very deep seated. A few fine days brought back their accustomed light-heartedness, and the bagpipe, though blown by a half-starved piper, soon put metal again into the heels of many a half-starved dancer.

We were now alone in the middle of the Atlantic. Of the fleet not a vestige could be descried, and as far as the eye could reach over the wide ocean, there appeared nothing like a sail between us and the horizon. No apprehensions were, however, excited by that circumstance, for, except with the colonies, England was not yet at war; and even America could be said to be rather in a state of commotion than of open rebellion. Still when, on the second day, after the return of fair weather, a vessel hove in sight, our commanding officer considered it prudent to load the four pieces which enumbered our deck, and to fill the men's pouches with musket ammunition. This done, we held our course, and as they still edged towards us, the lapse of two hours or something more brought us within eye-shot of each other. She proved to be one of our late consorts, filled, like our own ship, with a detachment of troops. Our greetings, so soon as a communication was established, were cordial enough. Something like a consultation likewise was held between the senior officers in each vessel, as to the course which it would be judicious to follow; and they agreed that they could not do better than bear up for Boston, that being the port to which, when we quitted Greenock, the expedition was understood to be directed.

Time passed, and on the 16th of June, almost two months from the date of our embarkation on the Clyde, the look-out seamen, from the mast-head, greeted our ears with the joyful tidings of land on the larboard bow. Every soldier who has been long pent up on board of ship knows with what delight such an announcement is received. We strain our eyes in the direction pointed out, and if there be nothing else to reward the exertion, we fancy in every cloud, or even in the line of the horizon itself, that we behold the forms of a coast. And as the ship moves on, and the land breeze meets us, we perceive, or persuade ourselves that we perceive, perfumes, in comparison with which all the odours of Ara-

bia would be, under other circumstances, counted tame. Nor, in minor matters, are there many grievances more vexatious, than that the night should close in without giving to persons so circumstanced a full prospect of the shores to which their wishes pant. On the present occasion, however, we had not to complain on that score, for the breeze, though light, was favourable; and bore us along, if not as rapidly as our impatience desired, yet, as the event proved, too much so for our ultimate satisfaction.

The shores of North America are, in almost all directions, singularly low and uninteresting, and the point towards which we were steering differed little in this respect from other portions of coast; for the land hung for some time cloud-like over the water, and when it did assume a definite form, it was that of low sand-hills loosely covered with pines. This, however, gradually changed its character, till Cape Cod, with its sharp promontory, had been left behind; after which the rocks and islets, which lie scattered in beautiful disorder through Boston Bay, rose one by one into view. By and by Long Island pushed itself forward, like an advanced guard to the town, which covered, in a somewhat straggling manner, the tongue of a peninsula; and, finally, we found ourselves under a dying breeze, and with a tide running strongly against us, in the centre of Nantucket Roads. There, at the distance of three quarters of a mile from a redoubt or battery that protected the island, we cast anchor; happy in the assurance that ere four-and-twenty hours should have run their course, we should be snugly settled beside our comrades on terra firma.

It had been remarked by some of us, while the vessel held her course, not without surprise, that matters were not altogether in the condition which we had expected to witness in such a place as Boston Bay. No light cruisers had met us as we approached the cape, nor, as far as we could discern, were there any symptoms of a fleet either in the inner or the outer harbour. When we looked again to the telegraph station, we could discover no movement indicating the vigilance of those who kept it, or denoting that a strange sail was in sight. The might of the battery also slumbered, and our ensign received no salute. This was curious enough, for the customs of the service required that, in time of war, no vessel should cast anchor in a British roadstead till her name should have been made known, and the object of her coming notified. Still we could not doubt that we were in a British roadstead, nor were plausible answers wanting, as often as any, more curious than the rest, ventured to ask why so unsatisfactory a course should have been pursued. But our anxiety, if such it may be called, was not destined to be of very long continuance. Our sails were clewed up; our anchor plunged heavily into the water; the cable was veered out, and the vessel swung head to the tide,—when a solution to such misgivings as might yet linger in the minds of the most incredulous was not very agreeably afforded.

The men were clustering in the fore-castle, and the officers leaning over the taffrail, with glasses turned towards the town, when a flash from the battery on the island, followed by an instantaneous report, caused us to look up. We had scarce done so, when a ball, after touching the water once or twice in its course, buried itself in a swell of the sea, just under our stern. We stared with astonishment one upon another, for the signal—if such it was—had been very awkwardly managed; but ere a word had been exchanged, another and another gun was fired, the shots from which passed some ahead,

some far over, and one right through the shrouds, so as to cut away several of the ratlines. "This is a rough reception," said our commanding officer; "and devil take me if I don't see into it." The sentence, however, was as yet incomplete, when the whole mystery received its solution. "By G—d," exclaimed the skipper, "that is no union jack,"—and no union jack was it, sure enough. The thirteen stripes with the thirteen stars ornamented the flag-staff—a piece of coarse bunting having been slowly run up while the cannon were firing; and we were taught to our sorrow that we had laid ourselves in a position which admirably suited us to act as a mark for the inexperienced of the enemy's gunners to practise upon.

Thick and fast came now the shot, against which we had nothing in the world to oppose; for our miserable 4-pounders were too light to make an impression even on a fieldwork, and our distance from the shore was too great to permit of musketry being made available. Neither were our chances of escape at all satisfactory. The breeze had died wholly away, so that our sails, had we hoisted them, would have hung useless as gossamer-webs from the masts; while the run of the tide gave us the comfortable assurance that, in the event of our cable being cut, we should be carried directly ashore, under the very muzzles of the guns which now played upon us. To lie, on the other hand, where we were, was to become consenting parties to our own destruction; for, having got the range, the Yankees struck us either in the hull or rigging, at almost every discharge. Under such circumstances, the commandant gave orders that the cable should be cut, and the chances taken (and desperate indeed they were) that the ship might drift round the point, and so escape into the open sea; but no such good fortune attended us. We drifted, it is true, so soon as the cable parted, but it was not to a place of safety; for there were numerous sand-banks in the channel, and on one of these we struck. If our plight had been evil before, it was now a thousand times worse. We lay exposed to the enemy's battery; and merciless was the accuracy with which the people who manned it took advantage of our untoward situation.

As yet very few lives had been lost. Repeatedly the ship was hulled, and our mainmast, severely wounded in two places, threatened, should a third shot take effect, to go by the board; yet only three men had fallen, of whom one was a sailor. Though galled and annoyed, therefore, we did not think of surrendering; when, suddenly, a numerous flotilla, consisting of schooners, launches, and row-boats of the most formidable size, put off from the town. Onwards they came, and our glasses soon made us aware that they were all crowded with men; nor did many minutes elapse ere ample proof was given that most of the craft had cannon. They took up a position in line exactly abaft our beam; and while the shore battery raked us from stem to stern, they poured whole volleys of round and grape across our quarter. Our commandant, so far from giving way under this accumulation of evils, seemed to take courage from it. He caused the ship's guns to be traversed aft, and answered the enemy's salute with admirable spirit, though, as the event proved, to but little purpose. But such a combat could not long be maintained. Seeing that our fire produced no visible effect, and perceiving that his men began to fall fast around him; warned also by the skipper, that the transport was so riddled as to render it impossible for her to float after the tide should have turned, Colonel Campbell reluctantly gave the word to strike; and our flag, which had hitherto floated both at the peak and from the mainmast head, was, with inexpressible

mortification, hauled down. We shrugged up our shoulders as we gazed on one another, and felt that we were prisoners.

I cannot pretend to describe what were my own sensations, far less the sensations of others, after this humiliating ceremony was gone through. Had we suffered our present fate, under almost any other circumstances; had we been taken in the field, or fallen with some town or fort, there would have been this at least to console us, that to such a destiny all soldiers are liable, and that all ought to be prepared for it. But to run, as it were, with eyes open, into the lion's mouth; to be taken through our own negligence, or rather through the negligence of those whose duty it was to have provided against the possible occurrence of such a misfortune; and, above all, to become captives at the very outset of our career, ere an opportunity had been afforded of striking one blow for freedom; these were reflections which brought with them no comfort. We hung down our heads, like men who had disgraced themselves; for though we were all conscious that nothing had happened which either courage or skill could have averted, even that consideration went for nothing under the painful excitement of the moment.

Our flag was lowered, yet even the poor recompense of an immediate exemption from personal danger was not afforded. Whether the smoke which, in a dead calm, rolled off heavily from the ship, obscured us, or whether, as in the bitterness of our chagrin, we were inclined to believe, the enemy saw, without regarding, our condition, I cannot tell; but for several minutes after all opposition on our part had ceased, they continued their fire. Shot after shot struck us, till there arose at last a wild cry, in which all ranks participated, that it would be better to perish like men, with arms in our hands, than thus stand idly to be mowed down by those who seemed determined to give no quarter. "Out with the boats!" was now heard from various quarters. "The island is not far off; let us make a dash at the battery; and if we cannot carry it, let us at all events sell our lives as dearly as we can." But the utter hopelessness of such an attempt did not escape Colonel Campbell's consideration. He therefore exerted himself to soothe his irritated followers, and sending most of them below, continued himself to walk the deck with the utmost composure.

When a fortress or a ship surrenders, it is in accordance with the laws of war, that all arms, stores, and military implements contained in it, shall be handed over, exactly as they are, to the conquerors. Of this we were well aware; nor, when we hauled down our flag, was there the slightest intention on the part of any one on board to contravene the custom. But furious, at what they regarded as a wanton disregard of the dictates of humanity, our soldiers no sooner found themselves below, than they ran to the arm-racks. In five minutes there was not a musket there of which the stock was not broken across. The belts, cartouch-boxes, and bayonets, likewise were caught up, and all, together with the fragments of the firelocks, were cast into the sea.

Had Colonel Campbell been aware of what was going on, he would have doubtless put a stop to it; for he was a strict disciplinarian as well as a man of rigid honour; but the work of destruction went forward so rapidly, that long ere a whisper reached him there remained nothing further to be done. When, however, the enraged soldiers made a movement to throw the cannon likewise overboard, he withstood them; nor would he permit a particle of the spare ammunition in store to be injured. But his fair dealing in this instance was wasted; he

saved the ship's guns, it is true, but he did not succeed in creating a belief among the Americans that he was not a party to the destruction of the men's muskets.

The enemy had continued their cannonade about a quarter of an hour, and several of our comrades had fallen under it, when they seemed to have discovered all at once, that our colours were not flying. The firing accordingly ceased; and a boat pushing ahead of their line, approached within hail to demand whether we had surrendered. We replied of course in the affirmative; upon which a signal was hung out for the flotilla to advance. The whole moved forward till they surrounded us on all hands, and sending their boarders over the chains, our decks were crowded with people, whose dress and language equally gave proof that they belonged to no regular service, naval or military. Such a cut-throat looking crew never indeed came together, except under the bloody flag of some fierce rover. There were landmen in round frocks, with carving-knives stuck by their sides in place of daggers; there were militia men in all manner of dresses, armed with long duck-guns; and there were seamen—hardy and brave I do not doubt—but as ferocious in their bearing as if piracy were their profession, and life and death matters of no importance where interest came in the way. The latter were chiefly equipped with pistols and cutlasses, which they brandished with an air of insolent triumph, as uncalled for as it was unbecoming.*

Upon the scene which followed I gladly draw a veil, for it was such as I cannot think of without disgust. Irritated by the destruction of our arms, and indignant at what they were pleased to term our presumption in resisting a foe so superior, the miscreants forgot what was due, not so much to us as to themselves. They loaded us with scorn and insults,—stripped us of every valuable,—threatened to tie up the officers to the gratings,—and beat the men with the flats of their swords: indeed, in more than one instance it occurred that the edge of the cutlass was used, and that severe, if not dangerous wounds, were inflicted. Finally, they drove us, like a herd of oxen, on board of their small craft, and sent us, without a single article of baggage, to be towed in the schooners into Boston. This done, they plundered the transport of every thing contained in it, whether of public property or belonging to individuals; and finding on examination that it would not float, they summed up all by setting it on fire.

As there was a strong tide against us, and the schooners overloaded with heavy cannon went much by the head, our progress towards the landing place proved slow; indeed the sun had set some time ere we gained the extreme edge of the Long Wharf. To say the truth, we experienced little mortification at the circumstance. Though not without curiosity as to the appearance of a town in which we had anticipated a very different reception, we were content to postpone its gratification, rather than become in open day, objects of impertinent remark to the rabble, who, we could not doubt, were assembled to greet us. Nor were we deceived in this expectation. The whole extent of the wharf was crowded with men, women, and children, all on foot to witness the arrival of the British prisoners, and all anxious to testify by their hootings and yells, how cordial was the abhorrence in which they held us. Through that crowd we were marched, our guards, as it appeared to us, being more anxious to exhibit the trophies of their own valour, than to protect the captives from insult; and having passed

* A British account, truly!—*Ed. Mus.*

several streets, some of them tolerably capacious, we arrived ere long at a massy building which we were given to understand was the common jail. Into it the officers were thrust; while the men were moved off to a meeting-house hard by, where, under the close surveillance of a military guard, they passed the night.

People circumstanced as we then were, are not generally inclined to indulge much in conversation; though there were four of us together, the tenants of one small apartment, little of the spirit of companionship reigned among us. If our feelings were not precisely the same, there was nothing in the manner of one which contrasted in a remarkable degree with that of another. When we spoke at all it was in brief sentences,—from which all that could be gathered was, that we were equally miserable,—and even the important question, though occasionally broached—namely, how it behoved us to act relative to our parole, received that night slender consideration. It is worthy of remark that our captors took no pains to lighten our sorrows, or to reconcile us to our fate. We saw no one from the moment of our incarceration except the jailer, and neither suppers nor beds were offered to us.

In this comfortless manner the night wore away, what little sleep any of us obtained being snatched upon the bare boards; but the morrow brought with it a change of circumstances considerably for the better. As if ashamed of the conduct of his subalterns, Colonel Thomas Crofts, the governor of the place, sent his aide-de-camp to assure us, that nothing but the lateness of the hour at which we arrived would have induced him to permit our being lodged in prison even for a single night; and that he was now ready either to release us on the customary terms, or to transfer us to a more commodious as well as respectable place of safe-keeping. We were at the same time invited to become his guests at breakfast; and offered every accommodation in the way of money and apparel of which we might stand in need. Now, as ours was not a situation in which it would have been prudent to indulge anything like bad humour, we agreed to gulp, as well as we could, the treatment of the past night; and followed without hesitation his well-bred messenger to the governor's quarters. But the subject of parole required further consideration, and both the aide-de-camp and his chief were too considerate to insist on a hasty determination.

The kind of reception which met us on our first arrival in Boston, had been such as to impress us with an unfavourable opinion of the American character: the behaviour of Colonel Crofts, and of the gentlemen attached to his household, went far to remove it. The former was not only hospitable and kind, but thoroughly well-bred. He apologised for the rudeness to which we had been subjected, and accounted for it by explaining, that we had fallen into the hands of privateersmen and other desperadoes, over whom his control was much more nominal than real. He hinted, indeed, that the breaking of the arms by our men was not quite fair, though he at once gave credit to our assertion that the officers had no hand in it; and he wound up all by alluding to the benefit which the republican cause had obtained, by the removal, from among its enemies, of so many gallant soldiers. In a word, he exerted himself so much to purpose, and made himself so agreeable, that whatever reserve it had been our purpose to maintain gradually melted away; and we were, before the conclusion of the meal, as completely at our ease, as if our acquaintance had been of a year's standing.

Among other topics of conversation it was natural that allusion should be made to the circumstances which led

to our capture. We learned that General Howe, unable to maintain himself in Boston, had withdrawn so long ago as the preceding April. He had, however, stationed a cruiser in Nantucket Sound in order that stragglers from England and elsewhere might not run into danger. But the cruiser, overpowered by the fire of the same battery which had done us so much damage, had been forced off the coast only three days previous to our arrival; and as we unfortunately came up ere another had come to relieve her, we ran head foremost into the toils. This was but poor consolation to us; neither were we made happy by the narrative which the governor gave, of the views, both political and military, which marked the opening of the contest. Nevertheless we all felt, from the tone assumed by our host, that he spoke it out of no unworthy disposition to annoy. Whatever our sentiments might be in reference to others, towards himself our respect was undiminished.

All this was as it was meant to be, and the governor, seeing that he had made an impression, which was certainly not diminished by an offer to find out and to restore our private baggage, proceeded to speak on the subject of our future treatment. "It can be a matter of no moment to me," said he, "whether you avail yourselves of the indulgence of parole or not; for we have many depôts in which you can be safely kept: but for your own sakes I earnestly advise that the offer be not refused. Consider that you are at least two hundred miles from the nearest British post,—that of your recapture by force of arms there is not the most distant probability,—and that if you determine on keeping yourselves in a condition to attempt an escape whenever an opportunity shall offer,—you will lay me under the disagreeable necessity of treating you with a degree of restraint which I should be very unwilling to apply. No doubt it is mortifying to find your professional career cut short, just as the prospect of gathering laurels had opened; but the evil is without remedy, and a wise man always bends to events which he finds himself unable to control."

There was so much truth in these remarks, that, in spite of a half-formed determination to the contrary, we agreed to be guided by them. We gave our word of honour that we would not attempt to pass beyond a certain distance out of Boston, till the privilege of parole should be withdrawn, or an exchange of prisoners effected; and we became, in consequence, as much masters of our own time as was consistent with a moderate degree of surveillance. Besides, the kindness of Colonel Crofts did not end here: he caused excellent quarters to be assigned to us in the houses of certain families who were suspected of a leaning in favour of the royal cause; and he issued orders that our wants should be duly attended to, and the utmost respect paid to our persons. Here then, we were, prisoners at large, in a town famous, above all in the New World, for its hostility to the English, yet well treated both by the civil and military authorities; and with a fair prospect of spending our days among them till a war, just begun, should be brought, one way or another, to its close.

Of the manner in which my days were spent during many weeks of compulsory inaction, I kept no record. A captive among entire strangers, to whose habits and notions I found it impossible to assimilate my own, time rolled over my head as unsatisfactorily as possible; indeed, there were moments when I heartily repented that I had been cajoled into the acceptance of my parole, and pondered upon the best method of having the indulgence withdrawn. But my comrades, on all such occasions, understood me, while they argued with great justice, that the

measure could tend only to alarm the suspicions of the enemy, and of course to bring down harsh usage upon the whole body of prisoners. Meanwhile we found what amusement we could in wandering over the town, and visiting the positions of Bunker's Hill, Breeds Hill, Dorchester, Charleston, and other points rendered memorable as the scene of recent operations. Among these, nothing struck us more forcibly than the site of the encampment which the Americans first occupied after the skirmish of Lexington. Many huts were yet standing in regular lanes or streets which crossed one another at right angles; and it was easy to perceive, that the same ingenuity which they were in the habit of exercising in the construction of their rude dwellings in the woods had been applied by the rebel heroes to the formation of their bivouac. We were forced to admit, while examining their lines, that in the use of the spade and the pickaxe—implements of war not less formidable than the musket and the cannon—our men would be no match for an enemy so skilful.

In this manner a whole month wore itself out, and listless indifference was beginning to mark the bearing of some, when an event befel which so far stood us in stead, that it furnished us, for a while, with a subject of conversation. On the 17th of July, the British officers on parole received each a card from the governor, requesting the honour of his attendance at a specified hour on the morrow, in the Town Hall. As rumours were already afloat touching the decided step that had been taken at Philadelphia, we were not without a suspicion as to the purport of this meeting; and we hesitated for a while, as to the propriety of giving the sanction of our countenance to a proceeding which we could not but regard as traitorous. Curiosity, however, got the better of scruples, which, to say the truth, were not very well founded; and it was resolved, after a brief consultation, that the invitation ought to be accepted. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, we set out, arrayed in the full dress uniform of our corps, and became witnesses to a spectacle which excited even in us feelings it would not, perhaps, be very easy to be defined. As we passed through the town, we found it thronged in all quarters with persons of every age, and both sexes. All were in their holiday suits, every eye beamed with delight, and every tongue was in rapid motion. King street, Queen-street, and the other streets adjoining the council chamber, were lined with detachments from two battalions of infantry, tolerably well equipped; while in front of the jail, a brigade of artillery was drawn up, the gunners standing by their pieces with lighted matches; nor, to do them justice, was there any admixture of insolence in the joy which seemed to animate all classes. Whether our lengthened residence among them, and the anxiety which we displayed never wantonly to offend their prejudices, had secured their esteem, or whether they considered it beneath the dignity of a grave people standing in a position so critical, to vent their spleen upon individuals entirely at their mercy, I do not know; but the marked respect with which we were treated both by soldiers and civilians could not be misunderstood. The very crowd opened a lane for us up to the door of the hall, and the troops gave us, as we mounted the steps, the salute due to officers of our rank.

On entering the hall we found it occupied by functionaries, military, civil, and ecclesiastical; among whom the same good humour and excitement prevailed, as among the people out of doors. They received us with great frankness and cordiality, and allotted to us such stations, as enabled us to witness the whole of the ceremony, which was as simple as the most republican taste

could have desired. Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crofts, who occupied the chair, rose, and silence being obtained, read aloud the celebrated Declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance and protection which had so long held Britain and her North American colonies together, was for ever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile the town-clerk read from a balcony the Declaration of Independence to the crowd; at the close of which, a shout, begun in the hall, passed like an electric spark to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester Neck, the Castle, Nantucket, and Long Island, each saluted with thirteen guns—the artillery in the town fired thirteen rounds, and the infantry, scattered into thirteen divisions, poured forth thirteen volleys—all corresponding to the number of states which formed the Union. What followed may be described in a few words. There was a banquet in the council chamber, where all the richer citizens appeared—where much wine was drunk, and many appropriate toasts given. Large quantities of liquor were distributed among the mob, whose patriotism of course grew more and more warm at every draught; and when night closed in, the darkness was effectually dispelled by a general and what was termed then a splendid illumination. I need not say that we neither joined, nor were expected to join, in any of the festivities. Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we returned to our lodgings, and passed the remainder of the evening in a frame of mind, such as our humiliating and irksome situation might be expected to produce.

From the date of this banquet, during many, many days, our existence was like the Caspian—a sea without a tide. It is true, that the inhabitants were, after their own fashion, kind and hospitable; and that intelligence of the successes obtained by the royal arms elsewhere excited, from time to time, a faint hope that the war might roll southward, and restore us to freedom. But as week after week, and month after month stole by without bringing about the accomplishment of our wishes, we learned to feel how just is the observation of the wise man, "that hope deferred maketh the heart sick." For my own part, I became at last so desperate, so thoroughly reckless of consequences to myself and others, that I cannot tell what mad scheme I might have tried, had there not occurred at length a change in our mode of treatment, which put us, without any co-operation of ours, on our mettle. It was this:—

The winter of 1776, a season particularly severe in the latitude of Connecticut, had passed away, and the spring of 1777 was considerably advanced, when an officer of the garrison, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, made his appearance one morning at an unusually early hour, in my quarters. It was not difficult to make out, from the embarrassment in his manner, that he was the bearer of unpleasant news; and, as a matter of course, my curiosity was sharpened. I begged him to speak out; assured him, that whatever his message might be, I should never think of attributing to him any feeling but that of friendship, and declared my willingness to endure any hardships, provided only they would assure me of deliverance from the life of horrible monotony which I was now leading. My acquaintance seemed to derive great consolation from this avowal. "Then, my dear fellow," said he, "the orders of which I consider myself

unfortunate in being the bearer, will suit your fancy to a tittle. I am commanded to inform you and your brother officers, that your parole is withdrawn, and that you must make ready for an immediate march into the interior, where the accommodation afforded you will not, I am afraid, cause you to think lightly of Boston. This is very hard both upon you and us; but we are not to blame. Your chiefs have behaved with the most unjustifiable harshness to such of our officers as have fallen into their hands. Washington has remonstrated to no purpose; and now he is determined, though sorely against his principles, to try the effect of retaliation. In a word, I am sorry to tell you that one hour only will be afforded to pack your baggage, at the expiration of which you must quit this place under the care of an escort."

I assured the American officer that I not only did not lament my fate, but that I rejoiced in it; and having cordially shaken him by the hand, I ran to inform my friend Captain Menzies, with whom I principally lived, and consult with him as to what was best to be done.

For some weeks previous to this announcement, a similarity of feeling—an uneasiness under restraint which amounted almost to desperation—had brought Captain Menzies and myself into closer habits of intimacy than were kept up by others of our companions in misfortune. Menzies shifted his quarters, indeed, so as to be near me; and many an hour of the night we whiled away in concocting plans of escape, which as yet we had not found it practicable to realise. We had, however, gone so far as to provide ourselves with disguises; with sailors' dresses, rough jackets and trowsers, such as were worn by fishermen along the coast, and would therefore, we trusted, some day or another, do us good service. Havresacks also had been procured, in which a change of linen and provisions might be stowed away; and, above all, we had purchased, with a view of guarding against the worst, clasp-knives, with blades six inches in length. As we had repeatedly worn our seamen's garb already, we calculated on being able to do so now without exciting suspicion; and we accordingly, under the pretext of a desire to save our uniforms, packed them up in our trunks. In like manner, under the plea of disinclination to disturb our wardrobe on the march, we bestowed one or two light articles in our havresacks; and having some loose cash in our pockets, we trusted to the chapter of accidents for the purchase of provisions.

Yet there was a serious difficulty in our way after all: how should we manage to conceal from our comrades the resolution which we had formed? and if we did not conceal it, how could we possibly expect to carry it into effect? As the event proved, however, we had in this case taken fright very unnecessarily; for at the expiration of an hour the escort arrived; and we learned, little to our regret, that the men were gone no one knew whither, while the officers, separated into parties, were marched off by separate routes into the interior.

Our progress out of Boston partook somewhat of the passion for display which characterised the mode of our arrival; that is to say, we passed through the principal streets, surrounded by about sixty soldiers, and accompanied by not fewer than three officers, one of them a captain. Our baggage followed the column in a car, into which eight or ten knapsacks were likewise thrown; and we received, as we went along, greetings more or less kind from those with whom we had associated. But we were scarcely beyond the Neck, ere a new arrangement took place, the whole of the escort, except half a dozen privates, a sergeant, a corporal, and a lieutenant, quitting us, and returning to the town. We were not sorry for

this; partly because we judged that it would be easier to elude nine than sixty pair of eyes; partly because the captain being an old acquaintance, the idea of dealing unfairly by him went somewhat against the grain. Not that we should have scrupled, circumstanced as we were, to deceive him if we could; but it is better, in such cases, to deal with utter strangers, more especially if they chance to be, as our new commander was, brutes of the first order; for a brute of the first order he was. Prying, inquisitive, full of bluster and the lowest slang, he tormented us throughout the whole day's march with his conversation; which, whether it took the tone of insolent superiority, or of pretended commiseration and personal regard, was alike distasteful to us. But there is no such thing as rebuking into silence your thoroughbred Yankee; so we kept our temper as well as we could, and trudged on without appearing to feel either his compliments or his insults.

As it was nine o'clock before we started, our march that day carried us only to Lexington, a pretty village, built round a large green or common, in which were a church, an inn, and a blacksmith's forge. The inn was immediately taken possession of by the lieutenant; who, having assigned to us a chamber up stairs, and planted a sentry before the door, proceeded to make arrangements with a view to his own comfort. We had been struck, as we pursued our march, with the perfect familiarity which appeared to exist between him and his men: we were now to learn that a similar line of conduct was expected from us. After having been absent a few minutes, he returned, bringing with him the sergeant and corporal, both of whom he informed us, as well as himself, intended to favour us with their company at supper. It would have been quite useless and very impolitic to decline this arrangement, so we met the proposition with a ready acquiescence; and leaving it to the officer to order what viands he chose, we made up our minds to bear with patience whatever trial of temper might be further inflicted on us. The consequence was that an ample supply of coarse food was speedily furnished, and liquor in proportion, with a due accompaniment of pipes and tobacco following hard upon its heels, we saw with dismay that we were fairly set in for a night of carousing and debauchery.

As yet no opportunity had offered of holding even a moment's private conversation together; and Menzies and I were in consequence without any knowledge of each other's sentiments; but a glance, as the debauch went forward, sufficed to convince me that his thoughts ran in the same channel with my own. I accordingly pretended to relax from my usual coldness of manner, and took part by degrees in the conversation, such as it was, which our companions brought forward. Menzies did the same; and the Americans, gratified by what they regarded as a compliment to their powers of pleasing, became more and more loquacious every minute. Their stories were without number; each being more marvellous than that which preceded it. They had seen sights and performed exploits such as no other human being ever saw or ever could have performed; and in exact proportion to our astonishment was the satisfaction which they derived from describing them. Neither were they backward in their potations: they drank, they sang, they smoked, they boasted; and finding that we kept our temper even in the latter case, they became extravagant in their protestations of personal affection.

I need not say that, in submitting to all this, we had only one object in view—and we accomplished it. Carefully avoiding ourselves to drink, we plied them with

liquor, which, though its operation was slow, began at last to take effect. We watched it with intense interest; and after witnessing every gradation in the stages of drunkenness—from that of the quarrel, to maudlin sentimentality—we were in the end gratified by seeing them drop, one by one, on the floor.

It was now past midnight; and the silence which prevailed elsewhere gave notice that the people of the house, and probably the troops on duty, were all fast asleep. Scarce venturing, however, to hope that success would thus early attend us, we sat perfectly still for several minutes, at the expiration of which we rose softly and buckled on our havresacks. This done, Menzies passed on tiptoe towards the door, into the staple of which, so as to keep the latch from being lifted, he quietly thrust a knife. Meanwhile I stole to the window, and threw it open. The night was as dark as pitch; so dark indeed, as to render fruitless every endeavour to ascertain how far we were from the ground. There was not a star in the heavens; and over the village swept a low moaning wind, the sure prelude to a storm. In some respects all this was in our favour: the excessive darkness would help to baffle pursuit were we fairly in flight, and the wind would probably drown whatever noise we might make in descending. But to descend in total ignorance both of the spot which was to receive us and of the position of the sentinels, whom we could not doubt the officer had planted, was what we should have hesitated about doing had a less urgent necessity driven us on. All considerations of personal inconvenience, were, however, swallowed up in the dread of losing an opportunity; so, being nearest to the post of danger, I determined first to take the leap, let the consequences be what they might.

There was a sort of bench or low table in the window recess, upon which I prepared to mount; I laid my arm heavily upon it, and immediately a broken leg, which I had not observed, gave way, and it fell with a heavy crash; it fell, too, as bad luck would have it, upon the ankle of the lieutenant, who, roused by the force of the blow, sat up with a volley of oaths, and stared wildly round him. "Now then," thought I, "all is over: the miscreant cannot fail to observe that the window is open, even though he may not see that we are awake"—for we had both sunk into chairs, and laid our heads against the wall, when the crash occurred, and to close it would only confirm the suspicion which the circumstance must excite. What was to be done? Instinctively my hand grasped my knife—though whether I should have used it or not I cannot pretend to say; but before the blade could be drawn, the sentinel outside challenged, as if just roused out of a doze.

Heavens, what were then my feelings! The joyful prospect, which a moment ago danced before my eyes, had vanished; escape now was out of the question; and, what was worst of all, such precautions would henceforth be taken as to render the occurrence of a second opportunity impossible. Yet the event proved that we had laid upon Dame Fortune more than she was entitled to carry. So completely were the officer's senses confused, that he neither saw the open window nor paid the slightest regard to the broken table, except by kicking it aside; after which he muttered an oath or two in answer to the sentry's challenge, and stretching himself at full length along the floor, again closed his eyes. Once more we breathed, though it was faintly; and having paused what we judged to be a sufficient time to permit his slumber to be resumed, we returned, with all possible caution, to our former occupation.

I felt this time that we had not a moment to lose; so I mounted the ledge of the window, while Menzies stood close by in readiness to follow. To swing myself at full length by the hands was the work of one instant; and the next—though not without an increased pulsation at the heart—I let go my hold. A heap of rubbish received me as I fell, and a part of it giving way under my right foot, I became at once aware that my ankle had sustained an injury. But we were not in circumstances which would sanction any one in paying heed to trifles; so, having ascertained that the limb was not broken, I stood till Menzies should arrive. He was not tardy in following the example which I had set. Having ascertained, by the rustling noise, that I had reached the bottom, he threw himself after me; and falling more equally than I, he escaped unhurt. Now then was our flight begun in real earnest. The common was traversed, the church left behind, the high road abandoned, and we ourselves soon lost in the mazes of the forest. O.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Specimens of the Table-Talk of S. T. Coleridge.
London, 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.

The editor of Spence's Anecdotes says in his preface, "The French abound in collections of this nature, which they have distinguished with the name of *Ana*. England has produced few examples of the kind, but they are eminently excellent. It may be sufficient to name Selden's Table-Talk, and Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson." These Anecdotes of Spence, after having, while in MS., furnished much amusement and instruction to the literary antiquaries of the last generation, took their place at once, on being published *in extenso*, among the most valuable parlour-window books in this or in any other language. That volume, rich in the fire-side gossip of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, may be said to bring us down almost to the commencement of Johnson's reign as the great master and retailer of literary anecdotes and reminiscences. In its perusal we feel ourselves at home with the members of the Scriblerus Club, and are even carried back, by their unstudied communications among themselves, to a personal familiarity with the worthies of the preceding cycle. To this source we owe more than half of the little that we do know of the personal manners of both Milton and Dryden. Of Boswell we need say nothing, except that his book, in many other respects unrivaled, has this great and almost entirely peculiar advantage, that it presents its talkers, in the strict sense of the word, *dramatically*. Every saying is rendered doubly interesting by our knowledge of the time, the place, the occasion, and of the person or persons addressed. In almost every other point of view as unlike Dr. Johnson as one man of great faculties and great virtues can be to another, Mr. Coleridge must be allowed to have been his legitimate successor as the great literary talker of England. Had he been fortunate to find a faithful chronicler twenty or thirty years ago, we have no doubt the ultimate record of his conversational wisdom and ingenuity would have occupied many goodly volumes well worthy of fully sharing in the popularity of Boswell. As it is, we have much reason to be

thankful that, during the last four or five years of his life, a young and affectionate kinsman, possessing the learning, the taste, and the feeling which qualified him to understand and appreciate his rich talk, happened to reside in his immediate neighbourhood, and kept a journal in which he commonly set down, before going to bed, what fragments he had been able to carry away.

It will be the natural wish of every reader that Mr. Henry Coleridge had at least tried to give more of a dramatic shape to his record. But at the same time, all who had the pleasure of Mr. Coleridge's acquaintance are well aware that his forte was more in monologue than dialogue; that he, on almost all occasions, lectured rather than conversed; his illustrations expanding and multiplying as he proceeded, not from the quickening collision of another mind, but the onward self-evolved excitation of his own. As respects his latter intercourse with his nephew, more especially, we can conceive that we may not have lost much by the omission of what may be well called the *stage directions*, so useful and entertaining in the case of Boswell. We are afraid that during the short period over which the present diary extends, the state of things was such, that we may but too completely fill up every blank by one melancholy formula—*place*, Mr. Coleridge's bed-room—*time*, night—*present*, the poet in his arm-chair, physically worn and exhausted by a day of pain, but refreshed and invigorated by the recent entrance of his dear young friend, to whom it is a sort of necessity of his nature that he should unburthen himself of some of the innumerable trains of thought and reflection that have been occupying him, as far as bodily sufferings might permit, since their last meeting. We hope other friends will be now encouraged to task their memories, and produce some reminiscences of those earlier days as to which it would be so agreeable to have more of the Boswellian sort of accompaniment. How delightful, for instance, is almost the solitary communication furnished to these volumes by another relative, Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, who places the old man before us as stopping short one Sunday morning as he entered the churchyard on Richmond Hill, and exclaiming, "I feel as if God had given man fifty-two springs in every year!"

Johnson's eulogy of Burke is in every body's recollection; viz. that if a barber's boy had stopped for ten minutes under the same shed with him during a shower of rain, he would have said, on going away, "That is an extraordinary man." Assuredly the same thing may be said with quite as much truth of Coleridge. The affluence of his mind could never be repressed, and such was the catholic humanity of his heart, the pure charity which mingled with every play even of his imagination, that no child of Adam ever seemed to him unworthy, we do not say of frank and kindly communication merely, but of the treatment of an equal. How completely, when once fairly in talk with any human being, no matter how lowly in condition, how deficient in education, he seemed to forget the intellectual gulph that separated himself from his auditor, we need not remind any one that knew any thing of his habits. When he

carried it so far as not merely to adorn and embellish subjects of which *his* barber's boys might be supposed to have some feeling and comprehension, but to harangue them (as he often did) on topics and in a style which must to them have been like heathen Greek, the effect was at once so quaintly ludicrous and so gently amiable, that we cannot but wish some specimens of it had been preserved, as far as such things ever can be preserved by a mere record of words. The parties addressed, however incapable of fully understanding his drift, were always cheered and delighted with the evident kindness of his whole spirit and intentions—while "he held them with his glittering eye," the cordial childlike innocence of his smile, the inexpressible sweetness of his voice, and the rich musical flow into which his mere language ever threw itself, were subsidiary charms that told even upon the dullest and the coldest. Had it been possible that such a man should ever have taken up the trade of a demagogue, either in the pulpit or on the hustings, what power must have been his! The more unintelligible his strain, the greater of course, so the watchwords were skilfully chosen, would have been its potency.

Those who are acquainted in general with what the course of Mr. Coleridge's personal history had been, and who are told *in limine* that the present work is made up of the confidential conversation of the sick-room in which he so lately breathed his last, but who never happened to meet with the man himself, will perhaps be agreeably surprised when they find that it contains no trace of murmuring, in as far as his own fortunes in the world were concerned. Upon the great political events of the few last years he indeed expresses himself occasionally—as what man of understanding and honesty has not been often heard to do?—in the language of regret and mournful anticipation. Once or twice, perhaps, he has allowed some fling of virtuous indignation to escape him with regard to the immediate actors in these miserable doings. But, with these exceptions, the whole book is radiant with the habitual benignity, charity, and hopefulness of the man; and indeed, even as to the excepted topics, he had so accustomed himself to trace external events to *remote* causes, and to rely on that Power which *can* and *will* bring good out of evil, that his general tone of feeling, as to the apparently guiltiest of our political culprits, was that of compassion; and that we much doubt if he ever seriously did believe that the constitution of England had been irretrievably undone.

The equanimity with which this record shows Mr. Coleridge to have looked back upon a life which any worldly person must have called eminently unfortunate, will not, as we have intimated, surprise any one who had the honour and privilege of his acquaintance. He was, in the first place, well aware that the main source of all his external mishaps was in himself—and this indeed he has plainly told us in one of the most interesting pages of his *Autobiographia Literaria*, a work which, however absurdly so named, as it is any thing rather than a narrative of the incidents of his own career, does nevertheless deserve to

be reprinted, not only on many other accounts, but for the vivid glimpses which it affords us of his intellectual habitudes, and the prevalent moods of his mind.

"NEVER," says the autobiographer, "PURSUE LITERATURE AS A TRADE. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, i. e., some regular employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realise in literature a larger product of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an accidental and arbitrary end of literary labour. The hope of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the necessity of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind."—vol. i. p. 223.

And again:

"It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature, to believe that there is any established and reputable profession or employment, in which a man may not contrive to act with honesty and honour; and doubtless there is likewise none which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But woefully will that man find himself mistaken, who imagines that the profession of literature, or (to speak more plainly) the trade of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations than the church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. . . . Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms, but not fill the escutcheon!"—*Ibid.* p. 230.

We are well aware that, after Mr. Coleridge's opinions and habits were formed, it would have been extremely difficult to find any (properly so called) professional situation for him, unless he had chosen to take orders—and why he never did so we are altogether uninformed. He himself, in the very chapter from which we have been quoting, says of the church, that it presents to every man of learning and genius a walk of life in which he may cherish a rational hope of being able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the strictest performance of professional duties. "There is," he says, "scarce a department of human knowledge without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical, and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman: no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius which may not be followed without incongruity." No doubt the motives that withheld the learned and devout churchman, who thus thought, from the service of the altar, must have been powerful—as little that they were honourable to his feelings; but who can cease to regret that Coleridge's life was not cast into the same happy course as that of Crabbe or Bowles? After all, if there was not, there assuredly ought to have been, some means of adequately providing for such a man, after his name and character were fixed and determined, either in some great metropolitan institution, or within the walls of one or other of our universities. If ever those magnifi-

cent national establishments are reformed to any good or real purpose, it will be from within, by the act of their own proper authorities; and we feel assured that, in any plan of internal reform likely to proceed from the eminent persons who at present guide their councils, a leading feature would be that of providing a greater number of stations in which men who have really distinguished themselves in science or literature might find honourable retirement and shelter for the evening of their days. We well know that Cambridge was proud of her Coleridge: he was almost worshipped there among both young and old;—his last visit, in particular, called forth a display of feeling which can never cease to be remembered, to their honour, by all who witnessed the scene.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Coleridge himself did not complain, we may spare ourselves the pain of any further comments on the dark and melancholy circumstances in which this great light of his time and country, this beautiful poet, this exquisite metaphysician, this universal scholar, and profound theologian, was permitted to pass so many years of his life. We shall not even be tempted to go beyond a mere allusion to the fact, that the only reduction of the pension list, which the late whig government ventured upon, was one which deprived ten meritorious men of letters, with Coleridge at their head, of a pittance of 100*l.* per annum, which had been accorded to them by King George IV.—the one reduction, we verily believe, which could not have been demanded or approved of by a single tax-payer of these kingdoms, whig, tory, or radical. Hear the dying poet's own comment on this and all other such mischances:—

COMPLAINT.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

"For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain?
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—Three treasures, Love, and
Light,
And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Coleridge was, in truth, a high as well as a humble spirit, and he, no question, had a noble pleasure and pride in his belief—whether altogether well-founded or not we have some doubts—that he inherited not only this serene scorn of mere worldly distinctions, but a gallant indifference to immediate literary popularity, from the greatest of his poetical predecessors. We suspect that he might with more justice have compared himself on both of these heads to some of his own illustrious contemporaries, than to one at least of the immortal names to which he alludes

in a chapter of his *Autobiographia* already quoted by us. He there says:

"The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent, or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself. Shakspeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard 'grew immortal in his own despite.' Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakspeare adds:

"Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I once gone to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave;
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouth of men.

"In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, *effeminate*; and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions 'a melancholy grace,' and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But no where do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsomeness or affected contempt of his censurers. The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, that arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days: poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted.

'Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,'—

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party for whom, as by that against whom he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

'Argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd
Right onward.'—*Autobiographia*, vol. i. pp. 32—35.

As we shall not be so superfluous as to attempt any orderly arrangement in an article on *table-talk*, we may as well quote here what Coleridge said, across the fire, nearly twenty years later, on the characteristics of Chaucer and Shakspeare:—

"I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age.

How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!"—*Table-Talk*, March 15, 1834.

We cannot read the numerous fragments of delicious criticism on Shakspeare which are scattered over these volumes, as well as the *Autobiographia*, without remembering with sorrow that Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare, delivered before Schlegel's, and in the opinion of those who heard them at least as good as the enlightened German's, have never been collected and printed. Are they hopelessly lost? We know that one friend and admirer of our poet employed with his consent, a skilful short-hand writer to take notes of the whole course, and imperfect as these must no doubt have been, still they could scarcely fail to furnish most valuable materials for an editor such as H. N. Coleridge. We are sure Mr. Frere would be happy to place the MS., if now in his possession, at the disposal of one so well qualified to use it for the honour of the deceased, and the instruction of the world. But let us return to our extracts.

"I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the 'Canterbury Tales,' being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final ð of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *ocēn*, *natiōn*, &c. as dissyllables,—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language,—if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find no further difficulty even as it is; but I should have no objection to see this done,—strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I do not want this myself; I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language,—but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned even by black-letterati for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity."—*Table-Talk*, April, 1833.

"Our poet has elsewhere this beautiful passage on a cognate subject:—"In the days of Chaucer and Gower our language might be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favourites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude Syrinx; and from this the constructors alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labours of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanised as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus even the deaf may play, so as to delight the many. Sometimes (for it is with similes as it is with jests at a wine-table, one is sure to suggest another) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present Anglo-

Something like what Mr. Coleridge here recommends for the popularisation of this great old poet has just been attempted by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, in a couple of small volumes, entitled "The Riches of Chaucer;" and notwithstanding this affected title, and a preface in which we find the venerable cockney school revived in all its glory, the editor appears to have acquitted himself of his task as regards the text of Chaucer, and the selection of glossarial notes, with considerable tact. Would that some really ripe and good scholar would undertake an annotated edition of the whole of Chaucer. We have no even tolerable edition of any of his writings except the Canterbury Tales; and great as Tyrwhitt was in more departments than one, much progress has been made in all of them since he wrote, and in none of them more than in the illustration of the old English tongue, especially by bringing to bear upon its obsolete forms the living commentary of comparatively unmixed Teutonic dialects. On the structure and varieties of his mother tongue we have never perhaps had a more admirable critic than has been lost to us in Mr. Coleridge.

To proceed with our *Ana* :—

"It may be doubted whether a composite language like the English is not a happier instrument of expression than a homogeneous one, like the German. We possess a wonderful richness and variety of modified meanings in our Saxon and Latin quasi-synonymes, which the Germans have not. For "the pomp and prodigality of heaven," the Germans must have said "*spendthriftiness*." Shakspeare is particularly happy in his use of the Latin synonymes, and in distinguishing between them and the Saxon."

—We wish Mr. Coleridge had worked out this last idea. We think it quite just; and feel, to give but one example, how admirably the bare simple strength of Saxon monosyllables is made to contrast with and heighten the effect of the most gorgeous Latin *sesquipedalia* in

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Again he says :—

"Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is

Gallican fashion of unconnected, epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if not sense, will be so like it as to do as well: perhaps better, for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges indolence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual plethora. Hence of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference, indeed, between these and the works of genius is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet at a distance they both look alike."—*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 39.

an absolutely new creation. Read Daniel, the admirable Daniel, in his "Civil Wars," and "Triumphs of Hymen." The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day, Wordsworth, for example, would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson's blank-verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger's is even still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

"I believe Shakspeare was not a whit more intelligible in his own day than he is now to an educated man, except for a few local allusions of no consequence. As I said, he is of no age, nor, I may add, of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind; his observation and his reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures."—August 19, 1832.

What striking words are those of our table-talker; "how absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!" He is indeed the immortal enigma of literary history: there is hardly a poetaster of his period of whom we do not know more than of the greatest genius that ever England or the world produced; and he lived and wrote in the same town with the brightest galaxy of wits, and scholars, and statesmen, that ever adorned any period of English history. He walked every day the same streets with the Cecils, the Bacons, the Raleighs—his eternal dramas were acted before two of the most accomplished sovereigns that ever sat on the English throne—nay, he was without a doubt the most popular dramatist of that splendid time—and yet there is not the shadow of evidence that any one of those of his contemporaries whose names can be said to survive, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, ever was within the walls of the same private chamber with Shakspeare. Surly Ben's well known disparaging sentence about his book learning, and the general but vague tradition of his sweet and gentle temper—these are absolutely the only traces that we have of Shakspeare as he personally moved among and impressed his fellow mortals in the London of Elizabeth and James I. Not one jot of his private conversation, not one scrap of his private correspondence—had been thought worthy of preservation. The first account of his life was the weak and credulous one by Rowe, published nearly a hundred years after his death. For all that we can discover, Shakspeare was actually—popular as his dramas were, not a whit a more important *individual* in the eyes of his contemporaries than any Buckstone or Moncrieff among the modern playwrights is now in our own :—

"For men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The loves that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

It is common to say that Shakspeare was unconscious of his own greatness. The sonnet re-

ferred to by Coleridge in a preceding extract is only one of many among those extraordinary and mysterious pieces that may be referred to as utterly destructive of that theory. Nor could he, who at an early period of his career so estimated himself, be unconscious of the prodigious extent to which his genius had expanded and strengthened as its exercise advanced. He could not look back from *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, to his juvenile poems, his sonnets, his *Love's Labours Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and so forth, without a thorough consciousness that his had been always a growing mind. But then comes the grand puzzle of all. It seems to have been pretty well ascertained by Chalmers that *Othello*, which we agree with Mr. Coleridge in considering as the very highest triumph of his dramatic art, was also its last effort: that he produced it in 1611, at the age of forty-seven, and that immediately afterwards he withdrew from the stage, from literature, from London, we had almost said from the world, contented to linger on the remaining five years of his life in his native village, *oblitusque suorum obviscendus et illis*, never once dreaming even of an edition of his works; nay, leaving many of the best of them to be printed for the first time seven years after his death. We can only account for this by the presumption that, great as Shakespeare was, and felt himself to be, he had in his mind an ideal of art far above what he supposed himself ever to have approached in his own best dramas. How surely is modesty the twin-grace with daring in the structure and development of every truly great mind and character!

We may take this opportunity, though somewhat irregularly, of noticing a strange little volume which lately issued from the press, entitled "Citation and Examination of Wm. Shakspeare, &c. before the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer Stealing, 19th Sept. 1582, now first published from original papers: to which is added a conference of Master Edmund Spenser with the Earl of Essex, touching the state of Ireland." This performance is, as every reader will soon discover, from the pen of Mr. Landor, and like almost every other work of that pen, it presents a perplexing mixture of the quaint and the beautiful in its language, of the absurd and the profound in its meaning. The *citation and examination of Shakspeare* does not on the whole appear to us worthy of being classed with the best of Mr. Landor's efforts, though nothing can be more exquisite than some detached passages in the course of the dialogue. The *conference* between Essex and Spenser, again, seems to us an almost unrivaled specimen of Mr. Landor's purest and happiest vein,—that peculiar power of interweaving satire and pathos which forms the inimitable charm of many of his imaginary conversations. We propose ere long to review the various works, in verse and prose, which this author has produced since we last made him the subject of an article; but in the mean time are tempted to quote a few sentences from his epilogue to the *conference*, being an account of the circumstances under which one Jacob Eldridge, a lawyer's clerk, and native of Stratford-on-Avon, was employed by the Earl of Essex to act the

part of a Gurney on that occasion; together with particulars of the funeral of Spenser, at which Eldridge attended within a few months after the *conference* took place. This fictitious Jacob, writing to a friend in Warwickshire, says:—

"Now I speak of poets, you will be in a maze at hearing that our townsman hath written a power of matter for the playhouse. Neither he nor the booksellers think it quite good enough to print: but I do assure you, on the faith of a Christian, it is not bad; and there is rare fun in the last thing of his about Venice, where a Jew, one Shiloh, is choused out of his money and his revenge. . . .

"Master Greene may overrate him; but Master Greene declares that if William goes on improving and taking his advice, it will be desperate hard work in another seven years to find so many as half a dozen chaps equal to him within the liberties. Master Greene and myself took him with us to see the burial of Master Edmund Spenser in Westminster Abbey on the 19th of January last. The halberdmen pushed us back as having no business there. Master Greene told them he belonged to the queen's company of players. William Shakspeare could have said the same, but did not. And I, fearing that Master Greene and he might be halberded back into the crowd, showed the badge of the Earl of Essex. Whereupon did the serjeant ground his halberd, and say unto me, 'That badge commands admittance every where: your folk likewise may come in.' Master Greene was red-hot angry, and told me he would bring him before the council. William smiled, and Master Greene said, 'Why! would not you, if you were in my place?' He replied, 'I am an half inclined to do worse—to bring him before the audience some spare hour.' At the close of the burial service all the poets of the age threw their pens into the grave, together with the pieces they had composed in praise or lamentation of the deceased. William Shakspeare was the only poet who abstained from throwing in either pen or poem, at which no one marveled, he being of low estate, and the others not having yet taken him by the hand. Yet many authors recognised him, not indeed as author but as player; and one, civiler than the rest, came up unto him triumphantly, his eyes sparkling with glee and satisfaction, and said consolatorily, 'In due time, my honest friend, you may be admitted to do as much for one of us.' 'After such encouragement,' replied our townsman, 'I am bound in duty to give you the preference, should I indeed be worthy.' This was the only smart thing he uttered all the remainder of the day; during the whole of it he appeared to be half lost, I know not whether in melancholy or in meditation, and soon left us."—*Citation, &c.* pp. 278—281.

We have really very little doubt that this scene is such an one as might have occurred after Shakspeare had written half his tragedies. Mr. Landor adds, in the capacity of editor, the following very characteristic note:—

"He has been amused, in his earlier days, at watching the first appearance of such few books as he believed to be the production of some powerful intellect. He has seen people slowly rise up to them, like carp in a pond when food is thrown among them; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbs, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady; approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pen-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again

their contented heads into the comfortable mud; after some seasons the same food will suit their stomachs better. The editor has seen all this, and been an actor in it, whether at Chantilly or Fontainebleau, is indifferent to the reader; and it has occurred to him that Shakspeare and Spencer were thrown among such carp, and began to be relished (the worst, of course, first) after many years."—*Ibid.* pp. 250, 251.

We must indulge ourselves with a few more of Coleridge's *Shakspeariana*. We have seldom met with more profound truth, conveyed in the simplest language, than in the first of these sentences:—

"Men of humour are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so; although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakspeare."

Consider, along with this high estimation of *humour*, our poet's judgment elsewhere as to the talent of *mimicry*.

"The talent for mimicry seems strongest where the human race are most degraded. The poor, naked, half-human savages of New Holland were found excellent mimics: and in civilised society, minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirise by *copying*."—*Autobiog. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 79.

The reader of the next paragraph will feel how true is the remark that it requires a poet to criticise poetry.

"In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius."—*Table-Talk*, 1833.

*Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character."—*Ibid.*

On Shakspeare's villains there is, by the way, a subtle passage in the *Autobiographia*, which we must place in juxtaposition with this fragment of the *Table-Talk*.

"We shall be as gods in knowledge," was and must have been the first temptation; and the co-existence of great intellectual lordship with guilt has never been adequately represented without exciting the strongest interest, and for this reason, that in this bad and heterogeneous co-ordination we can contemplate the intellect of man more exclusively as a separate self-subistence, than in its proper state of subordination to his own conscience, or to the will of an infinitely superior being. This is the secret charm of Shakspeare's male characters in general. They are all cast in the mould of Shakspeare's own gigantic intellect; and this is the open attraction of his Richard, Iago, Edmund, &c. in particular."—vol. ii. pp. 266, 267.

It is curious that, after all, the very worst of Shakspeare's villains (we do not speak of his ruffians) is his last, Iago. It is in the same piece, too, that he has given us the most dignified of his lovely women, and the most essentially generous and ideally chivalrous of all his heroes. Well may Coleridge say,—

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"I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius."—*Table-Talk*, March, 1834.

His own earlier definition of *genius* is probably in the recollection of many of our readers:—

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

'With sun, and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
And man and woman;'

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents."—*Autobiog. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 85.

But along with this it is well to keep in view a truth which he has briefly expressed in one of the volumes now before us, viz:—

"Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

We shall now put together a few of his *obiter dicta* on general literature. Coleridge could sometimes be a stern, and even cruel critic, (for example, witness the case of poor Maturin,) and he had some early prejudices which warped his judgment as to one or two of our own best and greatest poets, especially Pope; but, with rare exceptions, he brought to the consideration of literary works, whether old or new, not only great shrewdness and subtlety of thought and observation, but a most genial and generous tone of feeling.

DON QUIXOTE.

"When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined. Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him."

DRYDEN.

"You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's Achitophel and Zimri—Shaftesbury and Buckingham; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a building up to the very last verse;—whereas in Pope's *Timon*, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be, that is satirised. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare with Hazlitt's imitations of them.

"Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels get hot by driving fast."

FIELDING.

"How charming—how wholesome—Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May."

JOHNSON.

"Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing, *visz* *verz*, in conversation than with his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in 'The Rambler' may be pointed out, to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general."

SCHILLER.

"The young men in Germany and England who admire Lord Byron, prefer Goethe to Schiller; but you may depend upon it, Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character; the first as author of 'The Robbers,' a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime, and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as 'The Robbers,' and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand historical drama—'The Wallenstein;' not the intense drama of passion—he was not master of that—but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. 'The Wallenstein' is the greatest of his works; it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays, a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself, just as you may in 'Don Quixote,' which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *repeatedly*. After this point it was that Goethe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind; and in every one of his works, after 'The Wallenstein,' you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in 'The Bride of Messina,' and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise 'The Robbers' and the other works of his first youth; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like 'The Wilhelm Meister' the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goethe's prose style approaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect."

SCOTT.

"Dear Sir Walter Scott and myself were exact, but harmonious, opposites in this; that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree, called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations, just as a bright pan of brass, when beaten, is said to attract the swarming bees; whereas for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle in Herodotus as any one can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay on a man who lived in past time: I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not in *time* at all, past, present, or future, but beside or collaterally."

"When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read. I cannot at such times read the Bible: my mind reflects on it, but I cannot bear the open page."

BYRON.

"How lamentably the art of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day: by Lord Byron, it strikes me, in particular, among those eminent for other qualities."

"Upon the whole, I think the part of *Don Juan*, in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best—that is, the most individual thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicolas Poussin's pictures."—7th June, 1834.

BASIL HALL.

"The possible destiny of the United States of America—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton—is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realised? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope—Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans! They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humouring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanour on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans."

"Captain Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but in my judgment his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has, and must of necessity have?"

MARRYATT.

"I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryatt's 'Peter Simple.' That book is nearer Smollett than any thing I remember. And 'Tom Cringle's Log,' in Blackwood, is also most excellent."

Our readers will expect a few specimens of the Table-Talk on ancient literature. Here are a few—the shortest we could hit upon—and some of the best:—

"The old Latin poets attempted to compound as largely as the Greek; hence in Ennius such words as belligerentes, &c. In nothing did Virgil show his judgment more than in rejecting these, except just where common usage had sanctioned them, as omnipotens and a few more. He saw that the Latin was too far advanced in its formation, and of too rigid a character to admit such composition or agglutination. In this particular respect, Virgil's Latin is very admirable and deserving preference. Compare it with the language of Lucan or Statius, and count the number of words used in an equal number of lines, and observe how many more short words Virgil has."

"I cannot quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was wretched to be sure; still the 'Pharsalia' is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan was."

"I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say I

have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic modes of thought.

"I call Persius hard, not obscure. He had a bad style; but I dare say, if he had lived, he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.

"August 15, 1833.—I consider the two works of Salust which have come down to us entire as romances founded on facts; no adequate causes are stated, and there is no real continuity of action. In Thucydides, you are aware from the beginning that you are reading the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilised world in his time; his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is Thucydides himself whom you read throughout under the names of Pericles, Nicias, &c. But in Herodotus it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as Homer, and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing of his own mind upon the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age—that of Thucydides that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.

"When I was a boy, I was fondest of Æschylus; in youth and middle age I preferred Euripides; now, in my declining years, I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Æschylus—simplicity of design, I mean—nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists; he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions—love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on—which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with the ideal stateness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His choruses may be faulty as choruses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs! I think the famous *Εὐρύπιδος, ξίφις*, in the *Edipus Coloneus*, cold in comparison with many of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the *Hippolytus*, *Ἐρωτες, Ἐρωτες*, and so on; and I remember a choric ode in the *Hecuba* which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished—I mean where the chorus speaks of Troy and the night of the capture.

"There is nothing very surprising in Milton's preference of Euripides, though so unlike himself. It is very common—very natural—for men to like, and even admire, an exhibition of power very different in kind from any thing of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid, too; and I dare say he admired both, as a man of sensibility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy cannot enter. With Æschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

"In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation."

We now proceed to extract some half-dozen of Coleridge's remarks on subjects connected with the actual business of life—men and manners in general:—

I.—"A philosopher's ordinary language and admissions in general conversation or writings, *ad populum*,

are as his watch compared with his astronomical time-piece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it."

II.—"Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether."

III.—"If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse."

IV.—"One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties—and with a pernicious tendency to Antinomianism—is to confound sin with sins. To tell a modest girl, the watchful nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of sins against God is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by Scripture. But to tell her that she and all men and women are of a sinful nature, and that, without Christ's redeeming love and God's grace, she cannot be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper."

V.—"How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman; and can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general? Impossible!—and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c. prove it abundantly."

VI.—"To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be; surprise at perceiving any thing out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. Such surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise, accompanied by circumstances of danger, becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is."

We have left ourselves little room for what occupies a very considerable portion of these most interesting volumes—namely, politics; we mean politics in the largest sense of that word, including, of course, political economy, and popular education:—

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"July 8, 1833—I am clear for public schools as the general rule; but for particular children private education may be proper. For the purpose of moving at ease in the best English society—mind, I do not call the London exclusive clique the best English society; the defect of a public education upon the plan of our great schools, and Oxford, and Cambridge, is hardly to be supplied. But the defect is positively visible in some men, and only negatively in others. The first offend you by habits and modes of thinking and acting directly attributable to their private education; in the others, you only regret that the freedom and facility of the established and national mode of bringing up is not added to their good qualities."

"One constant blunder of these New-Broomers or Broughamers, these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their view to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves, with more geniality even because it is not a part of their compelled school knowledge. An Eton boy's knowledge of the St. Law-

rence, Mississippi, Missouri, Orellana, &c., will be generally found in exact proportion to his knowledge of the Illusis, Hebrus, Orontes, and so forth; inasmuch as modern travels and voyages are more entertaining and fascinating than Cellarius; or Robinson Crusoe, Dampier, and Captain Cook than the Periegesis. Compare the *lads* themselves from Eton and Harrow, &c. with the *alumni* of the New-Broom Institution, and not the lists of school-lessons, and be that comparison the criterion."

INFANT SCHOOLS.

"July 24, 1832.—I have no faith in act of parliament reform. All the great, the permanently great, things that have been achieved in the world, have been achieved by individuals working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is all the other way; the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization, classification, machinery, &c., as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronised by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase amongst families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient and choice of the lesser evil; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made."

MALTHUSIANISM.

August 12, 1832.—Is it not lamentable—is it not even marvellous—that the monstrous practical sophism of Malthus should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom? Such an essential lie in morals—such a practical lie, in fact, as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies, and sects, and factions, which the ignorance, and the weakness, and the wickedness of man have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or citizen, as this abominable tenet. It should be exposed by reasoning in the form of ridicule. Aggill or Swift would have done much; but like the popish doctrines, it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice, and sordid selfishness of most men, that I hardly know what to think of the result."

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

"It is very strange that men who make light of the direct doctrines of the Scriptures, and turn up their noses at the recommendation of a line of conduct suggested by religious truth, will nevertheless stake the tranquillity of an empire, the lives and properties of millions of men and women, on the faith of a maxim of modern political economy! And this, too, of a maxim true only, if at all, of England or a part of England, or of some other country—namely, that the desire of bettering their condition will induce men to labour even more abundantly and profitably than servile compulsion,—to which maxim the past history and present state of all Asia and Africa give the lie. Nay, even in England at this day, every man in Manchester, Birmingham, and in other great manufacturing towns, knows that the most skilful artisans, who may earn high wages at pleasure, are constantly in the habit of working but a few days in the week, and of idling the rest. I believe Saint Monday is very well kept by the workmen in London. I think tailors will not work at all on that day, the printers not till

the afternoon, and so on. The love of indolence is universal, or next to it."

COLONISATION.

"May 4, 1833.—Colonisation is not only a manifest experiment, but an imperative duty in Great Britain. God seems to hold out his finger to us over the sea. But it must be a national colonisation, such as was that of the Scots to America; a colonisation of hope, and not such as we have alone encouraged and effected for the last fifty years, a colonisation of despair."

MACHINERY.

"The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the *arte facta* of life cheaper, but they cannot cheapen, except in a very slight degree, the immediate growths of nature, or the immediate necessities of man. A coat and a pair of shoes are as dear now as ever they were, perhaps dearer, and no discoveries in machinery can materially alter the relative price of beef and mutton. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of the mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so,—as in giving cotton [qu. silk?] dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!"

NATIONAL DEBT.

"What evil results to this country taken at large from the national debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. As to taxation to pay the interest, how can the country suffer by a process under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burden to the nation, which the nation owes to itself, and to no one but itself? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders; it owes to itself only. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money or money's worth raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry."

CORONATION OATH.

"March 12, 1833.—Lord Grey has in parliament said two things: first, that the coronation oaths only bind the king in his executive capacity; and secondly, that members of the house of commons are bound to represent in their votes the wishes and opinions of their constituents,

* Here the editor quotes in his note, and we willingly follow in part his example, a splendid passage from one of the Table-talker's early essays in "The Friend":—

"A great statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial harangues against some proposed impost, said: The nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood. This blood, however, was circulating in the mean time through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, in a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large."

and not their own. Put these two together, and tell me what useful part of the constitutional monarchy of England remains. It is clear that the coronation oaths would be no better than Highgate oaths. For in his executive capacity the king *cannot* do any thing, against the doing of which the oaths bind him; it is *only* in his legislative character that he possesses a free agency capable of being bound. The nation meant to bind *that*."

PRINCIPLE AND EXPEDIENCY.

"*March, 1834.*—Oh, for a great man, but one really great man, who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act! See how triumphant in debate and in action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle and acts up to it, rests all his body on it, and has faith in it. Our ministers, true Whigs in that, have faith in nothing but expedients, *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can they have, who in the space of a month recanted a life of political opinions, and now dare to threaten this and that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in pique at a parliamentary defeat?"

REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"*April 9, 1833.*—I have a deep though paradoxical conviction that most of the European nations are more or less on their way, unconsciously indeed, to pure monarchy, that is, to a government in which, under circumstances of complicated and subtle control, the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent will of the king. As it seems to me, the wise and good in every country will in all likelihood become every day more and more disgusted with the representative form of government, brutalised as it is and will be by the predominance of democracy in England, France, and Belgium. The statesmen of antiquity, we know, doubted the possibility of the effective and permanent combination of the three elementary forms of government, and perhaps they had more reason than we have been accustomed to think.

"You see how this house of commons has begun to verify all the ill prophecies that were made of it; low, vulgar, meddling with every thing, assuming universal competency, flattering every base passion, and sneering at every thing noble, refined, and truly national! The direct and personal despotism will come on by and by, after the multitude shall have been gratified with the spoil and the ruin of the old institutions of the land."

1794 and 1834.

"Thirty years ago and more, Pitt availed himself, with great political dexterity, of the apprehension which Burke and the conduct of some of the clubs in London had excited, and endeavoured to inspire into the nation a panic of property. Fox, instead of exposing the absurdity of this, by showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the disaffected, fell into Pitt's trap, and was mad enough to exaggerate even Pitt's surmises. The consequence was a very general apprehension throughout the country of an impending revolution, at a time when, I will venture to say, the people were more heart-whole than they had been for a hundred years previously. After I had traveled in Sicily and Italy, countries where there were real grounds for the fear, I became deeply impressed with the difference. Now, after a long continuance of high national glory and influence, when a revolution of a most searching and general character is actually at work, and the old institutions of the country are all awaiting their certain destruction or violent modification, the people at large are perfectly secure, sleeping or gamboling on the very brink of a volcano."

Such were the sentiments expressed but a few months ago on some of the most important points

of our national condition and prospects, by a wise, learned, and patriotic man, who looked earnestly at the busy word from "his loophole of retreat," and whose opinions may not perhaps be the less worthy of consideration because they were not influenced by the crowded, and therefore, in too many cases, fanatical atmosphere of clubs and meetings. They agree very much with the general results of our own observation and reflection. Yet we cannot permit ourselves to give up for lost a cause in defence of which some of the best and greatest of our countrymen have once more undertaken to assume the responsibility of office. The symptoms of a re-action among that class of the community in whom the main and ultimate direction of public affairs is now *de facto* vested, may have been unconsciously exaggerated on this occasion, but that such a re-action has been for some time going on, and is still in progress, there can be no doubt in any sincere mind; and based, as it must necessarily have been in its origin, not on passion but reflection, that it should not continue more and more to develop itself, we can hardly prevail on ourselves to think at all probable. Had Mr. Coleridge been alive now, we are inclined to believe he could not have failed to admit that there had opened upon us some glimpses at least of a better destiny than he ventured to anticipate in March and April last,

"When death was with him dealing."

We ourselves happened to have several long conversations with him on these momentous subjects, not many months before his illness confined him to his chamber; and then, in the open air, walking by the sea-side, his tone of prediction was undoubtedly more hopeful than the reader of his sick-bed *talk* might be likely to conjecture. We think it right to record that he more than once expressed his belief that, under the circumstances in which the Reform bill had placed the country, there was much more likelihood of good than of evil results from extending still further the electoral suffrage. The great mischief, he always said, had been placing too much power in one particular class of the population, the class above and below which attachment to our old institutions in church and state is most prevalent.

BASSO-RELIEVO. The marble basso-relievo of the holy family by Michael Angelo, bequeathed by the late Sir George Beaumont to the royal academy, has recently been placed in the council-room of the academy, and forms its chief ornament, with its pedestal inscribed "Michael Angelo, 1505," surmounted by his bust. In this favourable situation the light falls from the left, showing the more finished parts to advantage, and causing those less perfect to become masses of shadow, having, at a distance, all the effect of a rich picture in *chiaroscuro*. This beautiful work of art was entirely lost till accident discovered it in 1822, at which time Sir George Beaumont was in Rome. His good taste instantly led him to become its possessor, and it was purchased for him by his friend Canova, the sculptor, for 1500*l*. It soon became evident that it would have produced a much larger sum had it been more generally known, as many of the most tasteful of the English nobility were at that time in Rome.

RISE OF THE ROTHESCHILDES.

On the approach of the republican army to the territories of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, in the early part of the French Revolutionary wars, his serene highness, like many other petty Princes of Germany, was compelled to flee. In his passage through the imperial city of Frankfort on the Maine, he paid a hasty visit to one Moses Rothschild, a Jewish banker of limited means, but of good repute both for integrity and ability in the management of his business. The prince's purpose in visiting Moses was to request him to take charge of a large sum in money and jewels; amounting in value to several millions of *thalers*; a coin equal to our late three shilling pieces. The Jew, at first, point blank refused so dangerous a charge; but, upon being earnestly pressed to take it, at the prince's own sole risk; nay, that even a receipt should not be required, he, at length, consented.

The money and jewels were speedily, but privately, conveyed from the prince's treasury to the Jew's residence; and, just as the advanced corps of the French army had entered through the gates of Frankfort, Moses had succeeded in burying it in a corner of his garden. He, of course, received a visit from the republicans; but, true to his trust, he hit upon the following means of saving the treasure of the fugitive prince, who had placed such implicit confidence in his honour. He did not attempt to conceal any of his own property; (the whole of his cash and stock consisting of only *forty-two thousand thalers*, or six thousand pounds sterling;) but, after the necessary remonstrances and grumbings with his unwelcome visitors, and a threat or two that he should report them to the general-in-chief from whom he had no doubt of obtaining redress, he suffered them to carry it all off.

As soon as the republicans had evacuated the city, Moses Rothschild resumed his business as a banker and money-changer; at first, indeed, in an humble way, but daily increasing and extending it by the aid of the Prince of Hesse Cassel's money. In the course of a comparatively short space of time, he was considered the most stable and opulent banker in all Germany.

In the year 1802, the prince, returning to his dominions, visited Frankfort in his route. He was almost afraid to call on his Jewish banker; apprehending that, if the French had left any thing, the honesty of Moses had not been proof against so strong a temptation as he had been compelled from dire necessity to put in his way.

On being introduced into Rothschild's *sanc-tum*, he, in a tone of despairing carelessness, said, "I have called on you, Moses, as a matter of course; but I fear the result. Did the rascals take all?"

"Not a *thaler*," replied the Jew, gravely.

"What say you?" returned his highness. "Not a *thaler*! Why, I was informed that the *Sans-culottes* had emptied all your coffers and made you a beggar:—I even read so in the gazettes."

"Why, so they did; may it please your serene highness," replied Moses: "but I was too cunning for them. By letting them take my own lit-

tle stock, I saved your great one. I knew that as I was reputed wealthy, although by no means so, if I should remove any of my own gold and silver from their appropriate bags and coffers, the robbers would be sure to search for it; and, in doing so, would not forget to dig in the garden; it is wonderful what a keen scent these fellows have got! they actually poured buckets of water over some of my neighbour's kitchen and cellar floors, in order to discover, by the rapid sinking of the fluid, whether the tiles and earth had been recently dug up! Well, as I was saying, I buried your treasure in the garden; and it remained untouched until the robbers left Frankfort, to go in search of plunder elsewhere. Now then, to the point: as the *Sans-culottes* left me not a *krentzer* to carry on my business; as several good opportunities offered of making a very handsome profit; and as I thought it a pity that so much good money should be idle, whilst the merchants were both ready and willing to give large interest; the temptation of converting your highness's *florins* to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Not to detain your highness with a long story, I dug up the treasure, and deposited your jewels in this strong box; from which they have never since been moved: I employed your gold and silver in my business; my speculations were profitable; and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care."

"I thank you heartily, my good friend," said his highness, "for the great care you have taken and the sacrifices you have made. As to the interest of five per cent, let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you may have made. As a reward for your singular honesty, I shall still leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at the low rate of two per cent interest per annum, the same being more as an acknowledgment of the deposit, in case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you. I trust that this will enable you to use my *florins* with advantage in any way which may appear most beneficial to your own interest."

The prince and his banker parted, well satisfied with each other. Nor did the gratitude and good will of his serene highness stop there; on every occasion in which he could serve his interest he did so, by procuring for him, from the princes of Germany, many facilities both for international and foreign negotiation. At the Congress of Sovereigns, which met at Vienna in 1814, he did not fail to represent the fidelity of Moses Rothschild, and procured for him, thereby, from the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and other European potentates, as well as from the French, English, and other ministers, promises, that in case of loans being required by their respective governments, the "honest Jew of Frankfort" should have the preference in their negotiation.

Nor were these promises "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," as those of princes and courtiers are proverbially said to be. A loan of 200 millions of francs being required by the French government to pay the Allied Powers for

the expenses they had been put to, in the restoration of the Bourbons, one of old Rothschild's sons, then residing at Paris, was intrusted with its management. The same was accordingly taken at 67 per cent. and sold to the public in a very few days at 93! thereby yielding an immense profit to the contractor. Other loans followed with various powers, all of which turned out equal to the most sanguine expectations of this lucky family.

Our *English Fortunatus*, whose reputation for wealth and sagacity is such, that, by a discreet use of his *wishing cap*, he can at will change the destinies of the nations of Europe, or play at battledore and shuttlecock with their crowns and sceptres, was, during the war with France, a small cotton manufacturer in Manchester. Leaving that town for the capital, and assisted by his father and brothers, Solomon Moses Rothschild commenced business as an English and foreign bill and stock broker. By his immense resources and connections, he was soon enabled to carry all before him; but the bargains which he was enabled to make by his early information of the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the Island of Elba, that is, twenty-four hours before the British ministry had received intelligence of the event, placed him at once at the top of the tree as a *negociant* and loan contractor.

Mr. Rothschild's manners and character have often been described: he is immensely rich, and is well entitled to the appellation of *millionaire*, being reputed to be in the absolute personal and undivided possession of *seven or eight millions sterling!* His brothers, likewise,—viz: Baron Andreas Rothschild, the present great banker of Frankfort, and Baron Rothschild of Paris, are in the possession of immense wealth; so that it is no wonder that kings and their ministers are proud of their acquaintance, seeing that, independently of occasional loans and accommodations, they are well aware that no throne nor government can stand long which has the misfortune to have the wealth and influence of the *three Rothschildes* arrayed against them.

Our Rothschild is reputed to be a very charitable man; and those who know him intimately, affirm that he well deserves that character, both in regard to Jews and Gentiles. Nor is Mrs. Rothschild less so; many, though unostentatious, acts of kindness to the poor, being well known respecting her. Mr. Rothschild's manner of evincing kind feelings towards Solomon Herchel, the grand rabbin of Duke's Place, has something in it which is both singular and whimsical; when any good speculation is afloat, Mr. Rothschild deposits, on his account, a certain sum proportionate to *his own risk*, and whatever *percentage* or profits accrues therefrom, is carried by him to the rabbin, to whom he gives a full, true, and particular account, even to the utmost fraction! The *millionaire*, on such occasions, invariably dines with the *Levite*; and the day is usually passed by the two friends in innocent hilarity and pleasing conversation.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China; being the Journal of a Naturalist during 1832, 1833, and 1834. By George Bennett, Esq., F.L.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. London. 2 vols. Svo. 1834.

If our readers are as weary of new novels as we confess ourselves to be, they will thank us for pointing out a book of travels, which carries one rapidly and pleasantly over a wide diversity of sea and land; presents many objects of natural history, and traits of social peculiarity, well calculated to excite and gratify our curiosity; and is distinguished by a merit now exceedingly rare among writers of this once rough-spun class, namely, freedom from the slang and cant of sentiment. Mr. Bennett sometimes, no doubt, treats of serious subjects in too light a vein; but we acknowledge that, as his offences in this way are not numerous, we are willing to overlook them on account of the satisfaction which results from the absence of pseudo-poetical raptures about nothing. Most recent travellers seem to have been bit with the ambition of rivaling those overgrown babies, male and female, honourable and right honourable, who record the ecstasies of "what they call their minds" in the gilded pages of the annuals. We do not pretend to class Mr. Bennett, on the whole, with such authors as Captain Basil Hall and Sir Francis Head; but he has, in common with them, what must be felt as among their chief excellences—a manly temperament, and a thorough scorn of puerile rhetoric.

We are told little or nothing of Mr. Bennett's own condition or personal objects—and in this omission we acknowledge another wholesome deviation from the prevalent fashion. We infer, however, that he has been employed for some years as a surgeon in the merchant service; and are hopeful that his literary adventure may stimulate many of the well-educated gentlemen who in these piping days of peace are content with such employment, to improve the opportunities which their mode of life affords for the extension of natural science in almost all its departments. Humbly as their position may be thought of, we are of opinion that it is in their own power, by so doing, to elevate it very effectually in general estimation. The number of persons destined for this branch of the medical profession, who can afford to cultivate and expand their minds by extensive travel at their own charges, is extremely limited. A few voyages in a merchant ship afford a very good succedaneum, and may serve to fill up not only pleasantly, but in every sense of the word profitably, those years which hang the heaviest on the spirits, as well as the purse, of the young practitioner, whether in town or village. No professional man, it must be remembered, is so effectually fettered to the spot, after he has once settled himself in life, as he who labours in this honourable walk. The lawyer has his long vacation, and usually contrives, in these days of steam-boating, to refresh himself with an annual excursion, either to another of his majesty's kingdoms, or to some interesting part of the continent.

But a week after he has been bawling himself hoarse in the noisome atmosphere of Westminster Hall, he may be detected in eating *pâtés de chamois* on the Simplon, or dancing reels in the Hebrides, or gliding in a *carriole* amidst the gloom of a Norwegian forest; nay, by skilful management, he may re-appear at Michaelmas with a budget of good stories from Moscow or Constantinople—or even bring back with him from Jerusalem a legitimate claim to the style and title of *Hadgi*. Even the parish clergyman may occasionally command a furlough, and enlarge and strengthen his attachment to his own country and calling by a few months' perambulation of less favoured regions. But the country doctor is a complete fixture; nay, it is considered as the most hazardous thing in the world, even for the first rate physician or surgeon of London, to absent himself for a fortnight on end, even at the dull season of the year, from the habitual scene of his exertions. We believe a Halford or a Brodie would no more dream of spending an August at Toplitz or Baden, than a Pemberton or a Follett of passing a winter at Washington or St. Petersburg. In short, patients are apt to regard and resent it as a positive injury, when they are compelled, by the absence of a first confidant, to make their delicate discoveries to a second. On every account, then, the young *Æsculapian*, if he has any ambition to "survey mankind with extensive view," ought to make *carpe diem* his motto.

Mr. Bennett's title page has this defect—that it does not prepare us for finding a considerable portion of his book occupied with observations made neither in New South Wales, nor Batavia, nor China, but on ship-board, while far enough from any land whatever. This part of the work is, however, about the most interesting; and no wonder—for here he has had time and opportunity to test his first-sight impressions by subsequent remark and experiment, much more largely than with respect to any of the announced scenes of his "Wanderings." The mass of facts which he has brought together concerning the oceanic birds, in particular, appears to be highly curious. We shall not, however, in this place, consider critically what additions he has made to the materials of science strictly so called—we mean as to the addition of species, if not of genera, to the zoological system; but afford the general reader some specimens of the style in which he describes those incidents of his life at sea which he has turned to solid account in the technical sections of his Appendix.

We begin with a paragraph or two on that well known phenomenon which has so long perplexed and divided our philosophers,—the peculiar phosphoric light given out by the ocean, more especially and more brilliantly in tropical regions, during the absence of the sun's rays. Mr. Bennett had one splendid opportunity of witnessing this effect when traversing the bay of Manilla. He thus writes:—

"The wake of the vessel is one broad sheet of phosphoric matter, so brilliant as to cast a dull, pale light over the after-part of the ship; the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the vessel's prow, are similar to rolling masses of liquid phosphorus; whilst in

the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire—and the distant waves, breaking, give out a light of inconceivable beauty."—vol. i. p. 36.

"It must not be for a moment conceived that the light described as like to a sea of 'liquid fire,' is of the same character as the flashes produced by the volcano, or by lightning, or meteors. No: it is the light of phosphorus, as the matter truly is, pale, dull, approaching to a white or very pale yellow, casting a melancholy light on objects around, only emitting flashes by collision. To read by it is possible, but not agreeable; and, on an attempt being made, it is almost always found that the eyes will not endure the peculiar light for any length of time, as headaches and sickness are occasioned by it."—p. 38.

Having stated his concurrence in the opinion, that this brilliant appearance is mainly occasioned by shoals of the molluscous and crustaceous tribes, but that it may often be accounted for merely by the *débris* of dead animal matter with which sea-water is loaded—our author gives us the result of a practical experiment of his own on the 8th of June, 1832, after a large shoal of fish had been observed:—

"Late at night the mate of the watch came and called me to witness a very unusual appearance in the water, which he, on first seeing, considered to be breakers. On arriving upon the deck, this was found to be a very broad and extensive sheet of phosphorescence, extending in a direction from east to west as far as the eye could reach: the luminosity was confined to the range of animals in this shoal—there was no similar light in any other direction. I cast the towing-net over the stern of the ship, as we approached nearer the luminous streak, to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary and so limited phenomenon. The ship soon cleaved through the brilliant mass, from which, by the disturbance, strong flashes of light were emitted; and the shoal (judging from the time the vessel took in passing through the mass) may have been a mile in breadth: the passage of the vessel through them increased the light around to a far stronger degree, illuminating the ship. On taking in the towing net, it was found half filled with *pyrosoma atlanticum*, which shone with a beautiful pale greenish light—and there were also a few small fish in the net at the same time; after the mass had been passed through, the light was still seen astern until it became invisible in the distance, and the whole of the ocean then became hidden in darkness as before this took place. The scene was as novel as it was beautiful and interesting, more so from having ascertained, by capturing the luminous animals, the cause of the phenomenon."—vol. i. p. 39, 40.

Of the length to which albigores, bonitos, sharks, and dolphins will follow a ship, Mr. Bennett gives us many striking instances. One albicore having been wounded on the back by some sharp instrument, leaving a noticeable scar, first caught his attention on this voyage, 3° north latitude, and he continued to recognise it almost daily as far as latitude 11° south—a distance of eight hundred and fifty miles. The length of aerial voyages accomplished by the huge albatross and other oceanic birds is even more extraordinary. In reviewing Earle's residence at Tristan d'Acunha, a few numbers back, we extracted some curious details as to the habits of the albatross when on shore; but that writer said nothing of the real *roc* on the wing. Mr. Bennett says:—

"It is pleasing to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly

excited by some invisible power—for there is rarely any movement of the wings seen, after the first and frequent impulses given, when the creature elevates itself in the air—rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own—and then descending and sweeping the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were ‘monarch of all it surveyed.’ It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose.”—p. 45.

The largest albatross shot by Mr. Bennett during this voyage measured fourteen feet, but we have seen distinct accounts of specimens reaching across the wings to full twenty feet. He proceeds to say:—

“When seizing an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water while devouring their food; then they skim the ocean with expanded wings, as they run along for some distance, until they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them, during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against, the wind, seeming the ‘gayest of the gay’ in the midst of howling winds and foaming waves.

“To watch the flight of these birds used to afford me much amusement, commencing with the difficulty experienced by them in elevating themselves from the water. To effect this object, they spread their long pinions to the utmost, giving them repeated impulses as they run along the surface of the water. Having, by these exertions, raised themselves above the wave, they ascend and descend, and cleave the atmosphere in various directions, without any apparent muscular exertion. How then, it may be asked, do these birds execute such movements? The whole surface of the body in this, as well as, I believe, most, if not all, the oceanic tribes, is covered with numerous air-cells, capable of a voluntary inflation or diminution, by means of a beautiful muscular apparatus. By this power, the birds can raise or depress themselves at will; and the tail, and great length of the wing, enable them to steer in any direction. Indeed, without some provision of this kind to save muscular exertion, it would be impossible for these birds to undergo such long flights without repose as they have been known to do; for the muscles appertaining to the organs of flight, although large in these birds, are evidently inadequate in power to the long distances they have been known to fly, and the immense length of time they remain on the wing, with scarcely a moment's cessation.

“When several species of the albatross, as well as petrels and other oceanic birds, are about the ship at the same time, no combats have been seen to take place between them; but on the death of one, the others soon fall upon and devour it.”—vol. i. pp. 46, 47.

Another great source of amusement was shark-fishing—of which sport Captain Hall's enthusiastic details must be in every reader's recollection:—

“The capture of one of these voracious animals often beguiles a tedious hour during a long voyage. Its struggles, when brought on deck, are very great, but a few severe blows on the nose soon disable it from further exertion. When seizing any object the animal turns on the side, not (as is generally supposed) on the back. The shark, judging by an European palate, is not good eating: the fins and tail are very glutinous, and are the portions most relished by the scamen; when dried, they form an article of commerce to China, where they are used in soups. . . . I have seen several sharks and bonitos about the ship at

the same time, but I never observed the former attempt to molest the latter.

“Attending the shark is seen that beautiful little fish, the *gaste rosteus ductor*, or *pilot-fish*; which first approaching the bait returns as if to give notice, when, immediately after, the shark approaches and seizes it. It is a curious circumstance that this elegant little fish is seen only in attendance upon the shark. After the shark is hooked, the pilot-fish still swim about, and for some time after he has been hauled on deck; they then swim very near the surface of the water, and at that time I have seen them taken by a basket from the chains of the ship. When the shark has been hooked and afterwards escapes, he generally returns, and renews the attack with increased ferocity, irritated perhaps by the wound he has received.”—vol. ii. p. 266.

The shark, Mr. Bennett says elsewhere, is more wary of taking the bait when unaccompanied by the pilot-fish; he will then come close, and withdraw again, several times before he ventures to seize it; but when the little pilot is in company, it hazards the first advances to the rancid beef or bacon, reconnoitres carefully, and at length reports the result at head-quarters, upon which the huge monster is seen at once to plunge onward, and makes his snap at the bait without hesitation.

“That which is termed muscular irritability, and which is met with in all cold-blooded animals, is well exemplified in the shark, which perhaps possesses it to a greater degree than other kinds of fish. I have seen a shark transfixed with a harpoon after it had been hooked, so as to cause the viscera to protrude; it was hoisted on deck, when, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the lower part was separated from the upper—the detached lower portion for a long time displayed great powers of vitality;—when the head and upper portion were afterwards thrown into the water, the pectoral fins were moved as in the action of swimming. How long this irritability continued I cannot say, (but from other instances that I had seen I should consider for a long period,) as it soon went astern of the ship. I have frequently seen the animal hauled on deck, the whole of the viscera extracted, and the body when thrown overboard, swim for some distance in this mutilated state. Again, a shark has been hung up with the abdomen ripped open, the whole of the viscera extracted, and the head detached; yet symptoms of vitality, or rather muscular irritability, remained for three hours from the time of its removal from the water; and this frequently occasions the spectators to consider that the animal is in a state of suffering. It is only in the cold-blooded animals that we meet with this to such an extent; in the warm-blooded animals it occurs, but in a very slight degree.”—*Ibid*, pp. 270—272.

Blumenbach, in his *Manual of Natural History*, says,—“The extraordinary strength of the reproductive power in several amphibia, and the astonishing facility with which the process is carried on, depend, if I mistake not, on the great magnitude of their nerves and the diminutive proportion of their brain. The former parts are, in consequence, less dependent on the latter: hence the whole machine has less powers of motion, and displays less sympathy; the mode of existence is more simple, and approaches more nearly to that of the vegetable world than in the warm-blooded classes; but on the contrary, the parts possess a greater individual independent vitality. In consequence of this latter endow-

ment, stimuli which operate on one part, or on one system, do not immediately affect the whole frame by sympathy, as in warm-blooded animals; and hence it is that we are enabled to explain the peculiar tenacity of life which is displayed under various circumstances in this class—as, for example, how frogs still continue to jump about after the heart has been torn out, and turtles have lived for months after the removal of the whole brain from the cranium. The long-continued power of motion in parts which have been cut off from the body, as in the tail of the water-newt and blind worm, is to be explained upon the same principles.”

The length of time during which this irritability exists in snakes has given rise to the opinion of the vulgar, that “if a snake is killed in the morning, it will not not die before sunset.” Among numerous instances of such irritability even in the warm-blooded class, the human heart, for some little time after death has taken place, may be stimulated to perform its natural action by being punctured; and in a limb after amputation, the muscles are excited to contract by the plunge of a scalpel. Of the effects of galvanism we need say nothing.

Among other marine objects discussed in this chapter, we find “the Guinea-ship” of our old navigators—called, in the dialect of modern sailors, the “Portuguese man-of-war”—that beautiful molluscous animal the *physalia*, of which Lamarck enumerates four species, all inhabiting the tropical seas, but some of them seen occasionally in high latitudes during the summer months. They are, of course, more readily discerned in calm weather than in strong breezes, and have then a strong resemblance to a miniature vessel resting on the surface of the waters—whence their popular names, ancient and modern. The vulgar notion that the animal has the power of voluntarily collapsing its bladder-sail, and sinking to the depths of the ocean, when danger approaches, appears to have been for ever disposed of by our author's observations. He found several thrown on the shore of New South Wales in tempestuous weather, the bladder portion still remaining inflated; and while at sea he frequently lauded them on deck from his hand-net in the same condition. The inflated membrane is evidently meant merely to keep the creature buoyant on the surface, while its long tentacula are extended below in search of prey. The bladder is of a light azure hue, streaked with delicate sea-green, and the most brilliant crimson—nothing can be more beautiful; but the long purple appendages below are dangerous instruments. They twine themselves instantly round their natural prey, or the hand of the rash captor, and inflict pungent and intolerable pain by means of their acrid exudation. Mr. Bennett appears to have subjected himself to a day of great agony by one of these experiments. For what purpose a similar property has been affixed to certain vegetable tribes is one of nature's mysteries.

On the “flying-fish” Mr. Bennet bestows several interesting pages; and he seems to have successfully combated the notion of Cuvier, that “the animal beats the air during its leap, alter-

nately expanding and closing its pectoral fins.” Our author says, “the structure of a fin is not that of a wing: the pectoral organs of the flying-fish are simply enlarged fins, capable of supporting, perhaps, but not of propelling, the animal.”

“In fish, the organ of motion for propelling them through the water is the tail, and the fins direct their course; in birds, on the contrary, the wings are the organs of motion, and the tail the rudder. The only use of the extended pectoral fins in the fish is for the purpose of supporting the animal in the air, like a parachute, after it has leaped from the water by some power which is possessed even by the whale. From the structure of the fin, I cannot consider it at all calculated for repeated percussions out of the water; while in that fluid it continues its natural action uninjured; but it soon dries when brought into contact with the air, and the delicacy of the membrane between the rays would very readily become injured, were the organ similarly exerted in that medium. The greatest length of time that I have seen these volatile fish on the fin has been thirty seconds by the watch. . . . Their usual height of flight is from two to three feet; but I have known them come on board at a height of fourteen feet; and they have been well ascertained to come into the channels of a line-of-battle ship, i. e. as high as twenty feet and upwards. But it must not be supposed that they have the power of elevating themselves in the air, after having left their native element: on watching them I have often seen them fall much below the elevation at which they first rose from the water, but never in any one instance could I observe them raise themselves above that height: I therefore regard the elevation they take to depend on the power of the first spring or leap they make on leaving their native element.”—vol. ii. p. 31.

The flight of these animals has often been spoken of as if it resembled that of birds; but our author says,—

“I cannot perceive any comparison—one being an elegant, fearless, and independent motion—whilst that of the fish is hurried, stiff, and awkward. Its repeated flights are merely another term for leaps.”

Mr. Bennett laughs at the common talk about the severe *persecution* to which these poor things are exposed: he says they are no worse off than any other branch of the animated creation; but surely he himself paints their situation, when he saw a great shoal of them near the Cape Verd group, in December, 1832, as rather more distressing than is usual with either birds or fishes—pursued through the waves by a host of bonitos, and whenever they rose into air, pounced on by a flock of gannets and boobies. The sight of this double *chasse*, says the philosophical surgeon, “afforded much amusement and interest to those who beheld it.”—(p. 35.)

But we must now get ashore, and attend Mr. Bennett in some of those “Wanderings in New South Wales” which occupy more than half of his book. He seems to have made good use of the time which his captain's stay at Sydney enabled him to bestow according to his own inclinations—in short, to have performed several long and laborious journeys to different points of the colony; exploring, to the best of his ability, the manners of all classes of its inhabitants, rational and irrational. On colonial politics he does not say much; and here we shall follow his

example. It is, however, his well-considered opinion, after all that he saw and heard, that convicts should no longer be sent to New South Wales otherwise than "for the purpose of being employed on the public works," and that free emigration ought to be strenuously encouraged. We are much inclined to believe that the time is come when the society of this colony should be delivered, if possible, from further influx of moral pollution, and a new penal settlement established on some other part of that vast continent. The population of the existing colony is now a large one; and it is the duty of government to give it the best chance of entirely shaking off the lamentable taint of its original formation, which it can scarcely be expected to do so long as a constant succession of fresh blackguardism is infused into the system. Who can doubt that this is a country which *must* make a great figure in the world, either for good or for evil, before three generations more shall have passed away? or contemplate without alarm the existence of a powerful nation born and reared amidst such a moral atmosphere as at present shocks every new visitant of Sydney, and is but too apt to corrupt and harden the whole being of any one who protracts his residence there? We believe that, if it were consistent with our feelings of duty to lay before our readers a detailed picture of real life, as it exists even among the upper classes of society in that colony, of the domestic crimes and tragedies which have been brought to light there even within the last few years; it would be readily allowed that no fiction could surpass the horrible truth of such a statement. The exceptions are, we well know, many; and we consider them as among the most honourable exceptions in the world; but the prevalent tone of that society in which incidents that we might particularise *could* have taken place, must be something quite beyond the reach of an unsophisticated English imagination.

But to waive these grave matters; the common stories about the extreme severity of labour in the penal *gangs* are considered by Mr. Bennett as gross and wilful exaggeration. He saw a farm-servant, who had for some misdeed been spending six weeks in one of the "iron gangs," on the day of his return to his usual employer's establishment. His fellow servants immediately remarked how much he had improved in appearance since he left them; and on being weighed, it turned out that the man had gained twenty pounds in the course of his unhappy six weeks.

What sort of convict makes the best shepherd? We venture to say no man could have guessed the fact, it is the *London pick-pocket*! He is the laziest of animals, and in that fine climate the shepherd's is the most indolent existence possible.

The surgeon gives us many painful and disgusting details about the aboriginal savages of this region, but has not, we think, added much to the stock of valuable information. He evidently contemplates their utter disappearance at no very distant date; and, in truth, we see no reason to differ from him on this head. These scarcely human tribes must go, almost as surely as the wild animals, their sport and prey. All attempts at civilisation have utterly and completely failed;

they appear, indeed, to be very many degrees below even the worst of the New Zealanders; we mean morally and intellectually, for, as to physical structure, the New Zealanders are a very handsome race, these among the most hideous of all the living caricatures of humanity. They have, however, like all degraded human beings, their share of cunning; and we could not but smile at Mr. Bennett's account of his meeting with one of them, who took his black coat for an indication of the clerical profession, and immediately advanced a claim for a shilling, on the ground that government gives an annual grant of five hundred pounds for the promotion of Christianity in this quarter, of which, by conversing for a few minutes with the stranger "white feller" in the said black vestment, this shrewd "black feller" considered himself to have fairly earned a portion. Mr. Bennett explained the gentleman's mistake, and was curious to hear what his notion of a clergyman might really amount to. The answer brought out his pregnant definition:—

"He white feller belonging to Sunday, get up top o' waddy, pile long corrobora all about debbil, debbil, and wear shirt over trowsel."

He retails elsewhere a not bad story of General Macquarie's attempt to induce the natives to cultivate the ground, by a distribution of seeds and implements:—

"Among the packets of seed sent for distribution were some which contained fish-hooks: these, together with the seeds, were given by the governor to the sable monarch, King Bungaree. Some time after the governor enquired of him whether the seeds had yet come up? 'Oh, berry well, berry well,' exclaimed Bungaree, 'all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks; dem no come up yet.'"—p. 338.

Wherever men can be compared with women, we are pretty sure to find the moral advantage with the latter; and here, it seems, is no exception to the rule. Mr. Bennett has one short story, which we shall allow to speak for itself—dismissing some flourishes with which, unlike himself, he introduces it:—

"A female of one of the aboriginal tribes in the Murrumbidgee country cohabited with a convict named Tall-boy, who, becoming a bush-ranger, was for a long time sought after by the police for the many atrocities he had committed, but always eluded pursuit. This female concealed him with true native ingenuity, and baffled his pursuers—she would fish and hunt for him, whilst he remained secluded in the retreat she chose. She often visited the stock-keepers' huts at the different stations, and whatever provisions she received from them were immediately conveyed to the unworthy object of her devoted attachment. Although many knew she was privy to his concealment, yet it was found impossible to elude her vigilance; neither promises of rewards—enough to excite the cupidity of any individual, but one in whom a higher feeling was paramount—nor threats, could induce her to acknowledge that she was acquainted with his place of concealment. The brute, however, manifested no kindred affection, but would frequently beat and ill-use her. Whilst she administered to him the refreshing cup of kindness, he bestowed on her misery in return. Shortly after he had, in one instance, given way to his natural brutish disposition, by ill-treating the being who

had done so much for him—he was on the verge of discovery—indeed had himself given up all hopes of escape: when she again saved him, by engaging to point out to the police his place of retreat, and led them away, under that pretence, in a contrary direction, affording her paramount time and opportunity to seek out a safer asylum. When she arrived with the police at the spot where she had informed them he last was, he of course was not there, and a strict search in the vicinity was equally unsuccessful: she then left them to continue their pursuit, pretending to know nothing further respecting him. At last he was captured by venturing out too boldly during her absence, was tried, condemned, and expiated his offences on the scaffold at Sydney. She wished to follow him, on hearing he was a prisoner, but that was impossible; so, reclaimed by her tribe, she was obliged to become an unwilling wife of one of the blacks.

"This unfortunate female was ordered by her husband, whose word is law, to follow him at a time when she was rendered incapable by illness: on her hesitating, he, with savage barbarity, struck her with his tomahawk over the head and legs so severely, that she fainted from loss of blood. She was found lying on the ground, and taken to the house of a settler residing on the banks of the Murrumbidgee river, and every kindness and attention shown her; but after lingering, suffering severe mental and bodily anguish, she expired."

The *dingos*, or native dogs of New South Wales, are the wolves of the colony—they breed in the holes of rocks, attain great size and strength, commit grievous ravages among the herds and flocks of the settlers, and are hunted by whole packs of European dogs. The cunning of these animals, and the agony they will endure without any external indication of suffering, are favourite subjects with our author, and we must spare room for one or two of his anecdotes:—

"One had been beaten so severely, that it was supposed all the bones were broken, and it was left for dead. After the person had walked some distance, upon accidentally looking back, his surprise was much excited by seeing master dingo rise, shake himself, and march into the bush, evading all pursuit. One, supposed dead, was brought into a hut, for the purpose of undergoing 'decoration': at the commencement of the skinning process upon the face, the only perceptible movement was a slight quivering of the lips, which was regarded at the time as merely muscular irritability: the man, after skinning a very small portion, left the hut to sharpen his knife, and returning found the animal sitting up, with the flayed integument hanging over one side of the face.

"Another instance was that of a settler, who, returning from a sporting expedition, with six kangaroo dogs, they met a dingo, which was attacked by the dogs, and worried to such a degree, that finding matters becoming serious, and that the worst of the sport came to his share, the cunning dingo pretended to be dead. Thinking he had departed the way of all dogs, they gave him a parting shake and left him. Unfortunately for the poor dingo, he was of an impatient disposition, and was consequently premature in his resurrection, for before the settler and his dogs had gone any distance, he was seen to rise and skulk away, but, on account of the rough treatment he had received, at a slow pace; the dogs soon re-attacked him, when he was handled in a manner that must have eventually prevented any resuscitation taking place a second time.

"These instances may account for the fact why skeletons of the animals are not found in places where they have been left supposed dead. I have more than once been taken where one had been killed, as I desired to have a skeleton, but no remains of the beast were visi-

ble; and crows and hawks do not devour animals, bones and all, in this country.

"The Australian dog never barks; indeed, it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled *The Music of Nature*, 'that dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated.' Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty: and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man." vol. i. p. 235.

In this, of course, as in every book about New South Wales, the kangaroo claims right to fill a considerable space. The chase, by no means a very safe amusement, of the "old man kangaroo," as the blacks call the full-grown male, seems to have found great favour with Mr. Bennett, and he sketches some scenes which, as he himself says, might have deserved to be immortalised by the pencil of a Landseer. We content ourselves, however, with one or two of his lighter pages. An Irishman of his acquaintance had a favourite dog, who rashly pursued a large kangaroo into a water-pool, and was ducked almost dead for his pains:—

"Pat, in a great rage at the threatened death of his dog, would have shot the kangaroo, but his gun missed fire; he then entered the water-hole 'to bate the brains of the baste out' with the butt-end of the gun; but the 'baste,' not fancying to be thus treated, turned from the soused and now senseless dog to his more formidable adversary, and a struggle took place, in which the man was often thrust under water, and victory was promising much in favour of the kangaroo, when some of Pat's companions fortunately coming to his assistance, attacked and killed the animal with clubs, and rescued him in almost an insensible condition. I asked him how he felt when the beast hugged him; he replied, 'Not very comfortable—he tumbled me about famously; they are mighty strong bastes, and don't seem to like being meddled with.' Indeed, many persons when alone are afraid to face a large 'old man' kangaroo. A man, recently arrived in the colony, was sent after cattle; he returned in great terror, having come suddenly on the ranges upon a kangaroo, as 'large,' he said, 'as a horse.' I asked him the colour of the animal; he replied, that he did not recollect it; he only wished to get away from the beast, and, running down the hill, was glad when he saw the animal *wasn't* following him. It is probable, when he went down one part of the range, the animal, equally, if not more frightened, descended another."—vol. i. p. 286.

"The part of the kangaroo most esteemed for eating is the loins; but the tail, which abounds in gelatine, furnishes an excellent and nourishing soup: the hind legs are coarse, and usually fall to the share of the dogs. The natives (if they can be said to have a choice) give a preference to the head. The flesh of a full-grown animal may be compared to lean beef, and that of the young to veal: they are destitute of fat, if we except a little occasionally between the muscles and integuments of the tail. The colonial dish, called a *steamer*, consists of the flesh of this animal dressed with slices of ham. The liver, when cooked, is crisp and dry, and is considered a substitute for bread."—*Ibid.* p. 289.

The passion of the aborigines for hunting kangaroos, opossums, and so forth, appears to be inextinguishable, but to be much more intimately

connected with the cravings of the stomach than with any of the nobler stimulants of the chase. The moment the kangaroo is killed, the struggle begins, not, as in an English field, for the brush, as a trophy, but for a limb, to be forthwith broiled (with the hair on) and devoured. Nay, in many cases, they do not even wait for any application of fire, but, tearing the animal joint from joint, knock off the end of a bone *instantly*, and begin sucking the marrow before it has time to get cold. No abundance of beef and potatoes seems to damp in the smallest degree these ancestral appetites; and no new artificial habits strike deep enough to interfere with their immediate indulgence when opportunity is afforded. A friend of our author observed a native woman, well clothed, and of really decent appearance, engaged in some domestic offices in the plentiful kitchen of a farmer on the Murrumbidgee. He expressed his satisfaction at what he saw, but was assured that, though she had just risen from a capital dinner, if she discovered an opossum on the top of a tree, she would instantly strip herself to the skin, and mount seventy or eighty feet into the air, rather than lose the chance of securing such a *bonne-bouche*.

We find it still more difficult to sympathise with these people in that rage for the flavour of pounded moths, which collects whole tribes of them as often as the proper season comes around, upon certain masses of granite, not far from the Been Station on the Tumat. Captain Cook was astonished, when at Thirsty Sound, with the profusion of butterflies—"the air absolutely crowded with millions of myriads of them for three or four acres together;" and Captain King, in his Survey of Australia (vol. i. p. 195), describes much the same scene at Cape Cleveland: "the stem," he says, "of every grass tree (*xanthorrhæa*), which plant grows abundantly on the hills, was covered with butterflies, and on their taking wing, the air appeared as it were in perfect motion." We presume the two captains were not scientific enough to distinguish a butterfly from a moth, and that they both refer to the same species of insect, called by the natives *bugong*, of the grand annual capture and cookery whereof the present author had an opportunity to be an eye-witness.

"The *bugong* moths collect on the surfaces and also in the crevices of the masses of granite in incredible quantities; to procure them with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath those rocks, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushels-full at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner:—

"A circular space is cleared upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects; on it a fire is lighted, and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed, and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and winnowed to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies: they are then eaten—or placed in a wooden vessel, and pounded into masses or cakes, in colour and consistence resembling lumps of dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat. The

bodies of the moths are large, and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses will not keep above a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced; but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

"These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. The crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares—so the stronger decides the point; for when the crows enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance, and kill them as they fly out, and afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich *bugong*. So eager are these feathered blacks after this food, that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lie in wait for the crows, with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use them as food.

"The quantity of moths which may be collected from one of the granite groups it is calculated would amount to at least five or six bushels. The largest specimen I obtained measured seven-eighths of an inch, with the wings closed, the length of the body being five-eighths of an inch, and of proportionate circumference; the expanded wings measured one inch and three quarters across; the colour of the wings dark brown, with two black ocellated spots upon the upper ones: the body filled with yellow oil, and covered with down.

"When the natives about the Murrumbidgee river heard, on my return, that I had visited the '*bugong* mountain,' they expressed great delight, and wished to see what I had collected. On showing them the few insects I had, they recognised them instantly; but I thought there was a feeling of disappointment at their curiosity only, not appetites, being gratified by my little entomological collection."—vol. i. pp. 270—274.

We have stayed so long with Mr. Bennett at New South Wales, that we must make short work with the rest of his "*Wanderings*." He gives a full and livelier description of Macao, its inhabitants, Portuguese, English, and Chinese, than we have elsewhere met with; and of Canton itself he furnishes sundry sketches which will also reward the reader's attention. We were amused with the following note:—

"The brilliancy of the Chinese colours for painting, &c., has often been very highly extolled as being superior to the European. What surprise must it create, then, when we are informed that the colours used are of English manufacture, and the Chinese artists are eager for, and anxiously inquire after them! This reminds me of the gross ignorance displayed by one of our countrymen who purchased an elegant London clock in a shop at Canton, at a high price, to take to England as a specimen of China manufacture. But do not we see these follies committed by our countrymen almost every day at Paris?"—vol. ii. p. 61.

To be sure we do; and we have no doubt much use is made of English colours, as well as English clocks and watches, in China: but that the Chinese artists have some colours of their own which no European skill has as yet rivaled, is a fact as well ascertained as any in the world.

At Macao the two *lions* that principally occupied Mr. Bennett's leisure hours were the public

museum of rare animals, fossils, weapons, &c. &c., collected at the general expense of the English residents, and the aviary in the private gardens of one of our countrymen, a venerable gentleman of the name of Beale, who had spent forty years in this distant region, and spared no cost to assemble a vast population of Chinese, Javanese, and Indian birds, which appeared to occupy the whole attention of a considerable establishment of servants, and to be kept altogether in a style that would have done honour to the taste and munificence of any sovereign prince in the world. The recent change in the affairs of the East India Company must, as Mr. Bennett regrets to observe, put an end ere long to the *English Museum*—nor is it likely that, under any future circumstances, an individual resident will be found either disposed or enabled to rival the useful and elegant collection of Mr. Beale. Our author gives two amusing chapters to this old gentleman's aviary: we must be contented with extracting a single specimen of them—he is talking of the *mandarin duck* :—

"A drake was stolen one night, with some other birds, from Mr. Beale's aviary; the beautiful male was alone taken; the poor duck, in spite of her quacks during the distressing scene, was left behind. The morning following the loss of her husband the female was seen in a most disconsolate condition: brooding in secret sorrow, she remained in a retired part of the aviary, pondering over the severe loss she had just sustained.

"Whilst she was thus delivering her soul to grief, a gay, prim drake, who had not long before lost his own dear duck, which had been accidentally killed, trimmed his beautiful feathers, and, appearing quite handsome, pitying the forlorn condition of the bereaved, waddled towards her; and, after devoting much of his time and all his attention to the unfortunate female, he offered her his protection, and made a thousand promises to treat her with more kindness and attention than her dear, lost drake. She, however, refused all his offers, having made, in audible quacks, a solemn vow to live and die a widow, if her mate did not return. From the day she met with her loss, she neglected her usual avocations; her plumage became ragged and dirty; she foresook her food and usual scenes of delight.

"Some time had elapsed, when a person, accidentally passing a hut, overheard some Chinese of the lower class conversing together. One said, 'It would be a pity to kill so handsome a bird.' 'How, then,' said another, 'can we dispose of it?' The hut was noted, as it was immediately suspected that the lost mandarin was the subject of conversation. A servant was sent, and, after some trouble, recovered the long lost drake by paying four dollars for him. He was then brought back to the aviary in one of the usual cane cages.

"As soon as the bird recognised the aviary, he expressed his joy by quacking vehemently and flapping his wings. An interval of three weeks had elapsed since he was taken away by force; but when the forlorn duck heard the note of her lost husband, she quacked, even to screaming, with ecstasy, and flew as far as she could in the aviary to greet him on his restoration. Being let out from the cage, the drake immediately entered the aviary—the unfortunate couple were again united: they quacked, crossed necks, bathed together, and then are supposed to have related all their mutual hopes and fears during the long separation.

"One word more on the unfortunate widower, who kindly offered consolation to the duck when overwhelmed with grief. She in a most ungrateful manner inform-

ed her drake of the impudent and gallant proposals made to her during his absence;—it is merely supposition that she did so; but at all events the result was, that the recovered drake attacked the other the day subsequent to his return, pecked his eyes out, and inflicted on him so many other injuries as to occasion his death in a few days. Thus did this unfortunate drake meet with a premature and violent death for his kindness and attention to a disconsolate lady. It may perhaps be correctly written on a tablet over his grave—'A victim to conjugal fidelity!'

Since we are on the chapter of ducks, we may notice here our author's diverting account of the *duck-boats* at Whampoa and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Canton. As is well known, the owners and their families inhabit the upper part of these vessels, while their innumerable flocks of feathered creatures are accommodated in the hold. Mr. Bennett was fortunate enough to inspect some of them just after the rice harvest had been gathered, which is the season of joy for the broad-bills, as they are then at liberty to fatten upon the rich gleanings of the paddy-fields.

"On the arrival of the boat at the spot considered proper for feeding the quacking tribe, a signal of a whistle causes the flock to waddle in regular order from their domicile across the board placed for their accommodation. When it is considered that they have gorged sufficiently, another signal is made: immediately upon hearing it, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, the last is whipped; so that it is ludicrous to see the last birds (knowing by sad experience the fate that awaits them) making efforts *en masse* to fly over the back of the others, to escape the chastisement inflicted upon the ultimate duck."—vol. ii. p. 115.

Mr. Bennett had the good luck to sail, on his return from Canton to Macao, in company with Mr. Davis, the accomplished orientalist, then chief superintendent of the Honourable East India Company's establishment; and he appears to have owed much valuable information to that enlightened gentleman's conversation. But we have perhaps given as much space to this book as the nature of its contents may seem to justify—so we must now close our extracts with the surgeon's account of the mode in which the Chinese and Japanese produce those dwarf trees, which we mentioned in our last number when reviewing Messrs. Fischer and Meylan :—

"The Chinese procure the dwarf orange trees, laden with fruit, by selecting a branch of a larger tree upon which there may be a good supply of fruit: the cuticle being detached from one part of the branch, is plastered over with a mixture of clay and straw, until roots are given out, when the branch is cut off, planted in a pot, and thus forms a dwarf tree laden with fruit. Other means are adopted to give the trunk and bark an appearance of age; and these, with the dwarf bamboos and other trees, must certainly be regarded as the principal Chinese vegetable curiosities."

In Mr. Bennett's volumes, if our reader has been at all amused with what we have exhibited in this article, he may depend on finding a great deal more of at least as interesting matter: he will, in particular, be well entertained with the author's history of a favourite *Ungka ape*, which partook his cabin with him during his last voyage from Singapore to London. This creature seems

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

DANA'S BUCCANEER.

to have been about the most intelligent and amiable specimen of the *turpessima bestia* hitherto recorded: he regularly dined with the doctor's mess, and was on intimate terms with most of the passengers—but more especially—which, indeed, will surprise none who have observed the manners of animals—with a child on board, whom it attended almost like a nurse. Ungka liked every thing in the way of eating and drinking that passes current among men—except only wine; but if he had any relish for tobacco, Mr. Bennett does not mention it. Some few years ago, however, a captain in the Company's naval service brought to this city an animal of (we believe) the very same species, who not only took snuff habitually, but indulged himself with a pipe or two every day after dinner, filling the bowl for himself, and even lighting it very knowingly. This little gentleman, too, was quite free from the Mahometan prejudice against the juice of the grape. A friend of ours visiting him the first week after his arrival in Cheapside, found him in the act of finishing his mutton chop and potatoes, and about to begin his usual pipe, with the accompaniment of some Madeira negus. He was sold for the high price of 500*l.*, but died very soon afterwards.

There are two or three monkeys now in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, whose passion for snuff affords much amusement to the visitors. They seem to rub it zealously into their eyes and ears, as well as their nostrils, and, after some minutes of triumphant sneezing and snorting, to enjoy the narcotic influence of the Nicotian weed, with the calm contentment of an old fashioned philosopher.

APPARITION OF MARSHAL NEY.

Some days after the execution of Marshal Ney, M. Bellart gave a grand *soirée*. Every one appeared to forget—and perhaps such was the case with himself—the event by which the name of the magistrate of 1815 had obtained so painful a celebrity.

In the course of the evening, and at the moment when the society was the most animated, a guest presented himself, and gave his name to the servant, in an unconcerned manner, viz., M. Maréchal Ainé. The domestic, whether from want of recollection, or from ignorance, threw open the folding-doors of the saloon, and announced M. Le Maréchal Ney!

It is impossible to describe the stupefaction that this cry occasioned among the guests—or to depict the electric tremour of the most indifferent, and the dismay and wild stare of the host. It appeared as though the whole assembly were astounded and struck dumb by the dread of seeing some horrible apparition. The panic was soon, however, dispelled by the entry of the ominous, but harmless M. Maréchal Ainé, although the gaiety which had reigned before his arrival, could not be restored—every countenance bore the stamp of a painful inward feeling—the *salons* were deserted at an early hour, and M. Bellart was left alone with his *souvenirs*, and perchance with his remorse.

We have always respected, nay, admired, America and the Americans. Indeed, it would not be easy to hold cheap a whole world, and that a new one; if not spick and span fresh from nature, certainly teeming with novel and bold forms of life. After all, however, there is but one world on this earth good for much, and that is the world of the English language. Germany, and Italy, and France, and Spain, and Holland, and the Netherlands, and a few other countries, are all well enough in their way; but the outlandish lingos spoken there, if they do not altogether separate them from our sympathies, and nothing can do that with such capacious hearts as ours, greatly cool the warmth of our feelings, and to our ear carry with them an alien and estranging sound. This may be very unlike what might be expected from philosophers and citizens of the world; but we are far from laying any claim to such a character, and are a set of sturdy, prejudiced, bigoted, home-and-race loving Scotsmen. True that the people of Great Britain and Ireland were originally of various breeds; but we are all one now in the broad sense of one, and our twenty millions and upwards, all linked by the ties of kindred, are, or ought to be a band of brothers. We have our quarrels, and animosities, and feuds; even, alas! to the shedding of blood; but let any other nation wage war with us, and it will know once more what is the power and majesty of union. Now the Americans are Englishmen, and Irishmen, and Scotsmen; Jonathan is but John Bull, or Pat, or Saunders, under a somewhat different climate and a somewhat different form of government; and we look on the Atlantic but as the royal road connecting our islands and his continent, on which we pass to and fro, without crossing or jostling by wind or steam, and keep it up; may it be for ever, that friendship which, with those living at the other end of the highway, is an old inheritance bequeathed to them by the pilgrim fathers; and with us here a possession received from our blood relations on their frequent and welcome visits to this their ancestral land. As for national jealousies and the like, why, such feelings are natural and far from unbecoming; they spring on both sides from a proud consciousness of our own worth, and some occasional suspicion on the one side, that the mother has not forgiven, or at least forgotten the disobedience of her rebellious child—on the other, that the child, since she threw off her allegiance, has ceased to love the parent who was once also her queen. But all that is too absurd to be deeply rooted; and we firmly believe that there is a strong, a sacred attachment still between them whom so many things unite; and who are divided, though not much, indeed but nominally, only by the sea. May peace be between us while time endures; and though we should be unwilling to go to war with any body, yet if the American navy must have a brush with the French, and our national honour or interests demand or justify it, may a British squadron appear to windward, and the victory be to the stars and stripes, with or without the aid of the

leopards, not to the tri-color. No fear of that, for we know by proof the metal of American ships and American seamen, and they alone are worthy of sailing in the same line of battle with a fleet of that power, who so long has held the dominion of the seas.

"But hullo! my fancy, whither dost thou go?"

We had no intention of speaking about American ships and seamen, but of American poems and poets. Do our friends write as well as they fight? To say so would be to flatter them, we fear, far beyond the truth, but we see no reason to doubt, that the time may come when they will do so. Meanwhile, they fire away, both in prose and rhyme, with great spirit. To resume the image we have just laid down, with a view of getting rid of it, their small craft are equal to our own. They have a fine frigate or two afloat, and we should not wonder to see them construct, live oak is not wanting, if not a first rate a two-decker. The Bryant is at present their finest vessel, but the Dana is of the same class; and the two working together to windward, might, at this moment, be supposed in the sunshine but one gleam of sail.

Having with some difficulty dismissed that image, let us go to work on this volume of selections from the American poets; and first let us take a glance over the Editor's Introductory Remarks. They are well written, and prove him to be a man of talents; but he has forgot, if he ever knew it, the homely adage, "cut your coat according to your cloth;" and pronounces a panegyric on the peculiar and characteristic features of American poetry, which is far indeed from being supported by its face as reflected in this mirror.

"It has been asserted that no American poet has, as yet, produced a continued poem, capable of arresting attention, and entitled to rank among the leading poetic efforts of other countries. This is, in some degree, true; but if we look into the peculiar circumstances of that country, we shall observe the true causes which have operated to produce this result. We shall perceive, from examining the situation of the American people, that it is less attributable to a dearth of poetic talent, than to a combination of circumstances prejudicial to its development; and we shall perhaps conclude, from an inspection of the specimens here collected, that American intellect is not incapable of producing poetry of a very high order; and of adapting its energies to the successful prosecution of even the most difficult enterprises of imaginative genius. We need not advert to their advancement in every branch of knowledge that can be rendered profitable by application to practical purposes—their success in the different professional departments, and their multitude of inventions and improvements in the mechanical arts; but we maintain that, when called forth by the necessary excitements, competition, the prospect of distinction, and a suitable reward, their talents would prove (as in some brilliant instances they have proved) equally successful in every department of literature. But, amid the cares of gain, the noise, the bustle, the distractions of agricultural, commercial, and political pursuits, which so universally, and, in some measure, necessarily, engage the undivided attention of the population of this new country—and with boundless resources, which daily afford new fields for speculation, and new channels for every species of active enterprise, polite literature can scarcely be expected to be cultivated, except as a matter of taste or amusement.

"We cannot, therefore, reasonably expect that, in such leisure moments as are snatched from constant and perhaps laborious occupations, and without a sufficient incentive of either rivalry, fame, or emolument, the American poet should, in many cases, produce poems requiring long, continued, and all-engrossing mental exertion. But even under these circumstances, the Americans have exhibited considerable poetic talent, and—not to mention living authors—Hopkins, Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys, Trumbull, Freneau, Sewell, Linn, Lathrop, Prentiss, Boyd, Clifton, Isaac Story, Allen Osborn, Spence, and Brainard, have produced some performances which would be an honour to the poetical literature of any country.

"It is not the intention of the editor of this work, in the confined limits allotted to an introductory preface, to enter on a history of American poetical literature, or to point out its distinguishing characteristics, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. This would occupy a volume; and that the ignorance which prevails on this subject might be left without excuse, it should be undertaken. At the same time, he would express the hope that these specimens will not be uninteresting to the poetry of a country, where the elements of visible nature afford altogether a different local habitation for the poet's thoughts. The wide prairie, with its 'wild flock, that never needs a fold'—the 'world of lakes,' with its bright expanse of waters—the high-roads of the future commerce of the world, where the navies of the earth might struggle for disputed possession, but where now,

'With tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urges on his skiff like wild bird on the wing;

the interminable wood, with its savage inmates and aboriginal population, where

'The forest hero, train'd to wars,
Quiver'd, and plumed, and lithe, and tall,
And seam'd with glorious scars,
Walks forth amid his reign to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear—

the legendary lore and romance of Indian life—the savage exploits of Indian warfare—the characteristics of their different tribes—the fierce valour of the Peguods, the terror and scourge of the early colonists—the number and strength of the Moheicans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois. The tide, again, of emigration, rushing with all the indomitable force of human enterprise into the hitherto impregnable fastnesses of nature's wild domains, to haunts where stood the Indian hamlet—

'Look now abroad—another race has fill'd

These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembow'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that tow'rd the western seas
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees."

Such themes as these, it is hoped, will be found more than an adequate exchange for the tamer beauties of a less luxuriant and various climate, and an over civilised and cultivated land. Moreover, the great modifying principles of human sentiment are not the same. The constitution of the American government, customs and whole polity—the manners and individual views of attainment, and all that moulds social character and gives form to the commerce of life—those, too familiar to be dwelt on, must needs operate largely on the mind in all

its varying occupations, and still most in poetry which so largely exhibits the features of the moral man.

"Such poems have been generally chosen (with due regard to their real merit) as were thought most likely, by their descriptive powers, to convey, through the medium of common associations, forcible and faithful impressions of the striking characteristics of the New World—the leading external features, and the internal operations of habits and institutions, on the moral character. In these selections will be felt and seen, the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic, than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press, on this topic, that at present engages so large a share of public attention; and that this praise is not the mere utterance of editorial partiality, will, it is trusted, be amply borne out by the contents of this work."

Now, we ask the clever editor what he would be at? "It has been asserted," he says, "that no American poet has as yet produced a continued poem capable of *arresting attention*, and entitled to rank among the *leading poetic efforts* of other countries." To speak plainly, and not after that absurd fashion, America has produced no great poem. Our friend says, "this is in some degree true;" but he should not speak nonsense. Joel Barlow's *Columbiad* has picturesque passages—but it is mortal dull. What follows is acute enough; but the critic carries his argument too far; for genius has devoted itself to poetry under circumstances even less favourable and fostering than in America—and achieved far greater triumphs. He "maintains" that, when called forth by the necessary excitements, American talents will be as successful in every department of literature, as in the professional departments and the mechanical arts. Why, any man may maintain any thing; but what we wanted from an editor of such a volume as this was not prophecy of the future—but a fair appreciation of the poetry already in existence. His pompous folly is here incredible. He says it would occupy a volume to point out the distinguishing characteristics of the American poetical literature, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. Heaven forefend he should ever write such a tome! For the little he has said—as we hinted above—is humbug. American poetry, so far from being conversant familiarly or awfully with prairies, lakes, and woods, is provokingly barren of such imagery; and as for the "savage inmates and aboriginal population," though we quoted from Bryant, a year or two ago, some fine stanzas in which they were spoken of well, they seldom make any figure in American poetry, and when they do, are a set of foolish feathered failures. Campbell's *Outalissi* is worth them all many million times over—as their own best critics have confessed; and where our editor may have met with them we do not know, but certainly it was not in his own volume of *Selections*—"the fierce valour of the Peguods, the number and fatal strength of the Moheicans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois." Then he talks magnificently of the tide of emigration rushing with indomitable force into hitherto impregnable fastnesses; and of the great modifying principles

of human sentiment, and so forth, all which, he declares with brazen-faced assurance, gives a character to American poetry distinguishing it remarkably from European. Fudge! There is nearly an utter, and a very woful, absence of all such characteristics; and when he says triumphantly, towards the close of his short preface, "that in these selections will be felt and seen the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press," he utters a gross untruth—and he knows it. This may seem severe language, but he who practises deception must feel the knout. Let him repent, and cancel the preface, and we hope the public will soon buy the whole edition.

We remember some years ago having been greatly struck, in specimens of the American Poets—a collection in three volumes, which some consummate villain has stolen from us, with "The Buccaneer," by Richard H. Dana. It is included in this volume, and we pronounce it by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions. The power is Mr. Dana's own; but the style—though he has made it his own too—is coloured by that of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, and of Coleridge. He is no servile follower of those great masters, but his genius has been inspired by theirs, and he almost places himself on a level with them by this extraordinary story; we mean on the level on which they stand in such poems as the *Old Grimes* of Crabbe, the *Peter Bell* of Wordsworth, and the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge. The *Buccaneer* is not equal to any one of them, but it belongs to the same class, and shows much of the same power in the delineation of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination.

The opening is very beautiful.

THE BUCCANEER.

"The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

"And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side:
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet:
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

"But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;

A quiet look is in each face,
 Subdued and holy fear:
 Each motion's gentle: all is kindly done—
 Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won."

Twelve years are gone since the king of this isle was Matthew Lee. Dana, with forceful touches, describes the murderer a dark, low, brawny man, with thick set brows, and small gray eyes. High cheek-bones he had too, we warrant him, and his face was broad across them, and hard, like hammered brass. Fierce both in mirth and toil;

"Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were,
 Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear."

We have sat in condemned cells with a good many murderers of merit. All their eyes were gray, their voices soft, several had a lisp, and one, the cruelest of cut-throats, likewise a burr. They had all courteous manners; and, though with villanous low foreheads, did not seem to be deficient in understanding; while all of them were men of tolerably good education, and appeared to like reading the Bible.

How many murders Matt committed before he attained to the sole sovereignty of the island, we are not told; but the most lucrative is thus darkly hinted at in a few dismal lines.

"Amidst the uproar of the storm.
 And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
 Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
 His axe glanced quick in air.
 Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge?
 'There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's edge.'"
 "Nay, ask him yonder; let him tell,
 I make the brute, not man, my mark.
 Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well!
 Last night was fearful dark.

Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel!
 An ugly gash!—these rocks—they cut like steel."

"He wiped his axe; and, turning round,
 Said with a cold and harden'd smile,
 'The hemp is sav'd—the man is drown'd,
 Wilt let him float awhile,
 Or give him Christian burial on the strand?
 He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the sand.'"

Matthew Lee was extravagant, his waste was greater than his gain, and he said to himself, "I'll try the merchant's trade." So he set sail in a well-manned and deep-laden vessel, resolved, by way of change, to circumvent, rather than to kill. But the sea has a way and a will of his own, and one night took high in dudgeon the laughing blasphemies of skipper and crew of the Fair Trader. So he woke his waves till

"Their white tops, flashing through the night,
 Gave to the eager straining eye
 A wild and shifting light."

The good ship having sprung a leak, and the pumps being choked, Matt had nothing else for it but to lighten her by throwing the cargo overboard to the devil, whom he heard riding on the blast.

"The sea has like a plaything toss'd
 That heavy hull the livelong night.
 The man of sin—he is not lost:
 Soft breaks the morning light.

Torn spars and sail,—her cargo in the deep—
 The ship makes port with slow and labouring sweep.

"Within a Spanish port she rides.
 Angry and sour'd, Lee walks her deck.
 'Then peaceful trade a curse betides?—
 And thou, good ship, a wreck!
 Ill luck in change!—Ho! cheer ye up, my men!
 Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again?'"

What that old work was you can guess. But you cannot guess his next crime. Hitherto the tale has been told by glooms and flashes, that alternately strew darkness and light on the character and life of the Buccaneer. But now we have a more continuous and sustained strain, and we cannot help noticing the fine effect of the lyrical transition from the port of Spain to the condition of that country, and a tale of tears arising out of it, soon to be a tale of blood. We must, in justice to the poet, give the passage entire.

"A sound is in the Pyrenees!
 Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
 A tide, as of a thousand seas,
 Sweeping both cowl and crown.
 On field and vineyard thick and red it stood.
 Spain's streets and palaces are full of blood;—

"And wrath and terror shake the land;
 The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
 Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
 Bold Arthur and his knights.
 Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from Spain!
 The spell is broke!—Arthur is come again!"

"Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride;
 The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
 That thou didst kiss in love and pride.
 He cannot hear thy wail,
 Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmur'd sound—
 His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

"He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
 For he was gone who made it dear;
 And she would seek some distant shore,
 At rest from strife and fear,
 And wait amidst her sorrows till the day
 His voice of love should call her thence away.

"Lee feigned him grieved, and bow'd him low.
 'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
 So good a lady in her woe,
 He meekly, smoothly said.

With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
 And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

"The sun goes down upon the sea;
 The shadows gather round her home.
 'How like a pall are ye to me!
 My home how like a tomb.

O! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head—
 Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead."

"And now the stars are burning bright;
 Yet still she looks towards the shore
 Beyond the waters black in night.
 'I ne'er shall see thee more!"

Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow,
 And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

"Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!

The wash of waters lulls thee now;

His arm no more will pillow thee,

Thy hand upon his brow.

He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.

The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

"The moon comes up—the night goes on.

Why in the shadow of the mast,

Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?
Thy pledge, man; keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee:
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee!

"When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words were to thee like a charm.
With uncheer'd grief her heart is worn.—
Thou wilt not do her harm!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—'It is too still to-night.'
"He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands.
He hears a voice—'Ill man withhold!'
A pale one near him stands;
Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek;
Her touch is cold. He wakes with piercing shriek.
"He wakes; but no relents wake
Within his angry restless soul.
'What, shall a dream Matt's purpose shake?
The gold will make all whole.
Thy merchant's trade has nigh unmann'd thee, lad!
What, baulk thy chance because a woman's sad?"
"He cannot look on her mild eye—
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The hates and fears of hell.
His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek. What fear ye now?
"The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
Walking his ocean path.
From out the silent void there comes a cry—
'Vengeance is mine! Lost man, thy doom is nigh!"
"Nor dread of ever-during woe,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
'Then, bloody hand—to blood!
The scud is driving wildly over head!—
The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.
"Moan for the living—moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
Hark! still thy waves!—The work begins—
He makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.
"They're gone. The helmsman stands alone;
And one leans idly o'er the bow.
Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;
Nor sound nor stirring now.
Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep—
Shrieks—fiendish yells! they stab them in their sleep.
"The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, stifled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there!
"On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.
Lee look'd. 'They sleep so sound,' he laughing said,
'They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid.'
"A crash! They've forced the door,—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
'Tis hers!—O God, redeem
From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child!
That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and wild!

"It ceased,—With speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash!
'Tis gone!—There's nothing there!
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide,
Bright-crested waves, how proudly on ye ride!

"She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Or strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! thy home of love
Thou soon hast reach'd!—Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harm'd thee not!—Was dying suffering?"
Murder she could not shun—but the sea re-
ceived her unpolluted. Dana did right in saving
her from violation—the sin of rape was on their
souls, though her body was free from its stain—
and pity is the more profound when not disturbed
by horror. Why waxes Matthew Lee's dark face
so white? He shudders in superstition. A spirit
was it—who heard any tread on deck—any splash
in the sea? But that fit is gone, and he is inde-
cent on the dead.

"And then the ribald laughed. The jest,
Though old and foul, loud laughter drew.
And words more foul came from the rest
Of that infernal crew.
Note, Heaven! their blasphemy, their broken trust!
Lust hardens murder—murder panders lust."

No formal description is any where given of
the crew—but we feel that they were judiciously
chosen—and that they were not men to be afraid
of ghosts. Not when at their cups—yet who
knows but that each murderer in his birth had a
visit every night from the night-mare; and that
sleep lashed them all—naked—each bloody-hand
by himself—with her cat-o-nine tails, to hell!
But now they are all broad awake, and have
work to do, e'er they sit down to sup, and curse,
and sing. They had murdered all below—except
the white war horse, who used to carry the drown-
ed lady's lover and her lord. Shall they cut his
throat too? No. Let him have a swim. So over-
board with him alive along with the dead bodies.

"Now slowly up they bring the dead
From out that silent, dim-lit room.
No prayer at their quick burial said—
No friend to weep their doom.
The hungry waves have seized them one by one,
And, swallowing in their prey, go roaring on.
"Cries Lee, 'We must not be betray'd.
'Tis but to add another corpse!
Strange words, 'tis said, an ass once bray'd.
I'll never trust a horse!
We'll throw him on the waves alive! He'll swim;
For once a horse shall ride—we all ride him.'
"Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide;
It shook with fear the stoutest frame—
That horse is on the tide!
As the waves leave or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now—and now 'tis near and high.
"And through the swift wave's yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away; yet all that night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.
"O, hadst thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wert shining far away,

Would'st thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray?
The good are in their graves; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions. Sin alone is here.

"The deed's complete! The gold is ours!
There, wash away that bloody stain!
Pray who'd refuse what fortune showers?
Now, lads, we'll lot our gain.

Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly got!
A truly good night's work! Who'll say 'twas not?"

"There's song, and oath, and gaming deep—
Hot words, and laughter—mad carouse:
There's nought of prayer, and little sleep,
The devil keeps the house!

'Lee cheats!' cried Jack. Lee struck him to the heart.
'That's foul!' one mutter'd. 'Fool! you take your part!'

"The fewer heirs the richer, man!
Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!
Our life, we read, is but a span.
What matters soon or late?

Death comes! On shore, and ask'd how many died?
'That sickness swept near half,' said Lee, and sigh'd.

"Within our bay, one stormy night,
The isle's men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light
That flash'd on man and oar.

When hail'd, the rowing stopt, and all was dark.
'Ha! lantern work!—We'll home!—They're playing
shark!'

"Next day, at noon, towards the town,
All stared and wonder'd much to see,
Matt and his men come strolling down.
The boys shout, 'Here comes Lee!'

'Thy ship, good Lee?' 'Not many leagues from shore
Our ship by chance took fire.'—They learnt no more.

"He and his crew were flush of gold.
'You did not lose your cargo, then?'
—'Learn, where all's fairly bought and sold,
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsoke your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

"Wouldst see my log-book? fairly writ,
With pen of steel, and ink like blood!
—How lightly doth the conscience sit!
Learn, truth's the only good.'

And thus with flout, and cold and impious jeer,
He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear."

Matt is now rich, and resolves to lead a life of pleasure on shore. We are not told whether he took a ready-made house, or built a new one—nor does Mr. Dana tell us whether its site had a southern or a northern aspect—only

"That riot reigns within,
And brawl and laughter shake that house of sin."

Matt is merry—or fain would be so—for the jolly dog

"Remorse and fear now drowns in drink."

Why, in such a case there was nothing else for it. But remorse is a perfect sand-bank that swallows the sea. He can drink a gallon of Glenlivet or Cognac without turning a hair. His head, however, can be made to swim at last—and his heart to quake—and then, Lord pity him! how he stares! He calls that singing! He has volunteered a solo of groans—set on four flats for the first bar or two—and then on a dozen sharps at the fewest. *Da capo.* Such laughter is really

too bad—and his pals call it the devil's howl. But he is a great man nevertheless.

"Matt lords it now throughout the isle,
His hand falls heavier than before,
All dread alike his frown or smile,
None come within his door,
Save those who dip'd their hands in blood with him;
Save those who laugh'd to see the white horse swim.

This very night last year was the night of that massacre, and the murderers must needs celebrate their anniversary. "Bring us women, bring us wine!" Was that the cry? No—no—they cannot now be pestered by the popinjays—besides, the pretty polls might prate and peach. So the party consists wholly of males and murderers. 'Tis now the very hour—the very minute—the captain kens by his gold chronometer—that the white horse was made to walk the plank—and was drifted away on the flowing foam, while far-off was heard that dreadful cry!—See! see! a red light on the waters. What may it mean? Matt's gray eyes are enlarged in green light—and burn as if they would set fire to his thick-set brows.

"Not bigger than a star it seems:
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon:
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light!—'Twill reach us soon!
A ship! and all on fire!—bull, yards and mast!
Her sheets are sheets of flame!—She's nearing fast!

"And now she rides, upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill
Waking the gloom of night.

All breathes of terror! Men in dumb amaze
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

"It scares the sea-birds from their nests.
They dart and wheel with deaf'ning screams;
Now dark,—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams:
O sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

"And what comes up above that wave,
So ghastly white?—a spectral head!
A horse's head!—May heaven save
Those looking on the dead,—

The waking dead! There on the sea he stands—
The spectre-horse!—He moves; he gains the sands!

"Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night!

His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray break.

"The revel now is high within;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, 'midst mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.

As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

"The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seem'd the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damn'd away,
To join the host that fell.

It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

"It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot flushed cheeks are blanched with fear.
And why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drown'd horse near?

He drops his cap—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down!—It is thy banquet night.

"I cannot sit. I needs must go:

The spell is on my spirit now.

I go to dread—I go to wo!"

O, who so weak as thou,

Strong man!—His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The shadow stands!—His eyes are on thee, Lee!—

"Thy hair pricks up!—O, I must bear

His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!

His eyes—their near and dreadful glare

Speak that I must not name!"

Thou'rt mad to mount that horse!—A power within,
I must obey—cries, "mount thee, man of sin!"

"He's now astride the spectre's back,

With reign of silk, and curb of gold.

'Tis fearful speed:—the reign is slack

Within his senseless hold:

Nor doth he touch the shade he strides—upborne
By an unseen power. God help thee, man forlorn!

"He goes with speed: he goes with dread!

And now they're on the hanging steep!

And now! the living and the dead,

They'll make the horrid leap!

The horse stopt short:—his feet are on the verge.

He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

"And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,

With red-hot spars and crackling flame.

From hull to gallant, nothing's gone,

She burns, and yet's the same!

Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

"Through that cold light the fearful man

Sits looking on the burning ship.

Thou ne'er again wilt curse and ban.

How fast he moves the lip!

And yet he does not speak, or make a sound!

What see you, Lee,—the bodies of the drown'd!

"I look, where mortal man may not—

Into the chambers of the deep.

I see the dead, long, long forgot—

I see them in their sleep.

A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo."

It is not now a stormy night, but a serene, and the last, low, melancholy ray of the waning moon shines towards him—but he sees but the ship. The night wears away, and the burning vessel grows less and less bright as the gray dawn returns.

"The spectre steed now slowly pales;

Now changes like the moonlit cloud;

That cold, thin light, now slowly falls,

Which wrapt them like a shroud.

Both ship and horse are fading into air,

Lost, mazed, alone, see Lee is standing there!"

The morning is fresh and fair, and beauty and happiness are circling in the air, floating on the sea, and wandering to and fro along the shore. But Lee is blind and deaf, and stirs not more than a stone.

"The hot sun beats upon his head,

He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,

As stiff and cold as one that's dead:

A troubled dreamy maze.

Of some unearthly horror, all he knows,

Of some wild horror past, and coming woes."

Evening comes, "the gull has found her place

on shore" the sun sinks, all is still but the ocean's weary roar, and

"There stands the man unblest."

He looks round as if hoping to see his mates, but they come not; he finds power to walk homewards; and

"As he his door-stone past, the air blew chill.

The wine is on the board; Lee take thy fill."

Not a single soul in the house. Whither they have all gone he knows not, nor asks, but gone they are, and he never sees the face of one of them again in this world. 'Twas no vision of his own—the vision of the white horse from the sea, and of the fiery ship. They too saw it, they too heard it shriek, and the murderers, whom no fear of human law could appal, have drowned or hanged themselves, or have fled away from that intolerable island to wander over the unhaunted spots, if such there be, of some central wilderness beyond reach of the sea. "Lee, take thy fill of wine!" And he drinks despair. But there are some human hearts, Christopher North verily believes with Richard Dana, nor despair nor remorse can break. And if unbroken, however shook, sin will continue to have her dwelling there, and leave open the door, day and night, for the entrance of crime.

"He walks within the day's full glare

A darken'd man. Where'er he comes,

All shun him. Children peep and stare;

Then, frightened, seek their homes.

Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.

They point and say, 'There goes the evil man!'

"He turns, and curses in his wrath

Both man and child; then hastes away

Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path;

But there he cannot stay:

Terror and madness drive him back to men;

His hate of man to solitude again.

"Time passes on, and he grows bold,

His eye more fierce, his oaths more loud,

None dare from Lee the hand withhold;

He rules and scoffs the crowd,

But still at heart there lies a secret fear;

For now the year's dread round is drawing near."

Do the islanders, whose hands are clean, at least of blood, see the spectre-horse and spectre-ship? We know not. But they see Lee's eyes, and, full of horror as they are, they know that he is not insane. The day is come, and will he celebrate a second anniversary?

* * *

"He swears; but he is sick at heart;

He laughs; but he turns deadly pale.

His restless eye and sudden start,

These tell the dreadful tale

That will be told; it needs no words from thee,

Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

"Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light!

'Ha! take me, take me from its blaze!'

Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night!

But many weary days

And nights will shine and darken o'er thy head,

Ere thou wilt go with him to meet the dead.

"Again the ship lights all the land;

Again Lee strides the spectre-beast;

Again upon the cliff they stand,
This once thou'lt be released!
Gone horse and ship; but Lee's last hope is o'er;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage, can help him more.

"His spirit heard that spirit say,
'Listen!—I twice have come to thee.
Once more—and then a dreadful way!
And thou must go with me!"

Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock!
Sea-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous shock.

"He goes! So thou must loose thy hold,
And go with death; nor breathe the balm
Of early air, nor light behold,
Nor sit thee in the calm
Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close.
In life or death where look'st thou for repose?"

In our abridgment the tale has seemed almost all one uninterrupted series of guilt and misery; but sweet and soothing imagery is sometimes very skilfully introduced for relief's sake, and sometimes, too, touches of tenderness that may awaken tears. We are brought at last almost to pity Matthew Lee—for at last he feels his sin with all the repentance in his power—he is very miserable—and "misery is a sacred thing"—even the misery of a murderer.

"Who's yonder on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far into the sea?
See! there he sits, and pulls the sedge,
Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? A year and little more,
And thou didst lord it bravely round this shore.

"And on the shingles now he sits,
And roll the pebbles 'neath his hands;
Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands;
Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
The isle! then home from many weary rounds.

"They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day the uneven strand?
—'I wish, I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find, I've tried
All day and night!'—He look'd towards the sea and
sigh'd.

"It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
'Lee, go with us; our sloop rides nigh;
Come! help us hoist her sail.'
He shook.—'You know the spirit horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

"He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
Oh! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad spread wings,
Flinging a glory round them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded
deep.

"And where the far off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife.—
Glad creatures of the sea! How all seems life!"

"But not to Lee. He sits alone:
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye. O, how his worn thoughts crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

"The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore.
Scarce seen the running breakers!—list
Their dull and smother'd roar!
Lee hearkens to their voice.—'I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!"

'And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,
Enormous thing! There's no escape;
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray. Why mock him so?
The ship has clear'd the fog, Lee, see her go!

"A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song.
Its tones come winding up those heights,
Telling of wo and wrong;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

"O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear!
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace unstrung,
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung."

He often sits now, in a state of stupor, on some stone, within the savage sea-roar; and it might seem, to look at him, that he were more than half-dead—insensate now to the misery within as to the heat or cold, the sun, or the spray. But the doomed night comes that is again to bring the pale horse. An ass once brayed articulate speech—quoth Matt—and a horse may tell tales—and so saying, he showed him overheard. And odd enough, the identical animal does tell tales, and to Matt's feelings, beats Balaam's charger all to sticks.

"'Twice have I come for thee,' it said.
'Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead.'"

The apparition of the ship again faintly illumines, and for the last time, the bay. Formerly she showed wide sheets of flame and shafted fire.

"But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A rushing light; then, settling, down she goes."

"And where she sunk up slowly came
The spectre-horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor;
He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door."

Matt is loth to mount—but mount he must—the night is black—but the horse is white—and

"Within that horrid light he rides the deep."

He goes by water to fire—and there is an end of the poem. We hope you like it—for we do very much; but our page is done—our candle burned out—our pen a blunt nose—and you must be your own critic. There is room and radiance but for the ultimate stanza.

"The earth has washed away its stain.
The sea'd up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again
From the far south and north.
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea,
O! whither on its waters rideth Lee?"

No creature alive so loth to die as a candle!

Thou hast no need thus to tremble on the brink of expiration, O innocent—yes, useful wick! Thy whole life has been spent in pouring lustre on peace. For rueful though the tale and ghastly, on which we have been poring in Dana's pictured pages, our heart all the while has been calm in its profounder depths, and from the stillness of its own regions has been listening to the rage of the wicked subsiding into sullenness, just like the rage of the sea. But the sea after storm is not long sullen—he soon grows serene—and is revisited by shadowy stars; whereas the wicked are to the last restless—and with moanings of misery disappear in the blind hollow of night.

Blickering yet! Nay resuscitated by the saveall—and absolutely showing off in a series of small blazes! We never use an extinguisher without a sigh. A natural death shalt thou be allowed to die. There—thou art dead. The change from light to darkness brings a change over the spirit of our dream. We have crossed the Atlantic—and are sitting with Bryant and Dana at a Symposium. "Christopher North in America." On our return to Europe we shall sell our journal to our good friends, the Blackwoods, for a ransom. But the question now is—how we are to find our way to bed? We must make up our minds to see death on the pale horse in our dreams. Dana! farewell.

Critical Notices.

A Voyage round the World; including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, &c. &c.; from 1827 to 1832. By James Holman, R.N. F.R.S. &c. (Vol. II.) Smith & Elder.

The first volume landed our blind traveller at Rio Janeiro, and left him when he had just completed a trip to the gold mines, in company with Captain Lyon. The second opens with an account of his descent into one of the principal mines, and of his journey back to Rio; and narrates the results of his residence (can we say observation?) at this tropical city, until his departure in his majesty's brig Falcon for the Cape of Good Hope. It was intended in the voyage to call at Tristan d'Acunha; but the ship was obliged to pass the island in a fog, and sail direct for the Cape. Here, as in other places, the sad deprivation of our traveller, his reputation, and the singular task he had imposed upon himself—together, we suspect, with his cordial good feeling, and the gentle dependent manner of the sightless—procured him much attention; and, after traveling through the south and south east part of the colony into Caffre Land, he started for the Mauritius. His stay here was brief; for, taking advantage of the offer of a passage in a king's ship, he sailed for Madagascar and Mozambique; where the volume leaves him.

The reader who has perused Lieutenant Holman's works, or thought at all upon the nature of his achievements, will no doubt have been surprised, not only at his accomplishment of the journeys he has undertaken, but at the information and amusement contained in his books. By further thought and examination, the riddle is solved. What human being could throw an obstacle in the way of a blind man? Nay, how few exist who would not assist him to the utmost of their power? Traces of this are frequently met with, not merely in the connections he forms on shore, but in the more useful

sea-friends he finds or makes,—for instance, all the voyages narrated in the present volume were prosecuted on board king's ships, where a common traveller could never have found admission. The matter and composition of his publications, if narrowly scanned, explain all points of wonder except the personal resolution and migratory spirit of the man. The character of the books bears the impress of the author. They do not deal in picturesque description, in sketches of external manners, or in the reflections such things excite. But if they lack their general brilliancy and force, they have none of their frequent vagueness. Unless a man looks upon nature and society with learned eyes, his observations are often too general to be distinct, or too common-place to be interesting. Deriving his information from others, Lieutenant Holman tested all that he received. Unless the ideas conveyed to him were specific and distinct, he at once perceived their uselessness: if the things he was told had no interest for him, he might judge they would have none for others. Hence the real and informing nature of his work; although it must be admitted, that at times there is a matter-of-fact air about it which has somewhat of the minuteness of a catalogue. We make this observation because we think it is the truth; and because it fitly introduces a passage which touchingly exhibits the amiability of the author, and apologises for his occasional dryness.

"There is a spirit of consolation in all things, if we only understood the moral alchemy by which it is to be extracted. The very calamity which condemns me to enquire and think, where others see and comprehend at once, has drawn around me an amount of attention to which I could not, otherwise, presume to lay claim. This is the end to which all writers, particularly travellers, direct their labours. When there is any point of value in a work, even if it bear as small a proportion to the worthless as Falstaff's bread did to his sack, it is put forth in vain if circumstances do not assist in procuring it a hearing. It is truly observed by Dr. Johnson, that the contemporary age employs itself in detecting an author's faults, and that posterity engages all its ingenuity in seeking after his beauties. The blemishes of a book, if I may be allowed to distort a fine thought of Shakespeare's into prose, are buried in the writer's grave, and all that is good in it lives after him. Without any pretension to the favour of the public beyond that which the anomaly that exists between my situation and my pursuits confer upon me, it would almost appear that this fate of authorship has been nearly reversed in my case. My readers, knowing the difficulties against which I have to contend, would seem to have forgotten every thing but the merit of perseverance under circumstances so adverse and repelling. I am too proud of this indulgence, even though I owe it to an accident, not to endeavour, as I proceed with my work, to deserve the kind thoughts of those who feel any pleasure in my narrative. But, anxious as I am that its intrinsic worth, whatever that may be, should increase as I advance, it must be evident that equivalent sources of interest are not always at my command; for the interest of a record of travels will inevitably vary the nature of the different subjects as they arise.

"In a work of imagination, the author is clearly responsible for the failure of his design; but in a relation of facts, the author is responsible only for his treatment of them. The novelist who invents impossibilities, or constrains his plot to produce effect, is censurable in the first degree: so too, the traveller or historian who misstates the character of a nation, the aspect of a country, or the moral and physical condition of any fraction of the great community: but he is not accountable for the individual attractions of the subject; he must take men, their customs and their localities, as he finds them; and if he discharges his office with fidelity, he performs all

that can be required at his hands. If the readers of these pages will but bear this distinction in memory, they will make for occasional weariness that excuse upon which alone I desire to rely. It is impossible to travel from Dan to Beersheba, without finding some barren spots: so, as the record of travels is but the reflection of the fluctuating varieties of soil and climate, usages and customs, government and national peculiarities, my journal, if it be faithful, which I can answer for, so far as my opportunities have reached, must exhibit a similar inequality of interest. Asking some indulgence on this score, I resume my narrative."

A Portuguese governor at Mozambique:

"We did not reach the ship until half-past five, when, after taking a hasty dinner, we proceeded to the government house; where we received such a description of his excellency's dinner that we had no reason to regret our absence. However, he made many apologies to Captain Lyons, for his cook, and the want of proper servants; and it must be owned that he did not complain without good reason, for out of the six that attended, there were only two who were fit to appear in the presence of civilised society, being scarcely one degree removed from a state of nudity, their whole attire consisting of a short coarse cloth tied round the loins, in the same manner as that usually worn by slaves; and it spoke little for the delicacy of the governor, to allow his daughters to be so attended, especially in the society of British officers, in a public dining-room. His excellency's domestic arrangements were, however, entirely exempt from all attempts at elegance; and the following specimen will afford a pretty correct notion of the ornamental part of the appendages. The sideboard was illuminated with four candles, stuck in—what think you, gentle reader?—do your sensitive nerves tremble with apprehension, of some violation of taste or fashion? What will you say, when I tell you that four claret bottles supplied the place of candelabras? How will you be shocked when I add, that it was a barbarous indifference, and not by any means the exigency of necessity, that occasioned this want of comfort in the governor's appointments, for he could have been amply supplied with household comforts, for the mere trouble of an application in the proper quarter; but he was an easy man, who cared for nothing, beyond the accumulation of wealth, and of which he had acquired a very competent share, through his profits on the slaves that had been exported from his government, where he had been resident four years, and from which he was at this period in daily expectation of being relieved. It might be imagined that his daughters ought to have conducted their father's household in a more civilised fashion; but when we consider how much the mind is debased by association, we shall cease to wonder that young people, sprung from such a father, and so waited upon, should have few elegant ideas."

The most interesting parts in the book, on account of their novelty, are the chapters devoted to Madagascar. This fertile and slave-producing island, under the sway of Radama—a sort of Czar Peter in a small way—seemed to be in a fair train for improving; but Mr. Hastie, the British resident, and tutor to the monarch, died; and his royal friend seeking consolation in the bottle, shortly followed him; so that a reaction has taken place.—*Spec-tator*.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—Fall of the Roman Empire, comprising a View of the Invasion and Settlement of the Barbarians. By J. C. L. De Sismondi. Vol. II. London: Longman & Co. 1834.

The celebrated author of this work has, by it, supplied a most important and valuable addition to our historical literature, comprising within small bounds, a clear,

grave, and accurate view of the longest and most universal of all the convulsions to which the human race has been exposed. The period he embraces extends to eight centuries, dating its commencement from the reign of the Antonines, when mankind seemed to have reached the highest point of prosperity, down to the almost total dissolution of all the old established associations of men, and to the re-construction of society from its very foundations. This period, commencing from the third century, and reaching to the close of the tenth, may here be viewed by the light and guidance of one who has devoted many years to the study of the revival of European civilisation, as well as to the overthrow of ancient culture. He states, that fifteen years have elapsed since he attempted to trace the course of the terrible revolution referred to, in a series of lectures pronounced before a small audience at Geneva. Encouraged by the interest he then excited, he preserved the vast picture, under the idea that at some future day he might exhibit it in one of the capitals of the world of letters. But advancing years warn him no longer to reckon on the possibility of oral instruction; and therefore, in the present form, he submits the information collected in the lectures spoken of. To Dr. Lardner's truly national work these volumes are a precious addition. No ordinary time or means have hitherto been necessary to obtain that which is here brought together. So that henceforward any person may, without other help than Sismondi's two neat volumes, come to a correct understanding of one of the most important and distinct, as well as dark, periods of time. The earlier half of the middle ages appear to our eyes as a chaos, but the author draws from it the most valuable reflections; one of which is, that the waters that once covered the earth may overflow it again. All that we possess at this day was possessed by the Roman world. The matters embraced and suggested by these volumes are therefore mighty: nor could any one handle them with greater power than the author, who has made them the theme of long study and deep research.

The Autobiography of Jack Ketch; with fourteen Illustrations, from Designs by Meadows. London: Chur-ton. 1835.

Talent, of which this volume contains undeniable proofs, both as respects author and illustrator, will not of itself render a book good or pleasant. Taste is also requisite, and this we think sadly violated in the handling, as well as the choice of the subject before us. From the portrait of the autobiographer, facing the title-page, all through to the end of the volume, one feeling of disgust has pervaded our perusal of it. Scenes of low and horrible amount cannot, when unrelieved by appeals to the nobler and finer sympathies of humanity, be regarded as instructive, even although they may be faithful. There is, to be sure, an amiable character introduced in Catherine, but it is a most improbable thing that any such being could be the wife of Ketch. The descriptions of the horrible events crowded into the work are made to be more revolting than necessary, even to their due effect, by a laborious use of extravagant phraseology. Take as a specimen the following passage:—

"I could not bear that look; but collecting all my force, thrust my antagonist from me, and dashed the knife into his throat—once, twice, and again the third time. My victim fell heavily to the earth, the blood gushing and rolling around him in frothy and bubbling profusion. I looked up, and the very heavens seemed to be, nay, were, rent asunder, and mingled blood and fire streamed with a hissing sound in the firmament!"

And this is no solitary example, but characteristic of the best portions of the book. There is, instead of a solemn lesson taught by such details, nothing but unutterable shudders belonging to sights of butchery.

We observe that the author threatens the world with a publication of "The Ketch Papers," should the present work be favourably received: for be it known, that this autobiography comes down only to the period when Jack becomes a "finisher of the law." But we long not for them.

*Three Years in the Pacific, containing notices of Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, &c. in 1831, 32, 33 and 34. By an officer of the United States Navy. 2 Vols. 8vo.**

This is one of the cleverest and most unpretending books we have read for a long time past. The author is a sensible, plain, straight forward, matter of fact man, who sees every thing with a cool, unprejudiced eye; has attached himself to facts, and divested his narrative of all political bias, and all vain theories. His object seems to have been the elucidation, by facts, of the social progress in South America, since those countries have shaken off the domination of Spain. There is much vigour in his descriptions, and the most delightful lucidity. The information he gives is in a great part new, although so much has already been published concerning the South American states. As in a commercial point of view these countries must interest us highly, the work before us is one of great and general utility. That it will be extensively read there can be no doubt, and we can assure our readers that, far from consisting of mere dry details, it is full of picturesque, animated, and highly interesting descriptions and anecdotes. To ourselves, it proved so attractive, that we read both volumes through at a single sitting, thereby depriving ourselves of sleep for a whole night.—*Court Magazine.*

Bowers's Naval Adventures †

"Five and thirty years' service and a lieutenant still! Marry, but this is the hardest of all fates, and in a land too where a sailor fills the throne! Lieutenant Bowers is as genuine a tar as we could wish to become acquainted with. He has all the characteristic marks of the true sailor about him, that is to say, a seaman from choice, and the love of adventure. His style is highly creditable to his talents and acquirements, and will surprise those who, like ourselves, will have learned to comprehend the extent of the attention which he was under the necessity of devoting to very different matters."—*London Monthly Review.*

Fine Arts.

STUMP-LITHOGRAPHY AND ZINCOGRAPHY.

A new mode of multiplying the *original* works of great artists, is valuable in proportion to its ease and effectiveness. Originality is a quality justly prized in a work of art. We prefer an original to a copy, as we should an author's own words to a translation; we have the artist's ideas developed in his proper style. The real lover of art would not exchange the slightest scrap of an etching by REMBRANDT, or of a sketch by any other fine painter, for the most finished engraving from one of their pictures. Etching was the only means open to the old painters of multiplying their designs; and it had these two objections—it required a considerable degree of mechanical skill and labour, and it obliged the artist to adapt his style to the material, so that his hand was not so apparent. The discovery of lithography gave to every artist who could handle a crayon or a pen the means of multiplying his sketches without altering his style. He

had only to draw upon stone instead of on paper, and the printer did the rest. This facility has been made available to the production of *original* sketches by continental artists to a great extent; but British painters, who are less practised in the use of the crayon, have made comparatively little use of lithography for this purpose—which is one of its greatest advantages—and it has been chiefly employed by draughtsmen and copyists. This is in some degree accounted for also by the fact that many eminent artists, besides being so weak as to fancy that they would be descending from their dignity by having recourse to lithography, entertain the notion that by multiplying their sketches they would lessen the value of their finished pictures; which is certainly not paying their more elaborate works a very high compliment.

The success that attended the publication of his *Sketches by Prout*, has turned the attention of other talented artists to lithography as a medium for multiplying their works. John Lewis, whose scenes in Spain formed a prominent feature of the last water-colour exhibition, is about to publish lithographic fac-similes of his sketches of the Alhambra, made by Harding, Gauci, and others, under his direction, and partly by himself. By no other means could he have produced such perfect imitations of his first sketches: and by working on the stone himself, he is enabled to give, not only the precise effect he wishes, but his own peculiar touch.

Harding, whose fame is based upon his lithographic drawings, and whose practice as a draughtsman has combined with his original talent to give him an unrivalled mastery as a finished sketcher from nature, is also engaged in multiplying a selection from his "Sketches at Home and Abroad," in a style of lithography at once novel and beautiful in effect, and easy and rapid in execution; and in which he may boast of having produced the first successful attempt. We have called it stump-lithography, by way of distinguishing it from the crayon and pen-and-ink styles. It is an extension and improvement of the chalk manner, by introducing the use of the stump in blending and softening the tints. The effect is to combine something of the rich velvet smoothness of mezzotint, and of the purity and delicacy of aquatint engraving, with the vigour and crispness of crayon and the sharpness and decision of the ink touches. Thus every variety of texture as well as gradation of tint can be produced in one drawing. This style is susceptible of the utmost freedom of handling; and the ease and rapidity by which effects may be produced is surprising, and would alone entitle it to attention. Besides being a new feature in lithography, too, it extends its advantages to those artists who are unaccustomed to the use of the crayon in finished drawing, or are averse to the labour of working with the point. The specimen we have seen is remarkable for clearness and transparency of tint, brilliant effect, and a mellowness of tone that has rarely been seen in lithography. There is less than we should have expected of that smokiness which is in a degree inseparable from the use of the stump; neither is there such an appearance of smudginess as is observable, in the attempts at producing tints by rubbing, in some of Harding's Drawing-Books: in those he tried to accomplish with the ordinary chalk what is now produced with a softer material.

This mode of lithography has been often tried, but never successfully until now. The French could come no nearer than a coarse and smudgy mezzotint, produced by rubbing the tints of a drawing, after it was completed with the crayon, into one black smear, and then scraping out the forms in white and accenting the dark parts with touches of ink. But little labour was thus saved, and the effect was most disagreeable. In this new style, the stump is either used alone, in skies and distances, or is only applied to those touches of crayon which require blending into a mass; while in other parts, as the fore-

* Published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

† Will be published immediately in Waldie's Select Circulating Library.

grounds for example, the crayon touches may remain in their original crispness.

To Hullmandel belongs the credit of having matured this new mode of lithography, which he first essayed twelve years ago. He has been greatly assisted, however, by Harding; who, perceiving the advantages promised by this addition to the powers of lithography, and being anxious to avail himself of them, went hand in hand with him in his experiments.

We have this week also seen a specimen of zincography, in which the defect of scratchiness, that we pointed out in the plates to Loudon's *Arboretum*, and which belonged to the material, as we suspected, is entirely avoided,—thus proving that for ordinary purposes zinc is as good as stone. Zincography only differs from lithography in the substitution of the zinc plates. These plates are granulated as the stones are; the same greasy chalk, or ink, is used for drawing; and the process of printing is the same. The advantages of zinc are, that the plates are much more portable and also cheaper than stone. Zinc also imbibes grease more greedily than stone; and, therefore, not only does the slightest touch print, but the plates consequently yield a much greater number of impressions than stone. These are points of preference, which for slight and ordinary chalk sketches, pen-and-ink drawings, and writings, render it superior to stone; but in the case of delicate and elaborate drawings its drawbacks would seem to more than counterbalance its advantages. Zinc does not appear to be susceptible of that deep grain so necessary for drawings to be highly wrought; and the cold leaden hue of the metal, so different from the pure warm neutral tint of the stone, makes it difficult for the artist to perceive the precise value of the tint he is producing. Unless these defects can be removed, it will be impossible to attain on zinc that perfect union of depth and delicacy which Lane has become so famous for producing on stone. Moreover, all the impressions we have hitherto seen from zinc have a dead and dull look; the dark tints are heavy and muzzy, producing a monotonous effect, very different from the variety and transparency of tint and brilliant effect of the finest specimens of Lane and Harding's lithography. This defect appears to be inseparable from the metallic substance.

Zincography is not a new discovery. Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, employed it; and sold his process to more than one person in London, where it was made trial of fourteen years ago. But zinc was abandoned for stone, on account of its defects, and that at a time when the difficulties of lithography were much more formidable, and its beauties far less conspicuous than now. As an adjunct to stone, as steel is to copper, zinc, however, is now likely to be extensively used for ordinary purposes, and where great numbers of impressions are required: the lithographers are all availing themselves of its advantages.

PICTORIAL PERIODICALS.

The embellishments of Allan Cunningham's edition of the Works of Burns, are now published separately, for the benefit of those who wish to ornament other editions. The *Landscape Illustrations of Burns*, will be completed in three parts, the first of which is before us. It contains Nasmyth's portrait of Burns,—which Allan tells us is the best and truest likeness of the poet, though it is too tame; a pretty view of the "clay biggin," where he was born, by Stothard; his monument, and three ornamental landscapes, by D. O. Hill,—who, with an ambition to emulate Turner, shows a poetical perception of nature, and power to do justice to it: witness the sun-light in the view of Lincluden College, and the stream and the distance in that of the Braes of Ballochmyle. His foregrounds, however, are very artificial; and he dresses up the dark and wild tresses of Scotia in the style of the trim foliage of Beulah Spa.

The popularity of George Cruikshank's *Seraps and Sketches*, and the success of Alfred Crowquill's imitations of them, has induced another anonymous etcher, who styles himself A Graver, to put forth a series of "facetious designs," as he complaisantly terms them, under the title of *Faricalities*. They have neither the humour and point of the inimitable Cruikshank, nor the artist-like skill of Crowquill. Indeed, the graver does not hit off the comic points either of character, costume, or incident successfully. The only merit of the *Faricalities* is in the punning titles; the best of which is "Ancient and modern bill-men,"—a group composed of a couple of soldiers armed with the weapon called a bill, a bill-sticker and placard-bearer.

Notabilia.

AGRICULTURAL MUSEUMS.—Much interest has been excited, and much utility is likely to be derived from the institution of agricultural museums; one on an extensive scale has been opened in Edinburgh by a Mr. Lawson, and several others exist in Great Britain. A mere catalogue of the names of the numerous and diversified productions of the wonderful globe we inhabit, could afford little interest; but in these museums short descriptions or notices respecting the properties of such as are most important are added, and the synopsis thus becomes useful. Mr. Lawson fitted up extensive apartments, and stocked them at great expense; they were first opened to the public in October, 1833; in the course of the season, the collection was inspected by upwards of two thousand individuals; it has since been greatly added to, possessing more than two thousand specimens of the various objects which interest the agriculturist, whether the produce of the soil, or the implements by which it is cultivated. Mr. L. has added a series of models; among those we notice in the catalogue "A shower machine for flower beds and fruit bushes, traps for vermin," &c.

TO EXTINGUISH FIRES.—To extinguish fires one of the first objects should be the exclusion of all fresh, and the confinement of all burnt air; suffocate the flames, remembering that burnt air is as great if not a greater enemy to combustion than even water, the one, till again mixed with oxygen, can never support flame; therefore do not open doors and break windows, but shut all tight, stopping the tops of chimneys with wet rags, blankets, &c., and thereby confine a considerable quantity of burnt air.

MARL.—It is recommended in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, that marl be calcined before it is used; a hint for our Jersey farmers.

ITCH INSECT.—Drawings of the itch insect on a greatly magnified scale, have been laid before the French Institute. It has its forelegs strongly developed, while its hind quarters are comparatively feeble; it is thus enabled to burrow under the cuticle, and to make a road for itself as it proceeds.

GREEK ANTIQUITIES.—The celebrated Bavarian architect, Von Klenze, has obtained from the Greek government an annual grant for the preservation of the antiquities of that country. Under his direction searches are making in the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, and invalid soldiers are posted to protect them from injury. The modern fortifications of the Acropolis have been demolished, but the ancient works left. By this, it is hoped, these fine relics of art may be preserved from the dangers of a bombardment. The Parthenon will be cleared in three or four years; after which the Propylea and Erichtheon will be explored. Unfortunately M. Von Klenze cannot remain long in Greece, but must return shortly to Munich, to complete the numerous works begun there under his direction.

GRAND UNDERTAKING.—According to the last accounts from Alexandria, the barrage of the Nile is going on with the greatest activity. Upwards of 12,000 labourers are at work upon the two branches of Damietta and Rosetta, and the number will be further increased. Thus will be accomplished on this land of antiquity one of the most colossal undertakings ever attempted by human industry, and from which the prosperity of Egypt will become unbounded, by mastering the father of rivers, and regulating its inundations. This great work will be completed by the projected iron rail-road from Cairo to Suez.—*London paper.*

RELICS.—A very interesting little casket of relics has been sent us, by Mr. J. Doubleday, of Great Russell Street—a sort of *multum-in-parvo* memorial of the houses of lords and commons—the box itself is made from a beam of the painted chamber, with a brass escutcheon formed out of the relics of the chandelier of the house of lords—it contains an impression of the old seal of St. Stephen's chapel, from a charter of the time of Richard the Third, cast in lead from the roof of the building lately destroyed—and the authenticity of the materials is supported, by the order from the office of woods and forests, for their delivery, which has been offered for our inspection.

PORTRAIT OF COPERNICUS.—The original portrait of the famous astronomer, Copernicus, has been discovered at Dantzic, in moving a cabinet of curiosities and natural history.

HEBER'S LIBRARY.—The sale of the fourth part of Mr. Heber's library was concluded on Wednesday, and realised between seven and eight hundred pounds.

LAFITTE'S PICTURES.—The sale of M. Lafitte's pictures has terminated advantageously; the prices given were, generally speaking, rather high. The fine painting of the Virgin, by Andrea del Sarto, was knocked down at 42,000 francs (nearly 1,700*l.* sterling).

TURKISH JEST.—The khojah one day stole into a garden, and began to plunder it; he filled a sack with the turnips and carrots, and then began to thrust them into his bosom. In the midst of his work he was surprised by the proprietor, who furiously ran up, and seizing him, exclaimed, "What do you want here?" The khojah, at first quite confounded, at length mustered courage, and said, "A very violent blast of wind caught me up, whirled me through the air, and tumbled me down here." "Very well," said the gardener; "but (pointing to the vegetables) whence came these?" "Why," said the khojah, "the wind was so exceedingly violent that it tossed me about, and to steady myself I grasped these in my hand." "Good again," said the gardener; "but can you tell me who filled this sack?" "Ah!" replied the khojah, "I was just considering how that question should be answered when you came."

HYDRO-OXYGEN MICROSCOPE.—The light which is used for the hydro-oxygen microscope is produced by the mixture of the two gases, which are ignited and projected upon a piece of lime, producing light of extraordinary brilliancy; this is the radiant, and the rays which flow from this point are collected by means of lenses, and condensed upon the objects. This light of overpowering brilliancy was first used by Messrs. Carey & Cooper, London. Some idea may be formed of the immense power of the illuminating lens, when the fact is known that various living objects are magnified from ten thousand to two millions.

IMPROVED METHOD OF TUNING PIANO FORTES.—Among the recent new inventions announced in Paris, is an improved method of tuning pianos, which is so simple that a person with a tolerable ear may tune the instrument himself. This is effected by means of a piece of mechanism formed of pressure screws, so that the large tuning key will be no longer wanted, and be superseded by one small enough to go into a lady's work box; and

it is formed on such a principle, that the tone may be ascertained with the greatest nicety, and no risk of breaking the strings is incurred.—*Athenæum.*

DR. JOHNSON'S TOUR.—The original manuscript of Dr. Johnson's "Tour in Wales," which is the property of Archdeacon Butler, of Shrewsbury, is now in possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street. In this age of autographs it is a great literary curiosity.

MAGNA CHARTA.—A splendid illuminated copy of Magna Charta is now in the market, which is stated to have been put together at a cost of five hundred guineas, the binding alone having cost fifty.

LIBRARY AT ALTHORP.—The library at Althorp occupies a suite of apartments on the ground floor, of which the entire length, from the extremity of the first apartment, called the long library, to that of the fifth, or last apartment called the Gothic library, cannot be less than two hundred and twenty feet. These rooms are filled to the very ceiling, and cannot contain fewer than sixty thousand volumes, now that the books have been removed thither from the mansion in St. James's place. They must have cost Lord Spencer considerably more than 200,000*l.* His lordship does not even mention his library in his last will; but the present earl, who was deeply and most affectionately attached to his father, although he does not appear to have devoted much time to the study of bibliography, is determined to preserve this imperishable monument of the fine taste and learning of his excellent parent entire.

POMPEII—Naples, January. The excavations at Pompeii have again produced very important discoveries. In the house called that of Ariadne a magnificent sacrum has been found. The niche for the image of the tutelary divinity is at the back. On the sides are paintings of a Leda and a priestess, who is in the act of offering a sacrifice, assisted by a girl, who has the sacred utensils in her hands. Some ornaments, in a very elegant and delicate style, of a yellow colour on a red ground, are introduced as borders in the intervals of these representations.

In the house called that of Dedalus, the walls of a garden have been discovered. They are covered with magnificent landscapes. The first gives the prospect of a temple—which is extremely interesting on account of its details, and which seems to be dedicated to Apollo, whose statue stands near the entrance. On one side is a pond in which many wild ducks are swimming; and on the other a river in which are seen some cows. The second landscape is a delicious marine view in Sicily. Polyphemus is on the shore. Galatea, seated on a dolphin in the midst of the waves, seems to be listening to the singing of the Cyclops.

A combat of wild beasts in an amphitheatre is painted in large dimensions. A majestic bull is running from a lion which pursues him, but a tiger, more swift, has already seized him under the belly. Meantime a courageous *bestiarius* strikes with his lance a wild boar upon the snout, from which the blood spouts up. A little further off, a second huntsman has laid at his feet a bear, in whose body a spear remains, while another bear is flying in terror. Two stags are standing still, as if contemplating the destruction of their enemies. The compartments between the landscape and the hunting-piece are filled with figures of helmets, drums, and two small palms. The top of the wall is finished with some cornices of stucco, of elegant workmanship, and painted with various colours, which produce a wonderful effect.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, Feb. 24.—Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., President, in the chair. An interesting paper, by Dr. Macmichael, on the Harveian preparations, preserved in the museum of the college, was read. The preparations, which were exhibited in the gallery, consist of six large boards, upon which are laid the various blood vessels and nerves, carefully dissected from the human

body: in one of which the semilunar valves of the aorta are still distinctly to be perceived. They are supposed to have been made by the immortal discoverer of the circulation himself, or at least under his immediate inspection; and were presented to the college, in 1823, by the Earl of Winchelsea, the direct descendant of Harvey.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The receipts of this institution during the year 1833 have amounted to 23,220*l.*, including the parliamentary grant of 16,844*l.*; the expenses have been 19,484*l.*; leaving in hand a surplus of 3736*l.* Among the receipts is 462*l.* for the sale of museum publications, being 263*l.* more than the estimate. During the year, 2359*l.* was expended in the purchase of books and manuscripts, including 425*l.* for the price and framing of Egyptian papyri; 1840*l.* for antiquities and coins, with cabinets; and 1026*l.* for purchases in natural history. The estimated expenditure for the year 1834, will require a parliamentary grant of 17,017*l.*, the institution being provided with funds to cover the difference between that sum and the total estimated expenditure of 22,777*l.*

The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum has been more than doubled since 1831; it was in that year 99,912; in 1832, 147,596; and in 1833, 210,495. The number of visits to the reading rooms, for the purpose of study or research, was 46,800 in 1832, and 58,800 in 1833. The number of visits, by artists and students, to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, was 4740 in 1832, and 4490 in 1833. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4400 in 1832, and about 2900 in 1833.

NEW MODE OF EMBALMING THE DEAD.—The public journals have already spoken of the new method of embalming, by which Dr. Tronbina, of Palermo, preserves a dead body for two months, free from any symptom of corruption. It has been said, that, without opening the body, he prepared a corpse in less than two hours, according to his method, and delivered it to the university, in order to remove every doubt of the efficacy of his proceeding. A letter from Palermo, of the 24th of May, confirms the result of the experiment upon a subject which had been embalmed two months and four days, and was in perfect preservation. Externally, a small incision, about half an inch in length, was observed in the neck; the face was rather dried, and also the toes, which seemed to be hard, and of a brownish colour; the pupils of the eyes were covered with a darkish wrinkled skin; the rest of the body retained its natural colour, and the perfect pliability of all the limbs. On opening the skull, the blood issued as red and as fluid as from a person just dead; the dura mater was white and shining; the mass of the brain beneath so fresh, that it could scarcely have been believed to belong to the dead: externally, it was gray, as usual; internally, throughout, white; and the veins as visible, red, and defined, as in a quite fresh brain. On opening the chest and abdomen, the heart and lungs were in the same natural state; and the intestines, which first turned black immediately after death, were precisely those that were in the best state of preservation—white, soft, shining, inodorous, though they contained some fluid matter which should have promoted their corruption. The liver, kidneys, &c. were quite fresh. The attentive silence with which all the spectators (about 500 persons, in the dissecting-room of the university) had regarded the examination was intermingled with true Italian vivacity, by long and repeated *evvivas* to the doctor.

SWEEPS.—The chimney of a house in Devonshire Street, Lisson Grove, was found to be on fire, the other day; and a sweep, in the same neighbourhood was sent for to extinguish the flames. For this purpose he descended the flue from the roof; but when about half-way down, he stuck so fast that he found it impossible to move. His cries brought assistance; when it became necessary to break a hole in the chimney with

pickaxes, &c. Full three quarters of an hour elapsed before he was released from his perilous and dreadful situation: he was found nearly suffocated, his clothes were on fire, and his person burnt in several places. Medical assistance was promptly procured, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—There is not, perhaps, on record, an accident attended by a more providential escape from instant death than the one we are about to speak of, which occurred at Pontefract, on the evening of Thursday, the 18th ult. A workman and a boy about fourteen years of age, an apprentice to Mr. Beviitt, iron founder, were engaged in making some alterations in a pump, in a well newly made, about twenty-three yards deep. The boy was holding a candle, and looking up to the mouth of the well at the moment that a pair of smith's tongs fell from the top. The tongs were, as usual, of iron, and one of the handles perforated the leather peak of the boy's cap, and entered just above the eyebrows, passing through the socket and the palate-bone into the mouth, opposite the second molar tooth, slightly wounding the tongue, through the muscles and skin, the iron appearing three inches below the under jaw, having just reached the sternum. In this situation was the poor boy, (with the tongs standing two feet above his head,) until the arrival of two medical men, several attempts having been made, in the interim, by the workmen to withdraw the iron tongs, but without effect. In the presence of the medical men, and by an immense force, they were extracted, and the lad appeared quite relieved. He afterwards walked nimbly up stairs to bed, and the proper dressings were applied, and since that time no untoward symptom has appeared. The eye seems to have sustained little injury.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

SERPENT STONE.—Mr. Bennet, Jr. of Weymouth, has in his possession what has been sought after with the most persevering research by naturalists, but hitherto without success, the *head and shoulders of a fossil amonite*, (serpent stone) in a wonderful state of preservation. The discriminating characteristics of the animal are as perfect as if taken from a recent subject, and present a specimen unique, and as beautiful as it is rare, of this interesting species, considered by many philosophers as an inhabitant of a former world, and at the present time totally extinct. The discovery will be of infinite importance in completing the class, genera, and species of this family, heretofore dubious for want of the desideratum now fortunately obtained.

MALTHUS.—The celebrated clergyman Malthus, recently dead at Bath, and the founder, or rather perfecter of a theory which has produced a greater sensation than all that has been written by other political economists, is scarcely cold in his grave before new aspirants come forward to claim a portion of the laurels which adorned his reputation. No greater compliment could be paid to the truth and profundity of the doctrines he advanced, however unpalatable and humiliating they may be to our vanity and pride. It now appears that Malthus, like Fulton, obtained his first notions from other writers, viz. Sir Matthew Hale, Ortes, an Italian, Townsend, several French writers, Moeser, a German, &c. &c.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—We take the following from the *Spectateur de Dijon*:—"A letter from Charolles states that on the 27th ult., towards the end of a patriotic dinner given in the town, at which a great many officers of the national guard were present, M. Vitrier, the clerk of a notary, wearing the uniform of the corps, rose, and brandishing his sabre, proposed in a loud voice, the following audacious toast—'*A celui qui plongera un poignard dans le sein de Louis Philippe*?' and, strange to say, not a single person present protested against this gross outrage. The public at large, however, are filled with indignation against the whole party, and the Procureur du Roi has instituted an enquiry into the matter."

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The Lyons Journals give the following singular account of a rebellion by the Sisters of Charity attached to the Hospital of the Hotel Dieu in that city. One of the sisters was condemned to be expelled from the house for disobedience of the orders of the administration. The rest conceiving that the sentence was unjust, resolved to oppose its execution, and would not suffer the delinquent to depart. In the evening of the 31st ult., the Commissioner of Police went to enforce the order of expulsion. He, however, was immediately surrounded by the whole sisterhood, who attacked him with the two most cutting feminine weapons—their tongues and their nails. They even sounded the tocsin, and called the fevered patients of the house to their aid, so that the commissary was glad to escape from their clutches, leaving the refractory sisters and their *protégée* in possession of the field of battle.

MRS. SIDONS.—The London Courier furnishes the following hitherto unpublished statement from Mrs. Sidons, as her reasons for not having left more private details in her memoirs.

"The retrospect of my domestic life (made up of sicknesses, sorrows and deaths,) is too painful to my feelings to dwell upon; too sacred, also, and delicate for general communication. That of a less private nature, and of brighter events, would associate me with persons too august, too noble, and too illustrious, for me to presume to mingle them with the private details of so inconsiderable a person as myself; so that nothing remains for me to communicate, except mere common-place, and events already partly known. When I am laid low, however, even this imperfect sketch may perhaps have some interest for those very few persons who still survive to remember me; and by a very few, alas! can I or my particular qualities be at this time recollected."

THEATRICAL COLOURED FLAME.—The Journal des Connaissances Usuelles gives the following processes for producing various coloured flames at theatres: flame of a red tinge, like carmine, is produced by burning three parts of alcohol with one of the nitrate or hydrochlorate of strontium. Red, the same proportion of cinnabar and alcohol; sulphate of soda with alcohol will produce the same light at a less intensity. Orange colour is obtained by the combination of alcohol with hydrochlorate of calcined soda. Yellow, by alcohol and nearly all the hydro-chlorates, in proportion of one of the first to three of the last. An emerald green, with alcohol and nitrate of copper; green, with alcohol and hydrochlorate of copper; blue, with alcohol and boracic acid.

BELLINI.—Bellini, author of the music of the Puritani, has just been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

CAMPBELL.—Campbell, the Poet has been for some time at Algiers studying the manners of the Arabs—preparatory, it is said to a poem which he has in contemplation; an announcement which all lovers of literature will be delighted to hear. It seems he has been enjoying, with all a poet's ecstasy, the novelties of Algiers and the splendour of its neighbouring scenery, which he has frequently explored in his rides among the hills, amid the magnificence of the lofty palm and banana, and the luxuriance of the vine, the fig-tree, and the myrtle. He is recovered from his illness, which was the effect of severe cold, and he returns by way of Tunis, Sicily, Greece, and Italy, to England, in the end of the month of May.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

BRITISH SURGERY.—From the report of the proceedings of the institute of France, we learn that of fifty-seven members, forwarded by the competitors for the monthly legacy, the commission had decided that that of B. Phillips, Esq., of Wimpole-street, was entitled to the first place. The subject of his essay was "a mode of curing aneurismal tumours, without ligature

or the knife, by passing through the sac, one, two, or more, threads of silk."—*Medical Gazette*.

ILLEGITIMATE.—For the first time, a return was made in the last census of the number of illegitimate births occurring in Great Britain. There were 20,039 of them in the year 1830, in the proportion of 41 males to 40 females; as compared with legitimate births, they are reckoned as 1 in 18 for the whole of England and Wales. The minimum of illegitimate births is in Middlesex, and the maximum in Wales.—*Id.*

STEAM-CARRIAGE.—M. Asda's steam-carriage departed yesterday from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and took its route through the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Champs Elysées to Neuilly, where the ingenious proprietor was introduced to the king by Col. d'Houdetot, who after his majesty had minutely examined the construction and machinery, in all its details, entered the carriage, which ran a space of 1,600 metres in eight minutes. The king and queen congratulated M. Asda on the success of his invention, and presented him with a gold snuff-box ornamented with their initials, in testimony of their satisfaction. The carriage, in returning, took twenty-two minutes to run from the king's palace at Neuilly to the Place de la Concorde.

HOMICIDE BY A PHYSICIAN.—A case was tried last week before the Correctional Chamber of Paris, involving a serious charge of homicide by imprudence. A medical man was called in to a child, three years and a half old, which was suffering under fever. A prescription was written, in which it was intended to order for a lavement eight grains of sulphate of quinine, with a few drops of laudanum. But the prescriber having just previously been engaged in a warm conversation with a medical friend concerning acetate of morphine, inadvertently wrote down that potent drug instead of the quinine in the prescription. The apothecary who dispensed it did nothing towards rectifying the error, except reducing the quantity to five grains. Scarcely was the lavement administered, when the child experienced a sinking sensation; the skin became of a violet hue, and was covered with large drops of perspiration. Convulsions ensued, and death with great agony in a few hours. The Court severely censured the apothecary for making up a prescription so palpably incorrect; but, owing to the mitigatory circumstances, the accused prescriber was let off with a fine of 600 francs, and costs.—*Medical Gazette*.

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL SCULPTOR.—The following is a genuine copy of a letter presented to the committee appointed by the Dublin Society for erecting a bust of the late Mr. Kirwan, the naturalist, who had been President of the Society:—

"To the Committee appointed to see Mr. Kirwan's bust done by the Dublin Library Society. Please your Honours, I send no advertisement in the Freeman's Journal till yesterday, wherein I observed that all statues should send in their proposals for doing a bust of one Mr. Kirwan, what died lately in the town. Now there's not a man in Dublin what could do it cheaper nor neiter than I myself, and why? because I ave a boy that is just grown a man, and out of his time, named Tim, and can work as well as myself; and if your Honours wants to see any of my work, go any day to James' Church, where yule see a head stone whats lately put up over one Mister Banks, with death on one side, and Time with his our glass and sigh on the other. I did Death, and Tim did Time, and I dese any man to do them better. If your Honours intend to employ me, send to me at No. 23, Patrick's-close, one pair back, and if I or Tim be out, Misses Casee will take in any message."

MR. BARROW NO LONGER MR. BARROW.—We have much pleasure in stating that the worthy secretary of the admiralty has been created a baronet, not only as a reward for his long public services, but as a distinction justly earned by his eminent literary and scientific ac-

quirements. To the honour of his majesty be it told, that it was altogether unsolicited.

MR. SOUTHEY.—We have also reason to believe that the same distinction has been offered to Mr. Southey.

DR. ROBERT MORRISON.—Died on the 1st of August, at Canton, this most eminent of Chinese scholars. He had resided for many years at Macao and Canton as a protestant missionary; and to his learning and industry the world is indebted for the *Hora Sinica*, the *Dictionary of Chinese*, and other works of great interest and value.

FINE ARTS.—One of the most exquisite productions of modern art is a colossal group, modeled at Rome by a young French sculptor of the name of Itey, representing Cain after his sentence of reprobation, surrounded by his wife and children,—a work displaying the highest imaginative powers, and no less remarkable for knowledge of the art. This admirable work has now been twelve months in Paris, exciting universal admiration; but, unfortunately, the young sculptor has received no commission from government (and in France private patrons are rare) to embody his majestic design in marble. This effort will probably be left to the patronage of some English amateur. The group is of about the dimensions of the Laocoon, and is disposed somewhat after the form of Carew's Vulcan and Venus.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—Sir Edward Thomsen has had the gratification to receive a letter from his excellency the President of the United States, expressing, in the most complimentary terms, his approbation of Sir Edward's medallion work, illustrative of the Holy Scriptures. The president has also done Sir Edward the honour to present him with a splendid portrait of himself, painted by the celebrated American artist, Colonel R. E. W. Earl. The president is painted in the military costume of the Revolution, as most appropriate, he being the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. On the back-ground of the picture is represented a distant view of the city of Washington, and on the scabbard of the sword is inscribed the celebrated sentiment given by the President, at the Jefferson birth-day dinner on the 13th of April, 1830—"The Federal Union must be preserved."—*Athenaeum*.

LOUIS PHILIP'S PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS.—Louis Philip has lately sat to Gerard for his portrait, which is finished, and has been placed in the Louvre. Connoisseurs, however, say, that the artist has not treated the subject with his usual success, for though the portrait is a likeness, there is a stiffness and awkwardness about it, which have an unpleasant effect. The *artiste*, in reference to this portrait, notices as a remarkable circumstance, that it is placed in the Louvre quite in an opposite direction to that where the portraits of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth were hung. The King of the French patronises the fine arts to a greater extent than ever. When Duke of Orleans, he had a very fine collection of paintings, by Horace, Vernet, David, and various other modern artists, besides many of the old masters.

QUICKSILVER VERSUS STEAM POWER.—The Earl of Dundonald, (better known as Lord Cochrane,) was examined, last session, before the commons' committee, on steam navigation to India. His lordship, among other matters, said he had projected "a substitute for steam," as well as "a new mode of propelling vessels." The substitute for steam is quicksilver; and he employs it "to produce power by exhausting one vessel and compressing air in another, thus forming an atmospheric plenum and a vacuum, which will produce the same effect as the plenum and vacuum formed by the generation of steam and its condensation. This plan, (superseding the necessity of carrying coals) he added, is peculiarly adapted to agitated water, like the sea. The plan may be wholly worked without fuel. The evidence and papers are too long for extract, but his lordship concludes

this part of his evidence with stating, that "vessels filled with quicksilver apparatus might be provided with sails of the usual kind; there would be no smoke nor any fire, and there need be no indications from their external appearance that they are equipped in any other manner than as sailing vessels. As to the method of propelling *without paddle wheels*, (his lordship says) I should be happy to lay it before the committee, were my patent right secured."

DISCOVERIES IN INDIA.—A French paper states, that a Russian traveller, M. Honigberger, who recently travelled through India, has made some curious discoveries. Besides a collection of antiques in marble, bronze, and sculptured stone, M. Honigberger has brought home some rare medals, two of which are of gold. One of these medals, which he found among the stone monuments, in the environs of Kabúl, may be regarded as an important discovery, as it bears the effigy of a king (Kadphises) with whose name, Europeans have hitherto been unacquainted; nor has it been mentioned in history; on the obverse is the bust of an old man. His head is bald, and there is no emblem of royalty about him. The head is surrounded by the legend "Kadphises Basileus," and some other letters are perceptible, but not very distinctly. The reverse exhibits the figure of a naked youth, whose head bears some remains of a cap. There is an inscription on this side, in ancient Pehlevi characters. Another medal which the traveller has brought with him, represents an Indian prince at full length, who has in his right hand a species of trident. The reverse bears the effigy of a man, by whose side is an animal with horns, supposed to be the Indian sacred cow. The other portion of M. Honigberger's collection consists of Bactrian medals in silver, a large size Demetrius, a small Euthydemus, and a small Hormisdas, all of which are in tolerable preservation.

EFFECT OF FEAR ON A TIGER.—A correspondent transmits to us the following curious anecdote, which was extracted from a letter received from India:—During the dreadful storm and inundation in Bengal, in May, 1833, the estates of a Mr. Campbell, situated on the Island of Saugur, at the entrance of the river Hoogly, suffered so greatly, that out of three thousand people living on his grounds, only six or seven hundred escaped, and these principally by clinging to the roof and ceiling of his house. When the house was in this close crammed state, with scarcely room in it for another individual, what should come squeezing and pushing its way into the interior of the house but an immense tiger, with his tail hanging down, and exhibiting every other symptom of excessive fear. Having reached the room in which Mr. Campbell was sitting, he nestled himself into one of the corners, and lay down like a large Newfoundland dog. Mr. Campbell loaded his gun in a very quiet manner, and shot him dead on the spot.—*Examiner*.

TAPESTRY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—On Friday, John Ware, the porter at the house of lords, who was charged at this office, a fortnight ago, with having feloniously obtained possession of a portion of the tapestry which formerly hung against the north wall of that building, appeared before Sir F. Roe, and was fully cleared from any imputation of dishonesty. It appeared Major M'Arthur's servant had no doubt acted very improperly in disposing of the tapestry without the knowledge or consent of his master, Major M'Arthur, but it appeared that he considered it of no value whatever, and sold it as he would have disposed of an old coat, or any other worn-out article. Sir F. Roe, therefore, agreeably to the pledge he had previously given, directed that the tapestry should be restored to Mr. Thorne. Mr. Thorne then expressed, through his solicitor, every desire to meet the wishes of the government by treating for the sale of the tapestry, and was willing to take from the government 300*l.* less for the tapestry than he considered he could make by it if he were

to exhibit it in public, or sell it to a private collector of valuable relics. A negotiation was entered into between Mr. Thorn and the gentlemen who have acted on behalf of government. Nothing, however, was decided.

CHARLES X.—The negotiations of the agent of Charles X, charged to purchase the grand domain of Nachod, situated on the frontier of the county of Glatz, encircling the magnificent castle of Ratiborschütz, with all its treasures of the fine arts of Italy, are still in progress. This domain belonged to Wallenstein, and latterly to the Prince of Piccolomini. The exiled monarch is in a state of great activity, and his countenance is serene. The arrival of several strangers of distinction has restored some hope to him and his attendants, who imagine that the ministerial crisis in two great states may exercise an influence advantageous for his cause, and bring about, if not immediately and ostensibly, at least indirectly, a desirable amelioration.—*German paper.*

M. THIERS.—The reception of M. Thiers, as member of the French Academy, drew the crowd of curious folk from the chamber of deputies, and other scenes of usual interest, to the institute. So great was the crowd, that several of the illustrious were shut out. The *Garde de Sésauz* in vain endeavoured to get in; and M. Persil was, as usual, heard inveighing against the irreverence of the press for his person. M. Thiers rose at length, and indulged in a panegyric of the academy, which he chiefly lauded as contributing to that noble French unity—the peculiar characteristic and principal glory of the country. If the true object of human society be to unite together multitudes of men, to make them think, talk, and act as one individual, how magnificent must it be to behold thirty millions of men following the same law, using the same tongue, and marching together with the same step to the same end. He concluded by a touching allusion to Casimir Perier and Cuvier, both carried away in the pestilential time of the cholera. A comparison between the fates and the happiness of men of science and statesmen afforded the orator some happy phrases; and he terminated by giving his preference to the palms of Cuvier over those of Perier.

BILLINGTON AND GRASSINI.—On the retirement of Mrs. Billington and Grassini, the first with her great powers totally unimpaired, Catalani burst forth like a meteor to the amazement and delight of the musical world. On looking back, we can only compare the sensation she excited, to that caused by the first appearance of that master-spirit of instrumentalists, Paganini. Lord Mount Edgumbe does, indeed, bear his testimony against her "outrageous displays of execution," and adds an anecdote so droll, that there is no resisting it. It is given in a note to the opinion of a late noble statesman, who, hearing a remark "on the extreme difficulty of some performance, observed that he wished it was impossible."

"This *bon mot*," says Lord Mount Edgumbe in a note, "has been given to Dr. Johnson—but I have reason to know it was said by the noble lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded, confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the ancient concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it, that his brother, the bishop of W***** did, 'Oh!' replied his lordship, 'if I were as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too.'"

STEAM NAVIGATION UPON THE DANUBE.—Very gratifying accounts have recently been received of the progress of steam navigation upon this noble river. Under the auspices of the Austrian government, the whole region from Presburgh to the Black Sea, and even to Constantinople, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, has lately been opened to the influence of steam. This project was first undertaken by Count Sacchengi, a Hungarian nobleman of great fortune and very enlightened mind, who, in quest of mechanical information, has made several journeys to this country. Unlike the majority of the Hungarian

nobles, the count has exhibited the most enthusiastic devotion to the improvement of his country, by the introduction of the useful arts, and his operations for improving the navigation of the Danube have been upon a scale so vast, as to entitle him to the appellation of the Bridge-water of the German States. After expending great sums from his private fortune, he has at length received assistance in his plans from the Prince Metternich. The most active exertions are accordingly to be made for the removal of the only formidable interruption which exists to the navigation of the Danube, the rocks at the rapids between Moldava and Glendova.

NEW BALL PROJECTOR.—A French agriculturist of the name of Billot, who has assiduously cultivated the mechanical arts, has invented a machine which will discharge two thousand balls, each eight ounces in weight, per minute, or one hundred and twenty thousand in an hour, and this without the slightest intermission. The action of this formidable machine may be arrested or continued at will; the balls are discharged from four different muzzles, which may be directed upon objects at a less or greater distance from each other, or they may be brought to bear simultaneously on one and the same point. Billot's machine, however, is not capable of carrying such balls a greater distance than one hundred metres (about one hundred and ten yards,) but he asserts that he can improve it, so as to impel the same balls a distance of four hundred and fifty yards, and with a velocity scarcely inferior to that imparted by gun-powder. In this case, he adds, that he will be obliged to increase its weight from eighty to three hundred and ten pounds. He does not employ either air, spring, or combustible matter in this new projectile; and his name is of some note among the French mechanics as the inventor of the two new levers, which are to be seen in the collection of the "Société d'Encouragement" at Paris.—*U. S. Journal.*

AFRICA.—At a recent meeting of the London Geographical Society, it was stated that it had been ascertained that some of the nations of the interior of Africa were comparatively in a state of civilisation, and that the governments under which they existed were stable. Lines of investigation had by the expeditions of various travellers, been marked out on the tract now sought to be more fully explored, from the east, the west, and the south; it was an expansion of those lines that was required; it was breadth in the future researches that must be given to those lines, and the angles contained between them must be filled up. The continent of Africa had already been penetrated 1,400 miles north from the Cape of Good Hope. The countries farther north were found to be the farthest advanced in the arts of civilised life. At the distance of 1,400 miles from the cape the arts of smelting iron and copper, and of carving in ivory, were known. Commerce had penetrated in that direction nearly 1,400 miles, and a trade to the amount of £1,600 had been carried on in one expedition, though under the disadvantage of the commodities of trade having been conveyed in wagons, and not by water.

FOSSIL REMAINS.—Some remarkable fossil remains have just now been discovered in Germany, at Sagan, Leignitz, about 120 miles from Berlin. One specimen is about two feet, of a large horn (probably of the ancient *Rhinoceros leptorhinus* of Cuvier,) and was imbedded at about the depth of twenty feet in a yellow sand. Another occurred near Soran, where a beautiful *Lepidopterolite* has been found at the depth of eighteen feet. The impression of the butterfly on the flint is perfect; and it belongs to no living genus—resembling a moth more than a butterfly. A description in German, and an engraving of this interesting creature has appeared.—*London Lit. Gaz.*

STEAM ENGINES.—Alluding to the statements which have appeared in some recent numbers of the *Athenæum*, relative to the condensation of steam, we are requested by a known correspondent to state, that an apparatus has been

constructed for the purpose of condensing the waste steam that would be otherwise blown off and lost, from boilers of marine engines, and thereby producing, by a very simple arrangement, a sufficient supply of fresh water for culinary purposes, and that a further supply can be procured from the same source, for occasionally filling the boilers with fresh water. It is stated that the apparatus in question answers the purposes required extremely well, and is not liable to objection on account of bulk or weight.

FINE ARTS: PORTRAITURE.—From the last Number (XIII) of the Repertory of Patent Inventions, &c. we observe that a patent has been sealed for a newly invented machine or apparatus, by means of which a perfect facsimile of the human countenance can be immediately produced, or the exact copy of a bust or sculptured figure, or of a living or other subject, taken. Another patent, of some interest to the literary, *alias* scribbling world, is for an improvement in steel or metallic pens; so that we may all become (a consummation devoutly to be wished) better writers.

Literary Intelligence.

The most important works which start with 1835, are two Dictionaries; one by Mr. Charles Richardson, the other by Mr. James Knowles, each possessing some distinctive feature of its own, although the palm must be yielded without hesitation to the first named work.

One of the novelties of the season is Mr. Colburn's improved edition of the *Modern Novelists*; a publication which is to consist of revised and illustrated editions of some of the best works of fiction, in a handsome shape, and at a moderate price. The external appearance of the first number is attractive; the printing and paper beautiful, and the execution of the engravings superior. The subject chosen to begin with is *Pelham*; one of the most successful works of the author, and in point of character the most unique and distinctly marked. The mixture of the dandy and the philosopher, the combination of the Benthamite and the man of a coterie, are new, yet true; and the lighter passages exhibit some of the most sparkling and successful satire of Edward Bulwer. Of course these observations apply to the gay; of the grave we think as we have always thought.

Besides the novel itself, we are presented with an introductory preface, which gives an account of the circumstances that turned Mr. Bulwer's mind to authorship, as well as of his first attempts, and his unsuccessful anonymous negotiation with a "celebrated publisher." *Mortimer*, or *Memoirs of a Gentleman*, the original tale on which *Pelham* was founded, follows the Preface; and is certainly one of the most singular curiosities of letters. We do not speak of its merit, but of the perfect germ which it exhibits of all this writer's qualities. The opening passages are those of *Pelham*, almost word for word; there is the accidentally foiled elopement of his mother; and, though not so full or so skilfully applied, the sarcasms on the system of education pursued at our public schools and colleges. In short, in this story of some five-and-thirty pages, we have in the lighter parts glimpses of his sparkle, his brilliancy, his satire, and even of his eloquence; in the serious, we see his exaggeration, his substitution of incidents for events, of devils for villains, and of startling and improbable charges for the truth and consistent development of a well-studied and natural course of action.

The sixth number of *Social Evils and their Remedy*, contains the best of the Rev. C. B. Taylor's tales we have yet read. The title is "Live and Let Live, or the Manchester Weavers;" the subject a strike, or rather a succession of strikes; the chief characters, a selfish unionist

leader, who neglects his family for the paper and the pot-house—a weaver, who is a religious man and a teacher at a Sunday-school—and his friend, a deist, an influential man in strikes, but rational, and who is finally converted by Abel Cooper. In the introductory address, there is a little sinking of tone with regard to political economy, if compared with the author's former denunciations; and in the story itself he has consented to borrow some facts from Mr. Babbage, illustrative of the worldly evil of strikes.

The Annual Biography and Obituary, for the past year, contains eight-and-twenty memoirs, besides the usual brief notices of persons who had any kind of claim upon the public attention. The reading of the "Lives" is easy, and from the well-known character of the individuals, possesses a kind of personal interest; and the shorter "Deaths" have great variety.

The fourth volume of the *History of England* (in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*) is "continued from Sir James Mackintosh." It commences with the Spanish preparations for the invasion, and ends with the death of James the First. There is much specificity, and apparently a good deal of research, in this anonymous successor of Sir James. His style is neat, and his narrative distinct, without being very striking; but he has scarcely attained the mental height necessary for the historian.

A work has been published by the Rev. J. G. Lorimer, of Glasgow, called "The Past and Present Condition of Religion and Morality in the United States of America; an Argument not for Voluntary, but for Established Churches." It abounds in quotations from American writers, intended to show "the real religious state of the country."

There is to be published soon at Paris a *Hieroglyphic Grammar*, which, it is expected, will contain the conclusions established by Champollion himself and his learned coadjutors, and present the whole science of phonetic interpretation in a systematic and intelligible form, with rules clear and simple, and illustrated by plain and certain examples.

Mr. James Fennell, the writer of many interesting articles on natural history in the various periodicals devoted to that science, is preparing a work in which he proposes to display Shakspeare's knowledge of Natural History, Medicine, Chemistry, and other sciences.

Mr. Valpy has announced, in monthly volumes, a new and illustrated edition of *Pope's Works*; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem.

Ancient Chronicles.—A Chronicle of the eleventh century has, it is stated, been brought to light, after having been supposed lost. It is the original MS. of the *Cronique de St. Bavon*; and has been found at Mechlin.

In the Press.

The *Pilgrims of Walsingham*, or *Tales of the Middle Ages*, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland; the period that of Henry VIII.

A *Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales*, by J. W. Ord, Esq., author of "England," a poem.

John Murray announces "A Tour to the Prairies," by Washington Irving; *Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, a History of Architecture, by the author of "Anastasis;" *Barrow's Visit to Iceland*; *Laborde's Journey through Arabia Petrea*; *Excursions to the extreme southern and western settlements of the United States*, by G. W. Featherstonhaugh; *Scenes in Spain*, by a Citizen of Louisiana; the *Life and Correspondence of General Wolfe*, edited by Dawson Turner and Robert Southey, Esq., and numerous new editions of standard works.

Sir Grenville Temple's *Excursions in the Mediterranean*, are nearly ready for publication in London.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

The portrait of Comte D'Orsay, in the present number of the Museum, is, we are informed, a little exaggerated, but nevertheless a striking likeness; he is the son-in-law of Lady Blessington.

Most of the British literary periodicals for March have contributed to the contents of our rich and varied columns; it would be a work of supererogation to attempt to particularise each article separately in this place, but we ask especially that the reader will peruse, with attention, Part II. of William Pitt, Shakspeare in Germany, Charles Lamb, Hurdwar and Juggernaut, Recent German Belles Lettres, The Confessions of William Shakspeare, Polar Scenes, Traditions of the American War, Doctor Francia, &c., as evidences of the valuable resources which the English periodical press presents for a select reprint.

In lighter literature, we have a most pleasing variety in the present number: witness Napoleon at Fontainebleau, which embodies a tale of singular interest connected with the transactions of the emperor and a private English family; My Honourable Friend Bob; Ego; Village Choristers, a most humorous article; Japhet, and the poetry presented in our varied pages, will, we are convinced, be acceptable to most palates, and serve to impart a relish to our monthly repast.

The article on the Literature for the Blind, pleasingly as it is written, might have been rendered more perfect by statements respecting the efforts that have been made in Philadelphia to produce books adapted to their wants. These efforts have been crowned with complete success, but have not obtained as much notoriety as their originality and perfection entitle them to.

With the "Quarrels of Zoologists" we desire not to meddle, but having recently published a very eulogistic review of Audubon's book on birds, extracted from Blackwood's Magazine, we were not a little amused to find in the last number of Fraser the letter which we have inserted at page 529, from Charles Waterton, Esq., in reply to a flattering notice of the ornithologist in Jameson's Philosophical Journal, which appeared on the same day with the Blackwood article, and was scarcely less in the nature of a puff direct, bearing a family likeness as to its laudatory character. Waterton's pen is truly cutting in its satire, and from the results of such tournaments we are to look for the appearance of truth to stamp Audubon in his true character, whatever that may prove; we sincerely hope he may get out of his rattle-snake and other difficulties with honour: let us wait for the veracious effects of *time*. In the interim, to complete the chain of facts, we insert

some additional extracts from Jameson's Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for April, 1827, because the article quoted by Waterton is now generally forgotten, and many persons may doubt Mr. A.'s having written as Waterton has quoted him. In the Journal of the foregoing date, Audubon says:—

"Rattlesnakes hunt and secure for their prey, with ease, grey squirrels that abound in our woods; therefore they must be possessed of swiftness to obtain them. Having enjoyed the pleasure of beholding such a chase in full view in the year 1821, I shall detail its circumstances. Whilst lying on the ground to watch the habits of a bird which was new to me, previous to shooting it, I heard a smart rustling not far from me, and turning my head that way, saw, at the same moment, a grey squirrel full grown, issuing from the thicket, and bounding off, in a straight direction, in leaps of several feet at a time; and, not more than twenty feet behind, a rattle-snake of ordinary size pursuing, drawn apparently out to its full length, and sliding over the ground so rapidly, that, as they both moved away from me, I was at no loss to observe the snake gain upon the squirrel. The squirrel made for a tree, and ascended to its topmost branches as nimbly as squirrels are known to do. The snake performed the same task considerably more slowly, yet so fast that the squirrel never raised its tail nor barked, but eyed the enemy attentively as he mounted and approached. When within a few yards, the squirrel leaped to another branch, and the snake followed by stretching out full two thirds of its body, whilst the remainder held it securely from falling. Passing thus from branch to branch, with a rapidity that astonished me, the squirrel went in and out of several holes, but remained in none—knowing well that, wherever its head could enter, the body of his antagonist would follow; and, at last, much exhausted and terrified, took a desperate leap, and came to the earth with legs and tail spread to their utmost to ease the fall. That instant the snake dropped also, and was within a few yards of the squirrel before it had begun making off. The chase on land again took place, and ere the squirrel could reach another tree, the snake had seized it by the back near the occiput, and soon rolled itself about it in such a way, that, although I heard the cries of the victim, I scarcely saw any portion of its body. So full of its ultimate object was the snake, that it paid no attention to me, and I approached it to see in what manner it would dispose of its prey. A few minutes elapsed, when I saw the reptile loosening gradually and opening its folded coils, until the squirrel was left entirely disengaged, having been killed by suffocation. The snake then raised a few inches of its body from the ground, and passed its head over the dead animal in various ways, to assure itself that life had departed; it then took the end of the squirrel's tail, swallowed it gradually, bringing first one, and then the other of the hind legs parallel with it, and sucked with difficulty, and for some time, at them and the rump of the animal, until its jaws became so expanded that, after this, it swallowed the whole remaining parts with apparent ease.

"This mass of food was removed several inches from the head in the stomach of the snake, and gave it the appearance of a rouleau of money brought from both ends of a purse towards its centre; for, immediately after the operation of swallowing was completed, the jaws and neck resumed their former appearance. The snake then attempted to move off, but this was next to impossible; when, having cut a twig, I went up to it and tapped it on the head, which it raised, as well as its tail, and began for the first time to rattle. I was satisfied that for

some lapse of time it could not remove far, and that the woods being here rather thin, it would soon become the victim of a vulture. I then killed it, and cut it open to see how the squirrel lay within. I had remarked, that, after the process of swallowing was completed, singular movements of the whole body had taken place,—a kind of going to and fro for a while, not unlike the convulsive motions of a sick animal—as a dog, for instance, about to vomit. I concluded that some internal and necessary operation was going on. This was proved when I found the squirrel lying perfectly smooth, even as to its hair, from its nose to the tip of its tail. I noted all this on the spot. This over, I sought my game again, and felt a great satisfaction; but having met my friend Mr. James Perry, on whose lands in the state of Louisiana I was then hunting, and having related what had just happened, he laughingly said, 'Why, my dear sir, I could have told you this long ago, it being nothing new to me.' These facts, I trust, are quite sufficient to exemplify the faculties of swiftness, and the powers of extension and diminution, in the rattlesnake.

"In regard to quickness of sight—I have several times discovered a snake to be near me, from a sudden and brisk rustling amongst the dead leaves or grass, as a vulture or fork-tailed falcon was passing over the place in search of food, and by close investigation discovered that some snake had made away to hide under a log, root, or stone, from its winged enemy; for, after being satisfied that the noise thus heard was produced by snakes labouring to escape through fear, I have remained snug and silent, and have seen them issue from their covert when the vulture had gone by. But, further, I have frequently seen them move their heads sidewise, looking up to the trees, and discovered that they were then in search of birds' nests; and so watchful of the parents' motions, that, as if afraid to suffer by the encounter with a bird of size and power, they made choice of the time when both parents were absent, to ascend and rob them either of the young or the eggs, if not fully laid and ready for incubation. Should the snake, in such attempts, be perceived by the owners of the nest, their cries of alarm and attack are heard through the woods, and so many other birds assemble and pour in from all sides, that it becomes nearly impossible for the snakes to make good their retreat. I shall merely add that those battles and defeats are corroborated by one of our most eminent naturalists in America."

He continues further on:—

"Periodical torpidity in snakes, as in almost all animals subject to it, has been wisely ordered, on account of the very slow growth granted to most of them. Snakes, as well as alligators, increase in size very slowly, and are consequently long-lived;—but how transient, if needed, this most wonderful power granted them to live, to die (as it were), and to live again, is, I shall try to describe by the following curious fact. M. Augustine Bourgeat, whose name will be ever dear to me, my younger son, and myself, were hunting one winter day for ducks, and having halted a while near a lake, we struck up a fire. Being desirous to eat what we were pleased to call our dinner, we began picking and cleaning some of our game. The youngest of our party ran about for wood, and, anxious that a good supply should be at hand, attempted to roll a log, at a short distance, towards the spot pitched on. In doing this, my son discovered so large a rattlesnake closely coiled up, in a torpid state, that he called us to come and look at it. It was stiff as a stone, and, at my request, my son put it into my game-bag, then upon my back, for farther observation. Shortly afterwards, whilst our game was roasting upon the wooden forks stuck in front of our cheerful fire, I felt something moving behind me, which I thought for a moment was occasioned by the struggles of a dying duck; but

presently recollecting the dangerous animal, I begged my friends to see if it was not the snake; and being assured that it was, the time employed in unstrapping and throwing off the bag with the reptile, was, I assure you, of very short duration. The snake was then quite alive, issued from the bag, and began rattling, with its head elevated, and thus ready, while the body was closely coiled, to defend itself from all attacks. The distance at which it then was from our fire, and the consequent cold, would, I thought, soon conquer it; and in this I was not mistaken; for, before our ducks were roasted, the snake had stopped its alarm, and was bent on finding a place of refuge again to become torpid. Having finished our meal, my son, who had watched all its movements with the eagerness of youth, brought it again, with a smile, saying—'Papa, look at Hercules and the serpent!' We took it home, and it became torpid or revived at our pleasure, as often as we removed or brought it near the fire; until, having put it in a jar of spirits, it traveled to the Lyceum of New York.—That all their faculties become dormant, and remain virtually dead during torpidity, I have ascertained, by finding snakes with great quantities of food in the stomach, frozen and undigested, although it had been there for several weeks; when, if the snake was removed to a warm situation, the operation of digestion was daily perceptible, and the whole food in a short time consumed."

Of the venom infused by striking against the bars of a cage by a rattlesnake, Mr. Audubon says:—

"The quantity of venom infused is more or less, as the animal may have been more or less irritated. If made to bite themselves, their own flesh affords no antidote, for they die in excruciating torments. The venom of a rattlesnake, while the animal is striking against any object, will be sometimes ejected to a considerable distance. I have seen one confined in a wire cage, when much enraged, strike against the bars so furiously, that the poison was sent several feet towards me."

Here follows the paragraph quoted in the "Quarrels of Zoologists," respecting the famous boots containing the rattlesnake's fang, which will be found in the second column of page 530 of the Museum; we leave the subject for the present, confident of having done no injustice to either Mr. Audubon or Mr. Waterton.

If information received through private sources may be depended on, we have to regret the discontinuance of the Foreign Quarterly Review, owing to the pecuniary difficulties of the publisher; we may console ourselves, however, with the belief that the writers of that able journal will find in other periodicals employment for their pens; and being free to choose the best from all, to "winnow the chaff from the wheat," we may anticipate no diminution from the interest of the Museum on that account.

To very many editors throughout our country we are under obligations for favourable notices of our labours, which so far have met with the success which the most ample materials may be supposed to command.

To those who desire to possess the valuable sets of the work offered by the proprietor at *half price*, we would say, *delay not!* they are rapidly disappearing, and the opportunity cannot be recalled.